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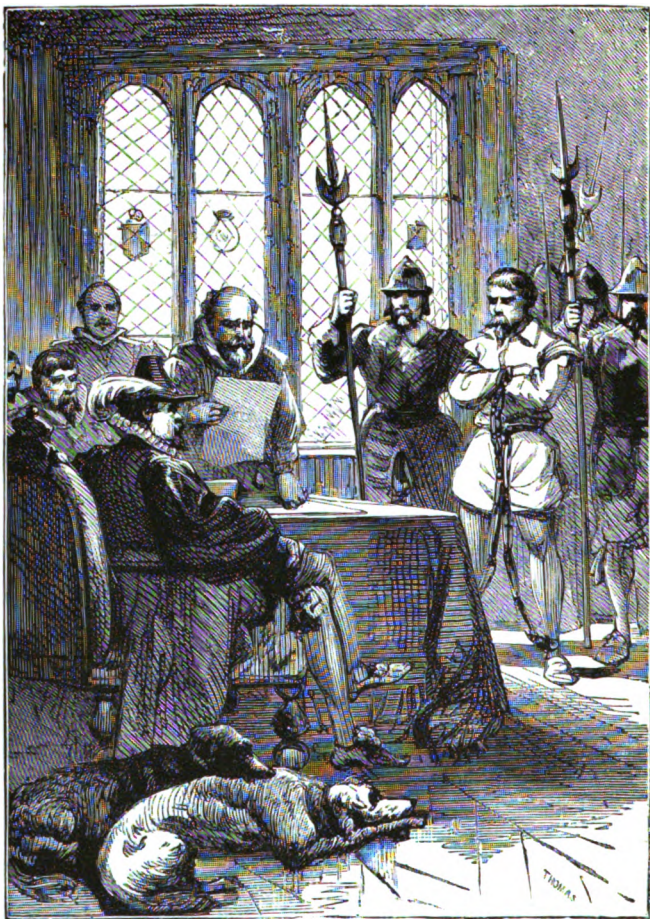
Strange yet true

James Macaulay





STRANGE YET TRUE.



GUY FAWKES BEFORE JAMES I.

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STRANGE YET TRUE:

Interesting and Memorable
Stories Retold

BY

DR. MACAULAY,

AUTHOR OF

"LUTHER ANECDOTES," "FROM MIDDY TO ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET,"
ETC.

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THE PRISONER OF GLATZ.

IN Upper Silesia, on a rocky height, stands the citadel of Glatz, a strong fortress, formerly used as a state prison of the kingdom of Prussia. The massive walls, the grated bars, told the captive that escape was impossible. Each dungeon was a veritable tomb. He who entered there left hope behind.

In this fortress, in the reign of Frederick William III., there languished a prisoner, a distinguished officer of the Prussian army, Colonel Massenbach, confined during the king's pleasure for the crime of high treason. So, at least, his offence was called by the king and the authorities, in judging of something written by the Colonel against the Government.

For ten dreary years Colonel Massenbach had remained a prisoner, and there was every prospect of his ending his days in the fortress of Glatz. His friends and his family had tried every plan, and used every endeavour, to obtain a review if not a reversal of his sentence. No influence seemed to be of any avail. He had himself repeatedly written to the king: but if the letters reached the royal eye, they were vain appeals. Hope had long died within him. Yet at length the tidings of a free pardon and an unconditional release, came to him in a most wonderful way; the details of which were not known at the time, but which are worthy of perpetual remembrance. The facts are thoroughly authenticated. It was only after the death of the king, that the whole truth was known, and

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the story was told by one of the royal chaplains, Bishop Eylert, in his Memoirs. His record relates to what took place in the palace at Berlin, but he did not know what passed in the prison at Glatz. It was the coincidence of the two events that forms the marvellous, we might almost say miraculous, story of the deliverance of the prisoner of Glatz. Miracles may have ceased in the world of nature, but they have not ceased in the world of mind, and in the kingdom of grace, where still

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

In the winter of 1826 a young officer came to the palace, and wished to be permitted to have an interview with King Frederick William III. The request was referred to the Adjutant-General Witzleben, who, after seeing the young man, told him that at present what he wished was impossible, for the king had had the misfortune to fracture a limb, and was confined to bed, so that none but the surgeons and his nearest relatives were allowed to see him. The young man, who then gave his name as a son of Colonel Massenbach, expressed his great regret at being unable to see the king, for he came personally, and on behalf of the family, to express sincere and grateful thanks for the liberation of his father from the fortress of Glatz.

"What!" said the Adjutant-General, "is your father no more in the fortress? Where is he, then?"

"He has been for a week past at home with his family, having been released by order of His Majesty."

"Impossible," cried Witzleben, "the king has been for many weeks confined to his bed and unable to write, and an order like that could not have been given through any one but myself."

As the young man persevered in his assertion, and the more vehemently because his word was doubted, the Adjutant-General thought that this domestic affliction must have preyed upon his mind and weakened his judgment. The matter appeared so strange, however, that after consulting some other officers, he resolved to mention it to the king.

"I happened to be sitting with the king," says Bishop Eylert, "when Witzleben entered." As soon as the Adjutant-General made his statement, the chaplain says that he observed a flush on the pale cheeks of the king, and he spoke to Witzleben.

"It is all quite right," said His Majesty, "and I will tell you how it happened. Last week I had a painful sleepless night, and in my wakeful hours I thought over many incidents of my past life. Among them the remembrance of Colonel Massenbach rose vividly before me, and writhing under my own pain I felt kindlier thoughts towards him. Turning uneasily on my bed, I earnestly prayed to God that there might be granted to me were it only an hour of rest. I obtained it, and when I awoke refreshed, the sun was shining on my bed, and the Queen (Louise) was sitting at the bedside. I told her that a text of the Bible had just come into my mind. It was that about loving our enemies and doing good to them that hate you, 'that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' 'Louise,' I said, 'God has so graciously heard my prayer, and refreshed me with sleep, I should like to testify my thankfulness by acting on that text. What do you think of my pardoning Colonel Massenbach, the prisoner at Glatz?'"

The Queen Louise knew the case well, and remembered

the offence he had given, and the anger of the king. She could only listen with wonder and thankfulness as the king went on to say, "It is right. Let him be released. I grant him a free pardon!"

"I did not," he continued, speaking to Witzleben, "want much talk about it, so I asked immediately for pen and paper, and wrote to the governor of the fortress at Glatz to set Colonel Massenbach free. I cannot see his son now; nor would it be of any use. Tell him from me, that the past is all forgiven, and will be forgotten, and I wish his father many happy days in the bosom of his family."

The king said this with a calm tone, and in a weak voice, while tears were in his eyes. "What great thing is it?" he said to the chaplain, when Witzleben had retired. "It is nothing but what every Christian ought to do, according to the Saviour's words, if the offence is chiefly against ourselves. Our duty may be easier to perform at one time than another. In sickness and under trials one feels differently, and judges more leniently than at other times. It affords me great pleasure to think that this case of itself, and without apparent motives, was brought by God into my thoughts, and that He gave me power to restore to his family the man that once had so bitterly grieved me."

Thus far Bishop Eylert has told the story. But there was another part of it which he did not know, and which must have been made known by the released prisoner and his family. When he was in the cell at Glatz only one book was left with him; that book was the Bible. For a long time he despised it and neglected it; then he took it up occasionally, to kill time, as he said. His heart was filled with anger towards man and towards God, as he chafed at his hard fate. But by degrees he became

attached to the book, the reading of which calmed his spirit, and brought to him a sort of consolation.

It was a stormy night in late autumn. The wind from the mountains howled round the fortress, and the rain falling in torrents swelled the waters of the river Neisse, which flowed at its base. The Colonel could not sleep. The tempest which raged outside corresponded with that which agitated his heart. His past life rose before his eyes; he began to feel in his conscience his own guilt and folly; he was constrained to admit to himself that his forgetfulness of God was the real source of all his misfortunes.

For the first time during his imprisonment his heart was contrite and tender, and tears moistened his eyes. He took up the Bible, and his eye fell on these words in the Psalms (Ps. l. 15): "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Other words he saw that suited his condition and expressed his feelings, but this one gracious promise, addressed to the prayer of penitence and faith, sank deep into his soul. He fell on his knees, and—what he had never done since his childhood—he prayed!

"Behold, he prayeth." Angels may have beheld him kneeling, and rejoiced over a repentant sinner. But we know that God heard that prayer, which rose to heaven from the depth of the prison, above the noise of that night of tempest.

It was the very same night that the king had been tossing on his bed, and asking God for an hour of sleep. God heard that request; and He heard the prayer of the captive for deliverance. He heard and answered both prayers. Human reason may doubt the efficacy of prayer, and may call such things chance coincidences. Yes, but coincidences willed by God leave no room for chance;

He who rules heaven and earth is the God who hears and answers prayer. Man sees only the immediate causes of events. Man could see the strong fortress of Glatz, and could see the arrival of the royal courier from Berlin to Silesia; and the opening of the prison gates, and the deliverance of the captive. But man could not see the working of the Holy Spirit that led to the prayer for deliverance, nor could man see how the same Spirit caused the answer to that prayer to rise in the king's heart, and cause the order for his release. Faith understands what reason and science cannot trace, in the course of nature and in human affairs.

The Bible is full of examples and illustrations of the power and efficacy of prayer. And among modern instances, few will be found more remarkable than this true story of the prisoner of Glatz.

WRECK OF THE "RANDOLPH."

THE following circumstance took place during the American War, and the principal person concerned in the history, whose conduct gave basis to the whole affair, was the late Nicholas Vincent, Admiral of the Red. The wonderful working of God in the overruling of events, and in turning and directing the ways of men, is set forth in a striking manner. The story shows also how humanity is often rewarded, especially to those who are in peril on the sea.

It was towards the close of one day in the month of March 1778, on board H.M.S. *Yarmouth*, in the latitude of the island of Barbadoes, and about sixty miles to the eastward, the man at the mast-head called out that he saw several sail to the leeward, and near to each other. Soon after they were descried from the quarter-deck, six sail—two ships, three brigs, and a schooner, on the starboard tack.

The *Yarmouth* bore down upon them, and about nine o'clock got very near the largest of the two ships, which began to fire on the *Yarmouth*.

In about a quarter of an hour after the action commenced, one of the vessels of the strange squadron blew up; being then on the *Yarmouth's* lee-beam, and not above three or four ships' length distant. The rest of the squadron, taking advantage of the night, immediately dispersed and were seen no more.

It is impossible for the imagination to form an adequate conception of the effect caused by this sudden catastrophe. There had been before the explosion a wild turmoil of

noise, confusion, firing, and smoke in every direction ; soon and suddenly there was a dead silence and darkness on the face of the waters. Not an object was to be discerned, and the knowledge of what had occurred failed not to add to the solemnity of the scene.

The explosion took place between nine and ten on Saturday night. On the Thursday following, the *Yarmouth* steering about west, with the wind in the north-west quarter, the man at the mast-head espied something on the water abaft the beam. To account for its appearance was impossible, and it was useless to guess what it could be. There was a possibility that two or more persons might be on a raft, or otherwise in distress, but how they could be there it was impossible to guess. What was to be done ? If the *Yarmouth* hauled up to ascertain what the unusual sight was caused by, the prize then being pursued must be lost, for there was no chance of again coming up with her.

It rested with the captain to say what should be done. The loss of a prize was a sore trial to every seaman ; but the instinct of humanity, which formed through life so shining a feature in Admiral Vincent's character, as it does in all true and right-hearted British officers, allowed of no hesitation. If there is a chance of this object, sighted from the mast-head, being a wreck of some sort, the duty of humanity requires an effort to be made to save life. So the order came for the *Yarmouth* to haul up.

As the ship sailed towards the spot signalled by the look-out man, the officers discovered, by the help of their glasses, that four persons seemed to be standing on the water, for as yet they could not see what was supporting them. It took about two hours and a half to get near enough to the little float on which the men stood, and a boat was lowered, which soon got them all safe on board.

How astonished were all the ship's company to find that they were survivors of the crew of the ship that was blown up the preceding Saturday, the whole of whom, it had been taken for granted, had gone to the bottom with the ship. For five whole nights and nearly as many days those poor fellows had been floating on the waves, and buried alive, as it were, under the vault of heaven.

Being young and of hardy constitutions, they did not appear to be much hurt when brought upon the quarter-deck. They had no hunger, they declared, although they had eaten nothing all the time, but they were terribly thirsty and also sleepy. In very few hours they were brought round, a little tea and a hammock to each gradually restoring them. When able to rise, the chief complaint was the swollen state of their feet, in consequence of having been so long in the water, along with want of rest.

They related that the ship in which they had been blown up was the *Randolph*, American frigate of thirty-six guns, with a complement of 350 men. Their destination, at this time, was for an attack on the island of Tobago; but by what means the ship blew up they knew not, being themselves at the moment in the captain's cabin, from whence, in the explosion, they were thrown out into the water uninjured. Being all of them able to swim they got hold of some spars and ropes, which came in their way, as they drifted from the ship, and made the little raft on which they stood when picked up. They had the good fortune to find a cloth or blanket, which served as a reservoir when spread out, to gather water from a few showers of rain, and this they sucked, to which they attributed the preservation of their lives.

On the arrival of the *Yarmouth* two days after at Barbadoes, they found that the ship they had been

chasing was an English vessel, bound for Barbadoes, the master of which came on board the *Yarmouth*, and made this report. This removed at once every trace of lingering regret which any of the ship's company might have harboured, on account of losing a prize by obeying the call of humanity. The whole affair, from beginning to end, was full of lessons illustrating the dealings of special Providence; and leading any who read and consider the narrative to observe the same Divine overruling of events in every day, and in innumerable events throughout the world.

Here were four men out of 350 snatched from instant death, and their lives preserved by a number of circumstances, humanly speaking, among the most improbable things in nature to happen; yet if one had failed the whole must have proved abortive. It was night, and a dark night, when the explosion occurred, and these men were saved, not only from the fire, and from the showers of broken timbers that fell after the ship blew up, but were also preserved from being sunk in the vortex caused by the going down of so large a ship. Then there was the hurry of finding the materials to make their frail raft, and the preservation for so long a period of their life and strength, when there seemed, to all probability, not a shadow of chance of their being saved. They were intelligent young fellows, and no doubt they felt thankful for the deliverance against which there seemed so many chances, while they regretted the loss of so many of their comrades.

Turning then to the *Yarmouth*, if the man at the mast-head had not kept a sharp look-out, or if he had not at once reported what he saw; or if the officer of the watch had disregarded the signal, or kept it back from the captain; and if the captain, as well as the officer, in the

keenness of their pursuit of the expected prize, allowed the whisper of humanity to be neglected—had a single link of the manifold chain of minute circumstances given way, the whole would have been over. Who but He, whose way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, could have ordered, and influenced, and directed, so many events and so many minds, to carry out this purpose of Divine ordination?

It would not be doing justice to this very interesting history of the preservation of these men, if we did not add, that by this providential deliverance, due to the humanity of the captain of the *Yarmouth*, the seamen and officers of that ship recovered what otherwise, had the whole of the ship's company perished, they would have lost, what is called head-money. They actually received £1575; so that the ship they were chasing, when turned aside from the pursuit by this act of mercy, would have proved no prize, but a friendly sail; whereas the floating object on the water, when no prize was expected, proved a rich one, and brought with it not only money, but the blessing of them that were ready to perish.

*STRANGE LIFE, AND REMARKABLE
ADVENTURES, OF NICHOLAS LEVERTON.*

IN the year 1600, Nicholas Leverton was born at St. Wall, in Cornwall. His parents were of middle rank, and possessed means sufficient to give their son a good education at school, and to send him to Oxford, when he entered at Exeter College. Neither at school nor at college was he much addicted to learning, but cared more for sports than for studies. He took his B.A. degree, after which his relations, no longer able or willing to bear the expense, recalled him from Oxford.

At first he kept a little school, near Padstow, for his subsistence. After a time he took holy orders, and not having prospect of a living at home, he accepted an invitation to go to Barbadoes, the most easterly of the West India Islands, and the oldest British possession in the Archipelago, being colonised in 1605. Among the planters he met with a good reception, any person of learning being a rarity in these parts at that time. Although he had himself little seriousness or spiritual religion, there was so much vice and shameless immorality in the lives of the settlers that he was disgusted with his position, and anxious to leave it.

An opportunity soon occurred. Some of the Barbadoes people resolved to begin a settlement or plantation on the island of Tobago, at that time, in 1632, said to be uninhabited. They offered to Leverton the post of chaplain

to the expedition; and he gladly accepted the offer, both from his love of adventure, and from the chance of leaving a place which was disagreeable to him. A favourable report of the island had been somehow obtained, representing it as fertile, and suitable for colonisation; the only drawback being that its position rendered it liable to the attacks of the Indian savages, against which it would be necessary to be watchful. The Carib Indians were in those times still numerous in the West India Islands, though they were almost extirpated not long afterwards.

In due time the vessel safely reached the island of Tobago. Part of the crew landed, and commenced building a temporary hut or booth, on the shore opposite the ship, with poles, boughs, and palmetto leaves. Finding the place agreeable, and perceiving no traces of Indians, they resolved to settle there. The captain, with this intent, determined to walk round the island by the seashore, to discover the most suitable spot for a permanent location. The land company was divided into two parties, one of these led by the captain, and the other by Mr. Leverton. They were to go in opposite directions, and to meet at the hut after making the circuit of the island. Leverton's party met with various obstacles, and returned to the booth there to await the arrival of the captain and the men who accompanied him. But in this expectation they were disappointed, for the captain and his companions never returned, and nothing was ever again heard of them.

A double disaster befell Leverton's party while waiting in this state of suspense. The long-boat, which had brought them on shore, was staved in by striking on a rock, and so communication with the ship was cut off. The same night, the deluge of rain which accompanied the storm spoiled all the powder they had with them, and left them defenceless. In this helpless state they were

surprised by a sudden attack of Indians, by whom some of the men were killed and others wounded by arrows, Mr. Leverton himself being wounded in the head. He just managed to escape with two or three others to the woods.

These Indians had been descried the evening before from the ship, making their way towards the island in their canoes. Guns had been fired, to give warning to their comrades on shore, but they did not hear them, probably from the noise of the rising storm. Being without any apprehension of attack, they kept no watch, and when they discovered the danger they could not use their firearms. Mr. Leverton was soon separated from his companions, not being able to keep up with them from the weakness caused by his wound, and in the flight he had lost a shoe in the woods. For hours he was in this lonely and miserable condition, in vain seeking his companions, and in vain, as daylight dawned, trying to get sight of the ship. At length wearied and worn out, hungry and almost naked, for he had stripped himself of most of his clothes to swim across a creek, he lay down, giving himself up for lost. Benumbed with cold he could not sleep. Next day the heat was oppressive, and in his feeble state he began to swoon and faint away; but not before, as he afterwards related, his memory had recalled with lightning rapidity many of the events and incidents of his past life.

Just at this critical moment he was unexpectedly restored to consciousness and to hope, by discovering a man making towards him, who proved to be one of his companions in flight, who like himself had been separated from the others, and was in quest of the ship. Revived by this man's presence, and furnished with some of his clothes, Leverton made effort to get back to the coast.

A third straggler presently joined them, and they travelled together the rest of the day. Towards evening they perceived at a distance some smoke, and approaching carefully they found this to be the remains of a fire, where the Indians had been before attacking the booth in the night. The warmth of the fire helped to recover them, and they got some rest.

Next morning they continued their weary march, and at length reaching a rising ground they saw the sea, and, to their unspeakable delight, saw their ship at no great distance from land. The sight gave renewed strength as though by miracle, so feeble they were, and this, coupled with the fear of being yet overtaken by Indians, enabled them to run swiftly to the shore. Mr. Leverton and one of the men swam at once to the ship. The other, unable to swim, ran as far as he could into the sea, keeping only his head above water for fear of the Indians, until those in the ship sent and took him up in a pitiable boat they had patched up. The ship fired signals, so that any still alive on shore might hear them, and in this way six or eight more of the crew were recovered. But the affair ended with the loss of nearly half their company, and Mr. Leverton had such a dangerous fit of sickness that his life was despaired of for many days.

During this season of illness and slow recovery, Mr. Leverton had enforced leisure for much reflection and serious thought. The result was, that a marked change was experienced in his views and feelings. Along with deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the merciful preservation of his life, he felt true contrition of heart on account of his heedlessness and unfaithfulness in past times; and this led him to an earnest resolution for the future, that he would, with God's help, show himself more decidedly a Christian, and a Christian minister. From

that illness he rose a chastened and a better man, and he was soon in a position to test his new determination.

The vessel which had brought the company from Barbadoes was unable to return thither on account of the contrary wind, and they resolved to make for the Island of Providence, near the Line, reckoned to be about five hundred leagues distant. They encountered many difficulties, and suffered much anxiety during the voyage, but at last they reached the island safely, and met with a friendly reception from their countrymen there. It was not many years since the first settlers had come to the island. Most of them had left the old country for the same reason that the Pilgrim Fathers went to New England, the tyranny of the government, and the persecutions to which those were exposed who resisted the arbitrary power of Archbishop Laud and his colleagues. There was a clergyman among them, Mr. Sherwood, one of those who sought toleration in religious opinions and worship. Some of the settlers were of the opposite side, and approved the ceremonies to which others refused to conform. This minority, on hearing of another clergyman's arriving, invited Mr. Leverton to minister to them in their own way. Mr. Leverton had never considered the matter under controversy, his religious views being such as his early education and the custom of his country had impressed on him, before the time when the trouble arose, which he found had spread from the old country even to remote places to which English people had emigrated. His own personal experiences, and remarkable deliverances, made him very earnest and devout, and he was rather repelled by controversies about more external matters. Finding Mr. Sherwood to be a truly pious man, he was disposed to listen to his statements, and was induced heartily to fall in with his way of thinking. He

declined to be leader of an opposition Church. A common danger soon forced all the people to leave their contention. The Spaniards, who jealously watched every movement of the English in the New World, and attacked their colonists wherever they had opportunity, made an assault on the island. They were met on attempting to land, and repulsed with considerable loss, Mr. Leverton remaining on the beach all the while, with great courage and coolness, to animate the people.

Not long afterwards, a more serious contention arose. The first governor was leaving the island to return to England. He had nominated his successor, but the people, pleading a right under their charter to choose their own governor, appointed one of their number, Captain Lane. The other party, secretly conspiring, got together an armed band of the lower class of people, and seizing Lane and the two ministers, forced them on board the ship which was taking home the governor, and consigned them to custody as prisoners, with an information against them to Archbishop Laud.

On arriving in England the state of affairs was found to be all changed. Laud was himself in prison, waiting his own trial. The prisoners were set free, and were kindly received by the "Lords patentees," or proprietors of the island, and encouraged to return. Mr. Sherwood, who was of more timid and quiet disposition, refused to go; but Captain Lane and Mr. Leverton sailed, with plentiful supplies for the voyage, and carrying the authority of a new commission or charter. But after a favourable voyage, on approaching the island, they found it in possession of the Spaniards, who had renewed their attack during their absence, and were in firm occupation of the place.

What was now to be done? The captain of the ship,

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with the crew, disliked immediate return to England, and preferred to cruise in these seas, in hope, no doubt, of meeting with some lucky adventure. Captain Lane and Mr. Leverton could do nothing under the circumstances, but cherished the hope of a favourable turn of fortune. For a whole year, and part of a second year, they remained in those seas, not all the time in the same ship, two having been lost in violent storms.

In an old account of the adventures of that perilous time, it is said that "they were providentially taken up, once by a Frenchman, and another time by a Dutchman, and both times set afloat again in a Spanish pink, made prize."

Many wonderful escapes they had from famine, as well as from the Spaniards, and from storms. At length Captain Lane and Mr. Leverton resolved to make every effort to return to England, and with them were some of the ship's crew, ready to go along with them anywhere. Falling in with a French vessel they were enabled to reach St. Kitts or St. Christopher's, then belonging to France. From there Captain Lane, and most of the sailors, proceeded to England by the earliest opportunity.

Mr. Leverton was inclined to remain at St. Kitts, which he did for some months; but the dissoluteness of the place vexed his soul, especially in its present mood, and seeing no prospect of doing any good, he seized an opportunity of returning to Europe in a French frigate that came to the island. During this voyage he met with some of his most perilous experiences. There was a long calm, in which the stock of provisions and of water failed. For many days they had but eight spoonfuls of peas, and one pint of water per man. The captain and Mr. Leverton contented themselves with the same allowance. This continued so long that they nearly perished. Every day he

called together the English who were on board, prayed with them, and instructed them, with the more success from the trying circumstances they were in. Many of the French were Protestant Huguenots, and they gladly joined in the service, as far as they understood. At length upon keeping a special day of solemn prayer and devotion, no sooner were the services ended than a sailor, on the look-out, joyfully announced a ship in sight. On making towards it they found it to be an English merchantman bound for the Bermudas. The captain consented to take all the English into his ship, and generously supplied the French with provisions and water for their voyage home.

On board the ship was the Governor of the Bermudas, who took much pleasure in conversing with Mr. Leverton. He told him, after they became intimate, that he believed the ship's coming there at that time was a special providence, for it was a little out of their course; but "I perceive," he added, "that it was all in God's favour to you as a man of piety and of prayer."

They arrived safely at Bermuda, where the Governor with Mr. Leverton landed in the long-boat. They were met at the landing by the Governor's wife, accompanied by a lady, a young gentlewoman of the country, with whom Mr. Leverton was smitten at first sight. It was long since he had seen a fair Englishwoman, or heard the soft tones of a refined woman's voice, and on him, amidst long journeys and many perils, no loving woman had smiled. But now, welcomed at once into a friendly circle, admiration for this lady quickly ripened to affection, nor was he slow to give utterance to his feelings. He was not now young, for he must have seen nearly forty-five summers, but there was much in his character and life to awaken interest. When he spoke, like Othello to Desdemona, of "most disastrous chances, of moving

accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes," and told the strange story of his past life, she sighed as she listened, and felt "'twas passing strange, 'twas wondrous pitiful;" and pity is akin to love, as they say.

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed,
And he loved her, that she did pity them."

As he spoke his eye kindled, and the fire burned, for he had been "in deaths oft," and he could tell of journeyings and perils, of weariness and of painfulness, of hunger and thirst, watchings and fastings. All that he told won the interest and the affection of a kind, womanly heart, and the young lady loved him and became his wife. He thought he had now found peace and happiness, and hoped to spend the rest of his days in quiet tranquillity, and in grateful service of usefulness in his island home.

But it proved otherwise, his life of change and adventure was not thus rounded off. The sufferings and privations he had undergone had so affected his health, that, about a year after his marriage, it was found necessary that he should return to England, in hope of recovering by change to his native air. He hoped to be able, after a short stay, to rejoin his wife in restored health.

Arriving in the Downs, he landed at Sandwich, where he stayed a night. Next morning, as he was taking horse to ride to London, the ostler said to him, "Master, you be very like our minister; I think you have lived in the hot countries as well as he." On inquiring the name of the ostler's minister, he was startled by hearing it was Sherwood, and he soon discovered that it was his old friend and colleague, Mr. Sherwood, of Providence Island, now settled at Sandwich. The journey to London was put off for that day, and we can imagine the mutual joy caused by the unexpected meeting.

When he got to London Mr. Leverton was received with great honour and respect by the lords and proprietors of the island of Providence. Not long afterwards he obtained appointment as minister of High Henningham in Suffolk. His health greatly improving, he resolved to remain there, and he sent for his wife and the infant child left at Bermuda. He continued for many years in that rural parish, loved by the people, for he was a faithful earnest preacher, and a kind sympathetic friend. We are told of him, that in his ministry he was "signally useful in settling the wavering, and awakening many out of the sleep of carnal security." In process of time, a young family grew up around him, and the cares of his parish and his home occupied him fully. Though years advanced, and his hair was growing grey, his spirit retained the warmth and brightness of younger days, and he was zealous and unwearied in the work of the Lord.

But his days of change and of trial were not over, and the last years of the good man were clouded with adversity and sorrow. On the restoration of Charles II., and the passing of the Act of Uniformity, he was ejected from his living, among the two thousand who refused to conform against their consciences, and he was treated with most rigorous severity. His health again gave way under accumulated trials and anxieties bearing on his weakened constitution; and the prospect before him was truly dark. But for a time he was providentially helped. Mr. Anthony Nicol, a Cornish gentleman, who had known him in boyhood, and had been with him at Oxford, heard of his trouble, took him down to St. Tudy, the parish where his own house was, and got for him the incumbency then vacant. Here he lived for nine or ten years with his family. He was again greatly loved by his people, and besides his usual services we are told that, with the

assistance of some neighbouring clergymen, who were of like spirit, he instituted a weekly meeting on Thursdays, which was well attended by the gentry in that part.

Trouble, however, seemed destined to overwhelm him. The previous incumbent of St. Tudy had been sequestered a year or two before Mr. Leverton was settled there, but he died before the change. This present patron, Lord Mahun, was solicited to continue Mr. Leverton, but he refused, wishing to give the living to his own chaplain, who was a hard-hearted and worldly man. He treated Mr. Leverton very harshly, and on the pretence of "dilapidations," a common cause of trouble in successions to livings, he seized Mr. Leverton's books and his goods. This injury was prevented by the kindness of the people, who bought the things and carried them away for their loved minister. The patron and his chaplain acted possibly according to the letter of the law, as they did perhaps also in the subsequent proceedings taken against Mr. Leverton, who was "prosecuted for the main profits" or income of the living ever since he was in possession. Lord Mahun would listen to no compromise, and would accept no compensation which was within the poor minister's ability to meet. He had to escape from the place in order to save himself from arrest and imprisonment.

Coming to London, one of the clergy there, Mr. Oxenbridge, whom he had known at Bermuda, sent him an offer from Lord Willoughby of Parkham to go out with him to Surinam, where he had just been appointed governor. This offer, with the advice of friends, and having no prospect of employment in England, Mr. Leverton accepted.

He had to wait many weeks at Plymouth for a ship which he expected there to convey him and his family. At last it came, and the voyage was safely accomplished.

But they were not long settled in their new abode, with every appearance of his being comfortably and usefully employed in the ministry, when an attack of fever prostrated him, and he died after brief illness.

Thus ended this strangely chequered and troubled life. What befell the family is nowhere recorded, and we only trust they were safe in the protection of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and who relieveth the widow. For the good man himself the voice that called him home could not be unexpected, or even unwelcome, for few had passed a life of such trouble and vicissitude, and could better appreciate "the haven after stormy seas, rest after toil, with safety and everlasting joy."

THOMAS MUIR,

ONE OF THE SCOTTISH POLITICAL MARTYRS.

THE trial of the men who are commonly called "The Scottish Political Martyrs," at the close of last century, is one of the darkest pages in the annals of our courts of law.

Lord Cockburn, in the "Recollections of his Own Times," drew fresh attention to events, scarcely exceeded in scandalous injustice during the "bloody assizes" at the close of the preceding century, over which the notorious Judge Jeffries presided, in the reign of James II. Henry Cockburn was present as a spectator at the trial of Thomas Muir, advocate, charged with sedition, on the 30th of August 1793, and heard the sentence pronounced by Lord Braxfield. Sir Samuel Romilly was also at that trial. Neither of them ever forgot it, and Lord Cockburn, as Edinburgh men know, never could mention it without horror.

Tardy reparation was made, in better times, to the memory and good name of those worthy men, but they themselves were persecuted to the death, and would no doubt have been sent to the gallows if the law had permitted a severer punishment than transportation as convicts. A memorial in the Old Calton burial-ground at Edinburgh commemorates their services. It is not beautiful as a monument, as most of the Edinburgh memorials are, but it at least serves to keep in remembrance a con-

dition of our law courts of which all Scotchmen are now ashamed. At the close of another century, the story of the trial of Thomas Muir is well worthy of being re-told to a new generation, but we confine ourselves to an account of the strange yet true history of his subsequent life.

Thomas Muir was born at Glasgow, on the 14th of August 1765. His father was engaged in business in Glasgow, and owned Huntershill, a place between Kirkintilloch and the western capital of Scotland. Steamers carry Glasgow men in our day to more distant retreats from business, but in the middle of last century, Huntershill was well in the country, and hence the designation of the subject of our brief biographical sketch—"Thomas Muir, younger of Huntershill." He was the only son of respectable God-fearing parents, whose desire and ambition was to see their child trained for the ministry of the kirk. His early education he obtained at the grammar school, and then he was sent to the University of Glasgow, when not yet eleven years of age, according to the custom of those times in Scotland, where mere boys went up from parish schools to continue their studies at college. Thomas Muir attended the classes of the arts curriculum through five sessions, and then studied divinity for two years, with a view of preparing for the Church. His own decision, however, was to study law, and to enter the legal profession as an advocate. For two years he attended the class of civil law, of which the Professor was John Millar, an able lawyer and learned author, whose name was long known in Scotland, and whose pupils throughout the kingdom ever remembered him with honour. Millar was a great admirer of constitutional liberty, a "Liberal," as we should call him in our days, and his influence among the students was great. So was also that of Anderson, the

founder of the Andersonian University of Glasgow, and from these two men chiefly did Muir imbibe his early and enthusiastic love of liberty. Anderson was at that time one of the professors in the College, most of whom were of very different political views. It is on record that Professor John Anderson actually went to Paris, and presented to the National Convention there the model of a newly-invented gun, which might be of service in the cause of liberty against tyrants! The venerable Professor's known political opinions led to an open rupture, and he was first suspended and then expelled from the Chair of Jurisprudence in the University. The famous Edmund Burke was at that time the Lord Rector, an honorary office to which eminent men are annually elected by the votes of the students. Many of the young men took the side of Anderson, and among them was Thomas Muir.

It was a time of great political anxiety, and, in Scotland especially, of intense agitation. The French Revolution had at first been hailed by many as the commencement of a new era of freedom and progress, and it certainly marked the close of the epoch of oppression of the people by arbitrary power. Pitt and Burke were as sanguine for a time as Fox and Grey, and looked with hope to carrying out Constitutional Reform in Great Britain. But as the revolution proceeded, and liberty was passing to unbridled license, the king, George III., became alarmed, and determined to stop all reform, and to suppress every desire for change in this country. The trial and execution of Louis XVI., the massacres of the Girondists or moderate republicans, the "Reign of Terror," and all the horrors of the later years of the Revolution, are known to all readers of history. We have only to explain how Thomas Muir came to be tried and convicted for sedition, before relating the wonderful adventures of his later years.

Muir had entered warmly into the Liberal cause, long before the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789. He sympathised with the Society formed in London, under the name of "The Friends of the People." Of this society Pitt himself was a member, and many men utterly averse to any wild revolutionary measures, such as the Duke of Richmond, Lord Erskine, as well as Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke. When the desire for reform was suppressed, through fear of the French Revolution being imitated in this country, the question of reform was postponed for many a year, and the whole nation was absorbed in the great war, after Napoleon rose to be the ruler of France. Before this time Muir had removed from Glasgow, being refused permission to attend classes there, and had come to Edinburgh, where, after two years' study of law in the University, he was admitted to the bar in 1787. His high character, and wide education, and ready eloquence, soon gave him position as an advocate, and he had every prospect of rapid rise in his profession. The devout spirit of his early years strengthened as he grew older, and in due time he was ordained an elder of the kirk, and was respected as a man of unassuming but consistent and exemplary piety. To the poor he was generous and charitable, and in many a case he is known to have given advice without a fee, and on several occasions he pleaded successfully for those who had no money and no helper. The judges at that time were, with scarcely an exception, violent partisans, and proved themselves to be willing tools for suppressing all agitation for the reform which was sorely needed in Scotland as well as in England. The Dundas family in those days were the rulers of the north, and a man like Muir was one who must be silenced. He did not, however, hide his opinions, but continued to be an advocate for reform, as the best safeguard against the

violence of such revolution as France was soon to witness.

In 1792 a meeting was held in Glasgow, attended by many respectable persons, who formed a society called "The Friends of the Constitution and of the People." This designation marked the moderate and peaceful designs of the members. Mr. Muir attended the first meeting at Glasgow, and afterwards was present at various meetings in Edinburgh, one of which was presided over by Lord Daer, afterwards Earl of Selkirk. He also spoke at meetings in several towns, always urging his hearers to seek reform by peaceful and constitutional means, and warning them against injuring their cause by any appearance of disorder or violence. Paid spies of the Government gave notice of his appearance and his speaking at such meetings, and it was resolved to bring him to trial, as had been already done with other "friends of the constitution and of the people."

In the beginning of January 1793 he was apprehended, charged with sedition, and cited to appear before the High Court of Justice at Edinburgh when summoned. Having given bail he was liberated until that time. He paid a visit to Paris in the interval. Unfortunately war broke out between France and Great Britain, and he was unable to return in time. The Lord Advocate of that time knew that Muir must be detained, and he cited him to appear on the 25th of February. It was an unworthy act, probably done in order to be justified in pronouncing a sentence of outlawry, and so avoiding a troublesome trial, in which it was expected that Henry Erskine, a fearless advocate, would be the defender of his friend.

But Muir was no fugitive from justice, as his enemies alleged. He had left written injunctions with his friends, especially with his legal agent, and with Mr. Skirving, the

secretary of the society, to give him notice when he must return to Edinburgh. Hearing of his being outlawed he determined to return, as best he could, and as speedily as possible. An American vessel, the *Hope* of Baltimore, was at Havre, and was to touch at Belfast to complete her cargo. He adopted this method of returning to Scotland, after trying many ways of reaching the shores of Great Britain. He actually took passage in a ship bound for New York, for a passport and the receipt for his passage money were found in his pocket-book, when he was arrested at Stranraer on his return from Belfast. From Stranraer he was taken to Edinburgh, and ultimately brought before the Justiciary Court on the 30th of August 1793.

The details of the trial it is not necessary to give. The indictment was a miserable affair, as all would admit who read it in our happier times. The prisoner declined the assistance of Erskine, or any advocate, and pleaded his own cause. He knew that the trial was a mere sham, and he was determined that in the report of his conviction a testimony should be borne to the principles of justice and liberty. The President of the Court was the notorious Lord Braxfield. The jury was "packed," for it was the usage then for the Court to select the greater part, an abuse which continued till 1821, when a son-in-law of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Kennedy, carried a bill against "packing juries." Officials of the court were often made to act, and the judge himself could nominate these. Lord Cockburn says that Sir Francis Horner told him, of this very trial, that his own father being one of the jury, as he passed behind the bench to get to the jury-box, Braxfield whispered to him, "Come awa', Maister Horner, and help us to hang ane o' thae damned scoundrels!"

The witnesses were almost all "suborned witnesses,"

that is, according to the definition in Dr. Johnson's dictionary, "procured by secret collusion;" and he gives the apt quotation from Hooker, "His judges were the selfsame men by whom his accusers were suborned." One woman, of notoriously bad character, after giving false evidence, was complimented by the judge as being the most distinct and accurate witness he had ever heard in his life.

Muir, seeing the constitution and bias of the court, felt assured of his doom, yet delivered a speech worthy of the best days of the Scottish bar. Every point told, and when he appealed to his prosecutor, Dundas of Arniston, who had spoken of him as "this person," and as "the pest of Scotland," Muir's quiet retort was, "Shall what was patriotism in 1782 be criminal in 1793? Were not you, not so long ago, also a reformer? Did not you contend and act for a more equal representation of the people in the House of Commons? Every charge against me recoils upon yourself; in accusing me you charge yourself with sedition."

Mr. Muir began his speech about 10 P.M. on Friday night, and did not finish till after 2 A.M. on Saturday. He was listened to with deepest interest, and when he closed there was an irrepressible shout of applause, although many in the court must have been his enemies.

The summing-up of the judge was a scandalous performance, in keeping with all that is recorded of his character. The jury re-assembled about noon to give their verdict, which was that the "'panel' is unanimously found guilty of the crimes libelled." The Lord President then asked his colleagues on the bench to say what punishment he should award. The judges spoke as they knew they were all expected to speak; one of them saying that "banishment for life would be proper, but this man

would sow sedition wherever he was sent to." Another said that "no punishment could be found adequate for such a case, now that torture is happily abolished." Lord Braxfield's sentence was "transportation for fourteen years, on pain of death if he returned before that time." While the sentence was being recorded, Muir rose and said that if he was at that moment to be led to the scaffold, he should feel the same calmness and serenity that he now felt. "My mind tells me that I have acted according to my conscience, and that I am engaged in a good, just, and glorious cause—a cause which, sooner or later, must and will prevail, and by a timely reform, save this country from destruction."

The trial of Muir, and also of Palmer (another of the political martyrs), was brought before the House of Lords on the 31st of January 1794, by the Earl of Stanhope, who said "that the principles of immutable justice had been violated, and if precedents were sought, the trials of Lord Russell, and of Algernon Sydney, and of Alice Lisle, afforded them. New matter was introduced which was not in the indictment, and no opportunity given for defence or for summoning witnesses to disprove these new charges." Lord Lauderdale said there must be something harsh in the law of Scotland when a sentence of fourteen years' transportation was inflicted for the same offences which in England would subject a man to no more than twelve months' imprisonment. The motion of Earl Stanhope was, of course, lost. Before the House of Commons the affair was again brought up, and powerful speeches were made by Sheridan, Adams, and others, but with no result; such was the spirit of the times under the panic caused by the French Revolution.

Muir was taken from the Tolbooth Prison in Edinburgh to Newhaven; hustled with other condemned convicts

on board a Custom-house yacht, and carried in it to the hulks at Woolwich. The two prisoners, Muir and Palmer, were put in irons, separated from each other, and compelled to labour with some hundreds of convicts of the lowest and worst order; and in due course sent on board the *Surprise*, transport ship, with eighty or ninety of the worst kind of criminal convicts. Among them was a man from Glasgow transported for homicide. By a strange coincidence this man had been defended by Muir two years before, and so successfully had he pleaded his cause that he got the verdict of murder reduced to that of homicide, for which the man was now being transported. Before he sailed, Muir's parents were allowed to see him. They gave him a pocket Bible when they bade him farewell.

The tidings of the trial, and of the wrongs and cruelties to which Muir had been subjected, came to the ears of George Washington and the people of the United States, for the report of the trial was reprinted in America. Deep interest was excited, especially when the governor of New South Wales wrote in the highest terms of the character and the conduct of these political prisoners. They were treated with every consideration which was possible. Muir was allowed to buy a piece of land near Sydney, which he called Huntershill, after the name of his father's place, and in remembrance of the scenes of his happy boyhood. The other political prisoners were also favoured by the generous Governor Hunter, a Scotchman, who wrote to a friend at Leith about Muir. Palmer was a much esteemed Ulster clergyman, sentenced for what was called a seditious handbill written by him. He died in exile. Skirving and Gerald also soon passed away. Of the farm held by Gerald, the present Botanical Gardens of Sydney occupy the site.

Meanwhile steps were taken by Washington and his friends in America to help Muir to escape from the convict settlement. A ship named the *Otter* arrived from Boston on pretence of trade. Captain Dawes, the commander of the *Otter*, on anchoring at Sydney Cove, made secretly every inquiry, and to his surprise and delight, found that Muir was not far off. Pretending that he was short of supplies, the captain managed to remain near that place, and to have an interview with Muir, who was deeply moved by the generous proposal of his American sympathisers. It was not safe to make any communication with other prisoners, but he wrote a letter, to be afterwards delivered to the Governor, gratefully thanking him for the treatment he had received. He went on board with only a few articles of clothing, and his treasured Bible, the last gift of his mother.

Muir was got on board, and the *Otter* sailed on February 11, 1796. The escape was reported in a despatch, and instructions were sent to keep strict watch over all the convicts. The *Otter*, proceeding towards America, trading by the way, was wrecked on the then unpeopled coast of northern California. The ship struck on a sunken rock, and soon went to pieces. Every soul on board perished, except Muir and two seamen, who with difficulty reached the land. After wandering for some time, in distress and ready to perish with famine, they were descried by some Indians. The two seamen were separated from him, and of them he never heard more. The Indians treated him with singular kindness, although he had expected from them torture and death. After remaining in their company about three weeks, he made his escape, no longer able to endure their savage life. Alone and forlorn, he knew not what to do, but he committed himself to the merciful care of his Heavenly Father, and hope revived

in his heart. He resolved to travel southwards, with no guidance but the sun by day and the stars by night, and keeping as near as he could to the coast.

At last, after a journey of many hundreds of miles, he reached Panama, and providentially the Spanish Governor was a humane man, to whom he was able to tell his story, for he had known something of the language in his student days. The Spaniards were naturally suspicious of any strangers, but the miserable condition of the shipwrecked and solitary man moved the Governor to pity. He ordered food and clothing to be given to him, and after a few days' rest found him guides to take him across the Isthmus of Darien, telling him that at Vera Cruz he might meet with a vessel bound for the United States. Here the Governor was again touched with pity, and promised to send him to Havana in Cuba. Having concealed nothing in telling his sad story, the Governor, while treating him humanely, and finding a passage for him in a ship to Havana, thought it right to send a letter to the Governor there, in which he said that although he had treated this man well, he feared that his principles might be dangerous, if allowed to remain in Havana, and therefore he advised that he should be sent to Spain rather than to the United States. The Governor was roused to suspicion by this letter, and taking alarm at the possibility of being charged with harbouring a heretic and possibly a spy, Muir was thrust into prison and subjected to harsh and inhuman treatment. After some weeks two war-ships were returning to Europe with treasures for the Spanish Government, for they always sailed from foreign ports in pairs when carrying valuable cargo or specie. They were the *Ninfa* (or *Nymph*) and the *Santa Helena*, both of thirty-four guns, and crews of 320 men each. Muir was sent on board the *Nymph*, and ordered to work his passage to

Spain as a common sailor. The voyage was quick and prosperous across the Atlantic, but as the ship approached Cadiz, unexpected events were to occur.

On the 26th of April 1797, two of the ships belonging to the British squadron of Sir John Jervis, recently created Earl St. Vincent, were cruising off Cadiz, on the look-out for Spanish vessels making for that port. The ships were the *Irresistible*, seventy-four guns, Captain Martin, and the *Emerald*, a thirty-six-gun frigate, Captain Berkeley. The fleet of Lord St. Vincent had its headquarters in the Tagus. The two Spanish ships were sighted, and chase given. They were first seen between 6 A.M. and 7 A.M. It was several hours before they came within closer vision. As soon as the Spaniards perceived by what superior force they were pursued, they both ran for, and anchored at, Conil Bay, near Trafalgar. Thither the *Irresistible* and *Emerald*, skilfully rounding a dangerous ledge of rocks a little north of Conil, followed them, and a smart action ensued, which lasted for nearly two hours. Both the Spanish frigates were then silenced, but the *Santa Helena*, after she had struck, cut her cable and drove on shore, the crew effecting their escape in boats, with much of the treasure. The ship was afterwards got off, but in too damaged a state to be kept afloat, and she went to the bottom. Some of the crew of the *Nymph* also escaped, fishing-boats having given warning of the British cruisers. Part of the treasure was put on board these fishing-boats, and, with part of the crew, landed safely at Cadiz without suspicion. The *Irresistible* kept near the *Nymph*, and captured her as a prize. She was a fine vessel; and frigates being always welcome, she was taken into the British Navy under the name of *Hamadryad*. The action is described both by Captain Brenton, and by William James, in his "Naval History." But neither of those

tell of the wonderful and providential deliverance of Thomas Muir.

The loss sustained by the Spanish frigates was not very large, considering the duration of the firing, being reported only eighteen killed and thirty wounded in both ships. Among the killed the name of Thomas Muir was given, and an officer of the *Irresistible*, writing to his friends in Scotland, said he was "killed on board the *Nymph* by the last shot fired by us. It was he who made so wonderful an escape from Botany Bay to Havana. The Spanish officer, at whose side he fell, is now at my hand, and says he behaved with courage to the last."

This was the general belief at the moment, but when the officers and crew boarded the *Nymph* to take possession of her as a prize, a surprising incident took place. It is recorded in a work by Peter Mackenzie, published at Glasgow in 1837. From this it is copied by the writer of a brief memoir, printed at the office of the *Ayrshire Post*, by Archibald Macdonald, from which we quote the following letter, which had first appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* in June 1797:—

"On looking at the dead and dying, one of our officers was struck at the unusual position in which one of them lay. His hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, with a small book enclosed in them; his face presented a horrid spectacle, as one of his eyes was carried away with the bone and lower part of the cheek, and the blood about him was deep. Some of the sailors, believing him to be dead, were now in the act of lifting him up to throw him overboard, when he uttered a deep sigh, and the book fell from his hands. The officer snatched it up, and glancing at the first page he found it was the Bible, with the name of THOMAS MUIR written upon it. He was struck with astonishment. Thomas Muir was his early

schoolfellow and companion! He had heard of some part of his subsequent history; but to find him now in this deplorable condition was almost incredible and heart-rending."

He did not make any remark, nor disclose the name, which might have been injurious to his former friend, now found fighting against his own country. He took out his handkerchief, and wiped the gore from the mangled face. With another handkerchief the head was carefully tied up; and then he made some of the sailors carry him gently on board a small skiff, and took him to the hospital at Cadiz, as a Spanish seaman dangerously if not mortally wounded.

The writer of the *Ayrshire Post* memoir here adds the remark, "Unfortunately we do not know the name of this good Samaritan, as Mr. Mackenzie, who communicated all these facts, collected on the spot with great care, does not name him; or he would have been entitled to a greater honour than has yet been awarded to him for his kind, considerate, and prudent management of this delicate business. But we cannot fail to trace the mysterious guidance of that Providence which so often interposed to preserve the life of Mr. Muir."

The poor mangled sailor remained at the Cadiz hospital, suffering great agony, for about two months. He was then able to speak a little to the surgeons, and to those around. Through some means his deplorable situation was made known to the French Directory at Paris. They felt so interested in the case, as Washington and his cabinet had been in America, that a special messenger was despatched to Cadiz, to see that every possible attention should be paid to him. This agent was instructed to defray the whole expenses, and to supply him with what money he might require.

By whose influence this generous conduct was prompted we do not know, but on the 14th of August, 1797, Mr. Muir wrote a letter to Mr. Thomas Paine, who was a member of the French National Convention, and must have known about the political martyrs in his own country, a letter containing these words:—

“Contrary to my expectation, I am at last nearly cured of my numerous wounds. The Directory have shown me great kindness. Their solicitude for an unfortunate being, who has been so cruelly oppressed, is a balm of consolation which revives my drooping spirits. The Spaniards detain me as a prisoner, because I am a Scotchman. But I have no doubt that the intervention of the Directory of the great Republic will obtain my liberty.” With the religious beliefs of Paine he had no sympathy, but to a certain extent he agreed with his political views, his hatred of oppression, and his zeal for freedom. At all events, he knew that Paine could help him to regain his own liberty, though he dare not attempt to return to his native land, which he had striven to make more worthy of being a land of freemen, by constitutional means, and not by the wild violence which the French had recourse to, under the influence of evil agitators during the Reign of Terror.

In response to his appeal the French Government sent a formal demand to that of Spain, with which they were allied, to restore this prisoner to liberty, and requesting that every facility should be provided for his journey to Paris. For Muir had been previously invited to come there, the privilege of citizenship having been conferred upon him, while he was requested to make France his home for the remainder of his days, seeing that his own country had thrown him off. These generous communications were deeply appreciated by Muir. He arrived at

Bordeaux early in December 1797. The citizens there invited him to a banquet, and the Mayor of the town presided. His health was drunk by the company of five hundred republicans, and the toast was received with loud acclamations as "a brave Scottish advocate of liberty, now an adopted citizen of France." He rose to return thanks, for he could speak French fluently, but the effort was too much for his enfeebled frame, and he fainted, falling into the arms of the American Consul who sat on his left. The scene was as eloquent as any speech, and perhaps it is well that there is no record of words that might seem to imply that he had lost his love for his own country, if only it could throw off the thralldom of its present rulers.

He reached Paris, by slow and easy stages, on the 4th of February. Soon after arriving he wrote to the Directory, saying, "To you I owe my liberty. To you I also owe my life; but there are other considerations of infinitely superior importance, and which ought to make a forcible impression on my mind. Your energetic conduct has saved the liberty not only of France, but also will secure that of my country, and of every other nation in the world at present groaning under oppression." He also declared his purpose to continue faithful to his adopted country.

In response to this letter, a deputation came to him from the Government of the Republic, and congratulated him upon his arrival in Paris. When the presence of this Scottish citizen was made known, he was courted, and would have been fêted by all men of distinction who remained in the capital. But he could not bear the fatigue of any public demonstrations, and his wounds breaking out afresh, his constitution was fast sinking, and he died at Chantilly on September 27, 1798.

The Bible which he had kept amidst all the vicissitudes

and privations of his career, remained to the last his companion and his solace. Before his death he carefully sealed up this parting pledge of the affection of his parents, leaving instructions to forward it to Glasgow, which was done. Depressed and broken-hearted they did not survive him long, but it is gratifying to learn that the Bible was received by them. We wonder what has become of so interesting and precious a relic.

It only remains to say that Muir was interred, at the expense of the French Government, and with every mark of honour and respect.

No monument marks the place of his burial, but the name of Thomas Muir will be for ever remembered as one of the pioneers of freedom in his own country, and as a good man, whose memory will live in the world's annals. The story of the Scottish rule of the Dundas family, from Lord Melville downwards, and the shameful conduct of the judges of old times, helped to bring about the thorough reform, in municipal as well as political affairs, of which the Reform Bill of 1832 was the beginning. That the indignation of the Scottish people was not greater against their rulers in unreformed times, was mainly due to the fact that the Dundases and Hopes and other of Pitt's friends, to whom he left the government and the patronage of the northern part of the kingdom, were thoroughly patriotic as well as loyal. Lord Melville himself deserves the splendid monument which reminds us of what he did for Scotchmen in India, and in the united services. Men like Muir and Palmer were despised as leaders of "the common people," but the times have changed, and every one of the "reforms" which sent their advocates to the hulks and the convict colonies in those days, is now part of the Statute law of the British Empire.

All this we had written before a book came into our hands, entitled "First Twenty Years of Australia: a History founded on Official Documents," by James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. (S. Low & Co.). Mr. Bonwick was for very many years an Inspector of Schools in Australia, and since his return to this country has been a most diligent student at the Colonial Office Library, and a collector of materials for official histories of the Colonies, which as yet have little more than concluded a century of existence.

Mr. Bonwick's book bears strong and independent testimony to the character and conduct of Thomas Muir, when he was a convict and an exile. The story of his trial and his sentence is told to Australians of our own day, and it is said, "Among the Christianising agencies of the early days, the efforts of Mr. Muir, one of the so-called Scotch martyrs of freedom, must not be forgotten. This gentleman employed his time in alleviating the miseries of the convicts, and striving by earnest effort to lead them to God. Obtaining the use of the first and then the only press in the colony, brought out by Governor Hunter, he struck off with his own hand slips of passages of Scripture, and these he distributed among the prisoners. The effect of such efforts at a time when there was scarcely a Bible or a religious book in the Colony, and very little care taken for the spiritual welfare of the prisoners, can hardly be estimated."

THE PIONEER OF THE OVER- LAND ROUTE.

THE Overland route, between England and India, has now long been one of the great highways of the world. Instead of the long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope in sailing ships, there is constant and rapid communication by rail and steam. Mails to the East are made up and despatched, *via* Brindisi, every Friday evening, and a letter posted in London is delivered within eighteen days in Bombay, in Madras in twenty days, and in Calcutta in twenty-one days. Thousands of passengers are constantly traversing the route, instead of the tens of olden times. A trip to India is a common occurrence of modern travel, and the tourist arrangements are as easy and complete as they formerly were for the shortest continental excursions. Of the multitudes who employ or enjoy the overland route, through Egypt and the Suez Canal—merchants and traders, civilians and military men—there are few who know anything of the origin and the history of this great and busy scene of the world's travel and traffic. Let us recall to the memory and the respect of a new generation the services of one who was the prime actor in this mighty movement, and who deserves to be called the "pioneer of the Overland route," Lieutenant Thomas Waghorn, of the Royal Navy.

It is not generally known that Lieutenant Waghorn was also the real projector of the "Suez Canal," now

occupying so important a place in the communication between Europe and the East. At a banquet, given in Paris in November 1883, to the venerable and distinguished Baron de Lesseps, in celebration of the completion of the Canal, the Baron said—"Great is the honour that falls to me this day. I would be less than a man did I take to myself the full measure of the eulogies that have been passed upon me and my work. I would be unworthy of the position for a moment did I fail to mention the name of the late Lieutenant Thomas Waghorn, of the naval service of Her Majesty the Queen of England. He it was who first conceived the idea; it was his indomitable courage and perseverance that led me to prove its practicability. I am pleased to have the opportunity to proclaim the noble qualities of that much underrated gentleman; but he was in advance of his age, and the very plans that were scoffed at when first mooted are those which, in my position as engineer of the works, have enabled me to carry them through."

In recognition and in response to this testimony of Baron de Lesseps, the directors of the Suez Canal Company erected a statue at the Suez end of the Canal: "To the memory of the generous though unfortunate man, who was the Initiator and chief Pioneer of the great Egyptian Maritime Commercial Transit, completed with the Canal of the two seas."

The life story of this "generous but unfortunate man" is one of romantic interest all through, but we must confine ourselves to a brief statement of the chief points connected with the establishment of the Overland route. In his early days he had seen much service by land and sea. In the first Burmese War he was severely wounded, and when he returned to Calcutta, in 1827, he received the public thanks of the authorities. His health was, how-

ever, undermined from the baleful fever of Arracan, where so many thousands of the army of occupation perished. He had already conceived the project, in the furtherance of which he spent the few remaining years of his life. His first draft of the proposal for the Overland route was sent to the Marine Board of Calcutta. They recognised the importance of speedier transit, and brought the proposals to the notice of the Government in India. They sent Waghorn home to England, to confer with the Directors of the East India Company, recommending him as a "fit and proper person to open steam communication with India *via* the Cape of Good Hope." He was destined to be disappointed for a time, both in this design, and in what he regarded as the more important scheme of exploring a new route to India through Egypt.

The court of the East India Company could not be induced to entertain the proposal as to accelerating the passage by the Cape, nor did the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, then recently established, venture to extend their operations to so distant seas, as they were at that time considered. The longest voyage then undertaken was in a small paddle-steamer between Falmouth and Lisbon. It was not till the year 1840, or later, that a steamer, the *Hindustan*, of 1800 tons and 250 horsepower, was first despatched to India. What a contrast in half a century, when the same Company possesses a magnificent fleet of above fifty vessels, and carries the British mails, not to India alone but to every region of the world!

Lieutenant Waghorn was disappointed, but not disheartened, by his conference with the mercantile world in London. A new hope was awakened in a different quarter. On the 25th of October 1829, Lord Ellenborough, the President of the Indian Board, called on him, and re-

quested him to proceed with despatches to Sir John Malcolm, governor of Bombay. He was to start in four days, or on the 29th, so as to join the *Enterprise* steamer at Suez on the 6th of December, and to report on the practicability of the Red Sea navigation for the regular India mail route.

Of course Waghorn was at Suez, with the despatches, at the appointed time. But the old paddle-wheel steamer, which was expected to arrive from Aden, and would have shared in the glory of bearing to India the first Overland mail bag, had broken down in the Indian Ocean. Any other man might have given the matter up, and taken the despatches to London to be forwarded in the usual way. But Tom Waghorn's word was "Forward." In twenty-four hours he had engaged and equipped a half-decked Arab dhow, and in this frail and crazy native boat, with a little rice and water for provisions, without a chart or compass, and with no European companion, the young adventurer put forth from Suez into the Red Sea. By the sun, and by the stars at night, he sailed his open boat for about 630 miles to Jeddah. The voyage took six days and a half. Night and day he kept the dead reckoning, hardly sparing time for sleep or for food, lest the timid Arabs should reef to the rising breeze, or run the frail boat on a coral shelf. Under his pillow reposed the despatches, not yet three weeks old since the Board's great seal was set upon them; and not a month old was their date when their bearer descried the white domes and the minarets of Jeddah. The Arab dhow soon shot her sharp bows into the wind to come to anchor outside the shallows of the port. Though wearied sore with watching and sounding, and steering, parched with sun and sea, the brave Englishman gave himself no time for rest or refreshment. The object now was to ascertain if, in the port of

Mecca and the Hedjaz, there was at the time any vessel for Bombay. Fortunately there was an old tub of a boat, which promised "quick despatch," and in this vessel he took passage; not till safe on board, with the precious official charge, did the indefatigable man seek rest.

It took sixteen days for the vessel to get through the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb and across the Indian Ocean. She did reach Bombay at last, and Waghorn proudly handed over to Sir John Malcolm the letters which were only forty-six days old when the seals were opened. This was about half the time taken in days past, on board the fastest teak-built clipper that ever sailed to India.

Sir John Malcolm was pleased, when he heard of the energy of the bearer of the despatches, and, as a wise and sagacious man, entered warmly into the views of Waghorn, and personally urged the utilisation of the new route. But to open up the road would require much labour and enterprise, and Waghorn in due time received a letter from "Mr. Secretary Willoughby," to the effect that the "Government in council could not perceive much advantage from his proposals."

What could poor Waghorn do more? Such confidence had he in the success of the new route, if once started and organised, that he resolved to proceed unaided, and to this great scheme he devoted his whole time and sacrificed the whole of his private means. The nautical authorities reported to the Indian Government that the Red Sea was not navigable with safety, and the authorities in Leadenhall Street offered every objection and opposition. Yet Waghorn persevered, and he said "he would establish the Overland route in spite of the India House."

By his persistent efforts he became "a bore" to the authorities, and was designated a "visionary," if not a

madman! Baffled in London, he was happy in securing the favour and the confidence of Mehemet Ali, the great ruler of Egypt. From him he received every protection and encouragement. He not only obtained from him the service of the post in Egypt for several years, but His Highness sent a special and confidential message to the Grand Vizier at Constantinople, and to Lord Ponsonby, the ambassador there, to interest them in the proposals for extending the service. The great burden of the enterprise had to rest upon Lieutenant Waghorn. He made arrangements for the carriage, not of mails only, but of passengers; and instead of the unchanging Arab with his primeval camel, the land of Egypt became familiarised with horses, vans, and all the adjuncts of English travel. Hotels were planted at Alexandria and Cairo, packet boats started on the Nile, and year by year the numbers increased of Englishmen availing themselves of this new enterprise.

“But, unfortunately (we now quote from a memorandum drawn up by himself), just when my enterprise, industry, capital, and my possession of Mehemet Ali’s friendship were beginning to produce their natural results, Her Majesty’s Government and the East India Company gave the monopoly of a chartered contract to an opulent and powerful company (the P. and O. Company), for I had coupled with the passenger system the carriage of overland parcels—a source of great profit, and through it there was a constant accession to the comfort of the passengers in transit. This company, already extensive carriers by water, gleaned from my firm the secret of conducting my business, with an alleged view to supply it on a much more comprehensive scale, and to employ us in so doing; and when nothing more remained to be learned from us we were forthwith superseded, though

with a useless and utterly unproductive expenditure on the part of our successors of six times the money we should have required to accomplish the same end. Overwhelmed by the competition of this giant association, I was entirely deprived of all advantages of this creation of my own energy, and left with it a ruin on my own hands; though to have secured me at least the Egyptian transit would not only have been but the merest justice to an individual, but would have been a material gain to the British public politically and otherwise. In my hands the Egyptian traffic was English, and I venture to say that English it would have continued to this day had I not been interfered with. But my successors gave it all up to the Pasha, and under the altered and the altering circumstances of Egypt, it will be fortunate indeed if the circumstances of that act do not bitterly atone for the hardships so inconsiderately and wantonly inflicted upon me. . . . I will only add that on the commencement of my career I was possessed of property by inheritance. This has been sacrificed, and I am still left in debt to the extent of £5000."

Shortly before his death Lieutenant Waghorn stated that no money or means were ever received by him from either Her Majesty's Government or the East India Company to aid the Overland route. It grew into life altogether from his having, by his own energy and private resources, worked the Overland mails to and from India for three years (from 1831 to 1834) in his own individual person. After endeavouring to extricate himself, and establishing at Cornhill an office for the Overland Route, he was induced again to apply to the India House and Government for assistance. His constitution by this time was a complete wreck, through the twenty years' toil he had gone through; but he merely asked to have his public

debts paid, and enough allowed him as a pension to enable him to close his remaining days in rest.

Numerous memorials and petitions were presented to the India House and the Government on behalf of Lieutenant Waghorn, and eventually these authorities each granted him £200 per annum. But they declined to pay the debts he had contracted in their service. In his last memorial, dated June 8, 1849, he thus refers to this injustice :—"The immediate cause and origin of my embarrassments was a forfeited promise on the part of the Treasury and the India House, whereby only four instead of six thousand pounds relied on by me, were paid towards the Trieste Route Experiments in the winter of 1846-7, when single-handed, and despite unparalleled and wholly unforeseen difficulties, I eclipsed, on five trials out of six, the long organised arrangements of the French authorities, specially stimulated to all possible exertion, and supplied with unlimited means by M. Guizot. On the first of these six occasions, there came the breaking down, on the Indian Ocean, of the steamer provided for me, thereby trebling the computed expenses through the delay, and when, startled by this excessive outlay, I hesitated to entail more, the Treasury and the India House told me to proceed to do the service well, and make out my bill afterwards. I did proceed. I did the service not only well, not only to the satisfaction of my employers, but in a manner that elicited the admiration of Europe, as all the Continental and British journals of that period, besides heaps of private testimonials, demonstrated. My rivals, to whom the impediments in my path were best known, were loudest in their acknowledgments; and the only drawback to my just pride was the incredulity manifested in some quarters, that I could have actually accomplished what (it is notorious) I did at any

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time, much less among the all but impassable roads of the Alps, in the depth of a winter of far more than ordinary Alpine severity. I presented my bill. It was dishonoured. I had made myself an invalid, and had sown the seeds of a broken constitution in the performance of that duty. The disappointment occasioned by the non-payment of the £2000 has preyed incessantly upon me since, and now, almost a wreck in mind and body, I am sustained alone by the hope that the annals of the Insolvent Court will not have inscribed upon them the pioneer of the Overland route, because of obligations he incurred for the public, by direction of the public authorities."

This memorial had high testimonials appended to it from Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, Ellenborough, Harrowby, Combermere, Ripon, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Robert Gordon, and Mr. Joseph Hume. But it failed to produce any good result; the debts and the harassing remained. Both his pensions were consequently compromised to his creditors, and he remained without any adequate means of support.

On the 7th January 1850, Lieutenant Waghorn paid the penalty of the hard life which his exertions in establishing the Overland route entailed on him. He died literally of a broken heart, having only drawn once the portion of the slender pension bestowed by the Government. Gifted at first with a frame as robust as his mind was clear, and as his faculties were inventive, Lieutenant Waghorn undermined the vigour of his constitution by the toils of his self-imposed enterprise, and found ingratitude in those whom he had served the most conspicuously. Having exhausted a large fortune, which he inherited from his grandfather, a wealthy landed proprietor in Kent, and subsequently his family's fortune, to the extent of £40,000, besides contracting large debts, solely

in effecting these public objects, Lieutenant Waghorn was, at the moment when his splendid projects had arrived at their final realisation, abandoned to anxieties and difficulties.

We have heard that two aged sisters at Melbourne received from the Victorian Government, in recognition of his having improved the communication *via* Singapore, an annual gift of £52 each, a generous deed on the part of our Australian brethren.

AN EPISODE OF THE DRAGON- NADES.

Not far from Pont d'Esprit, where the Ardèche falls into the Rhone, lies among the mountains the little town of Ardèche. Here a small Huguenot or French Protestant congregation had established itself, consisting of ten or eleven families, numbering about seventy persons. The persecutions, following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had not yet disturbed this small and secluded community, or at least not so as to endanger their lives and liberty as confessors of the Gospel. Jacques Ormond, a venerable old man, was their pastor and spiritual guide. He was a pious and worthy man, a true disciple of his Lord, and a faithful minister of the Gospel. He was one who understood and obeyed the apostolical precept, "Do good unto all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith."

In the course of his pastoral duty, he had one morning taken his way through a wild and little frequented region of the mountains, to administer consolation to a poor woodcutter of his congregation, who had been seriously injured by the falling trunk of a tree. Finding that the injury was likely to be fatal, the good minister had administered the last sacrament to the dying man. Bearing in his vestment the sacramental vessel, the pastor was returning, with quiet prayerful thoughtfulness, on his lonely path back to Ardèche. In a rugged part of the

way, near a dismal ravine, he thought he heard the hollow groan as of some one in distress. He stood still, listened, and heard the sound repeated. It was evidently some one in pain or distress, and he determined to find out what was the matter, and to give what help he could to a fellow-creature. At length he descried, far down beneath where he stood, a human body lying on a projection of the rock. He narrowly scanned the spot, to observe what means of access the declivity afforded. He found that by a steep circuitous descent he might reach the place where the unfortunate man lay, although it would be a matter of much difficulty for one of his feeble frame and advanced age. But this did not for a moment deter him from his promptly formed benevolent purpose. Without thinking of the danger, he at once began the precipitous descent, having lifted his heart in prayer to the Almighty for His strengthening aid. He succeeded in reaching the object of his anxiety. He at once recognised in the prostrate man, covered with blood and much bruised, one of the principal and richest inhabitants of the district, and one of the bitterest enemies of the Huguenot cause.

Inwardly rejoicing at the opportunity of doing good to one who had hated and had done evil to him and his, the kind pastor gently raised the wounded man, and placed him so as to be able the better to ascertain the extent of his injury. The poor man appeared to have lost all consciousness by this time. Ormond shouted in his ear his name, M. Mondrel, but he heard it not. Then remembering the flagon in his wallet, which still retained some of the wine for the communion, he poured the fluid into his lips. This seemed to revive him, and after a while he opened his eyes. Ormond had taken off his own neckerchief and bound up the severely cut head of Mondrel, whom he now asked

if he felt injured anywhere. To which, with a slight gesture, and with feeble voice, Mondrel replied, that "every limb was in extreme agony."

After some time the sufferer explained that he had been out hunting, and, blindly hurrying after his game, had dashed over the rocks, where without Ormond's help and the seasonable aid then providentially afforded, he must have perished miserably. He then seized the old man's hand warmly, and gazing imploringly at him, he said, "I know you, Pastor Ormond. Do not leave me to my fate. I know I have not deserved this favour at your hand, nor from any of your people; but God shall be my witness that I will not leave your kindness unrewarded." Ormond assured him that he had no intention but to fulfil his Lord's command, and to do good unto all men. When he had recovered his strength a little, the good pastor lent him all the support he could give, and it was with difficulty he raised him and bore his self-imposed burden. They slowly toiled up the slope, and they were well-nigh exhausted, when happily some of his own flock were seen by Ormond returning with wood from the forest, and they cheerfully threw down their loads to relieve their beloved pastor.

Abundant were the thanks showered upon this kind philanthropist for his Samaritan act; and more abundant were the thanksgivings when, in the quiet of his own humble home, he blessed his Heavenly Father, who had made his weakness strength for the performance of his duty. Long did the kindness of that deed dwell in the heart of M. Mondrel. In the court-house of Ardèche, where he presided as a magistrate, he showed his gratitude in behalf of the Huguenots. He sheltered them from many crying wrongs, and softened for them many hard and oppressive enactments.

But the storm of persecution could not long be averted.



THE DRAGONMADES.

Face p. 55.

The edicts of the Government were relentlessly severe, and it was determined that no heretic should find a peaceful resting-place on the soil of his native land. The persecuted had flocked to the neighbourhood of the city of Nismes and to the mountains of the Cevennes. So long as emigration was allowed, many took advantage of the asylum offered by the enlightened and pious regent of Prussia, or sailed for foreign lands, leaving behind them most of their goods and possessions. At length this last means of escape with their lives was forbidden, and those who would not abjure their faith had no choice but to be consigned to the galleys for life, or bound to the stake to receive the martyr's fiery crown. True to their Lord, many died in the flames, and others were condemned to be chained to the oar for the remainder of their days. But the cup of sorrow and distress was not yet full.

A host of Jesuits, headed by the cruel and bloodthirsty Abbé de Chaild, ranged the country, with unlimited authority to take children from their parents, and send them to be educated in Catholic convents, to burn the refractory or the recusant, or to deal with them in any way that their fiendish counsels might suggest. The Governor of the province, the Duc de Noailles, with his reckless intendant, Baville, and a regiment of dragoons, rendered every help that the Jesuits required, and carried out the wishes of the Jesuit Abbé with such fearful energy as to make many of their own faith tremble with horror. They proceeded to burn down the Protestant churches, and plundered the houses of the Huguenots; the work of murder, confiscation, and repression being pursued unweariedly. Favour and pity seemed to have no place in their breasts, and it was at the risk of the persecutor's own life that any aid was extended to the victims. A wail of

sorrow echoed through the entire province of Languedoc and among the mountains of the Cevennes.

It was one evening in February 1685 that Pastor Ormond and Elder Brunet were conversing together with heavy hearts about the threatening danger. Elder Brunet was a warm-hearted zealous man, ready to die for the faith he loved. "But what of the women and the little ones?" the pastor reasons with him. "We are not," he said, "required to rush upon martyrdom; the Lord Himself commanded His followers to flee from persecution. The martyr's crown may be glorious, and comes from the Lord to him who is worthy of it, but the hour for receiving it is His to determine. He who denies not his Lord, but remaining true to his faith, seeks, with firm confidence in God and earnest prayer, to preserve himself and those dear ones dependent on him, shall receive grace from above for every emergency in which he may be placed. My counsel to you, brother Brunet, is to possess your soul in patience and to be gentle and meek, as the season requires, for indeed it is a trying time. Prepare for flight; the hour for it may come soon—even this very day." And so saying they parted.

As he counselled Brunet, so did Pastor Ormond advise all the families of his little congregation. He found that most of them had already been making preparations for departure; like the Israelites of old in quitting Egypt, they waited but for the signal to remove. Their valuables and necessities, such as money and provisions, were packed in readiness for the bitter hour that should oblige them to leave their beloved homes, the dwellings of their forefathers, in whose hallowed shades they had so long lived, and known the joys and sorrows of life. The trial weighed with painful pressure upon every heart, but now the word of their pastor was esteemed by them as a message from God, and to listen to him who had ever been their true

and faithful friend, they considered to be a sacred duty. In every house fervent prayer was offered that evening, and firm became their faith and their dependence on the Word of God; and fresh comfort did they drink from the never-failing source of heavenly hope and consolation.

It was a wild and stormy night when Brunet left the aged pastor. No star appeared in the sky, and the wind howled dismally in the wide chimney, and roared as it frantically shook the mighty trees of the forest. All who could remained by the crackling fire in the stove, and some were heard at work at the loom, for most of the inhabitants of Ardèche were weavers. Ormond knelt in his lonely dwelling, and prayed earnestly for direction and assistance from above for himself and for his beloved flock. Suddenly there was a knocking at his door. The night was already far advanced. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," he said to himself; "maybe some wanderer has lost his way, and in this wild storm seeks shelter." He hurried to open the door, and with a hasty greeting, a man, enveloped in a large cloak, steps in.

"Lock the door, and put out the light," whispers the stranger; "no one must see me in your house; no one must guess that I have crossed your threshold."

"What! M. Mondrel!" exclaimed Ormond, who had at once recognised his abrupt visitor. "You bring me evil tidings, I fear," he continued, with apprehension.

Mondrel did not reply, but drawing the old man into the warm room, he threw off his wrapper, and quickly extinguishing the light, seated himself by Ormond.

"I do, indeed, bring you evil tidings," he said sorrowfully, "and perhaps I violate my duty, certainly I risk danger in coming; but my conscience warns me that I promised, on that day when you rescued me from death,

that I would recompense you, if ever I had the opportunity, for what you then did for me. I have come to tell you that this very evening a secret message has been sent to the Town Council of Ardèche, to the effect that the intendant Baviile and the Abbé de Chaild, with eighty dragoons, come into the place early to-morrow morning, to search for heretics, and to conduct to the stake those who refuse to recant. With the dawn of day a hundred men are to be despatched to the forest to fell trees for the wood piles. Anything like a trial will be short, and a mere form. There is not an hour to lose. Save yourself, and take this provision for your hasty departure."

Thus speaking, he put on the table a roll of money, and throwing again his cloak round him, with a hearty pressure of the old man's hand, and a hurried "God guide you!" he left the house.

So then the long dreaded hour had come. Ormond stood for a moment with folded hands, and his lips murmured, "Lord, Thy will be done!" Then sinking on his knees he prayed—"O Lord, now appear for Thy little flock, and save them! O Lord, help! O Lord, give safety and success."

He soon arose, and hurrying to the houses of the members of his congregation, he said, "Up! arouse ye! the hour is come; take what you can carry; commit yourselves to God; and assemble as soon as possible in the house of Elder Brunet." Thither he himself went to announce the painful news.

Then there might be seen groups of dark figures silently but rapidly wending their way, through the narrow lanes and alleys of the ancient town, to the place of rendezvous at Elder Brunet's house. It was well that the night was dark and stormy. The noise of the wind and the rain made other sounds be unheard, and the fearful weather

kept the townspeople in their own homes, even if any wakeful citizen were anticipating with cruel glee the exciting scenes of the morrow. The watchmen of the town, it was felt, were sure to keep themselves ensconced in their snug boxes of shelter, instead of exposing themselves to the pitiless pelting of the storm. On each arrival Brunet's door was noiselessly opened, and closed again; then crossing the spacious hall, each new-comer proceeded to a small room at the back of the house, which had been devoted to their religious services. When all were assembled they once more knelt together in their beloved little sanctuary. The prayers were short, and broken by sobs and tears. On rising they were directed to pass quietly through the garden, on to the high-road leading towards the swollen and turbulent river, whose waters just below pouring into the Rhone gave the name to the town built near its banks.

Slow and solemnly silent was the procession, as if the road was trodden by wandering corpses. For three miles at least they thus proceeded; then they turned to the left towards the mountains, still advancing until the sun had got high above the horizon, when weariness compelled them to halt and to rest.

Pastor Ormond and Elder Brunet were, by common consent, almost instinctively looked to as the leaders of the band of fugitives. It was soon apparent that the good pastor was well acquainted with the country, and knew well whither he was conducting them. They soon found themselves in a deep ravine among the rocky heights, and not far off Ormond led them to an extensive cavern, well concealed by underwood, where they could find shelter. "Here we must remain," said the pastor, "until the search is over; but we must not venture to light a fire, nor must any voice be heard above a whisper."

Gladly complying with these hard conditions, the wearied ones threw themselves down, protecting the women and the little ones as best they could from the coldness of the place, and most of them soon forgot their danger and discomforts in the arms of sleep; Ormond and Brunet being alone wakeful through the anxiety and the responsibility resting on them mainly.

Early in the forenoon of the next day, the storm of the night having abated, Baville and his troopers marched into Ardèche, and proceeded to the Council Chamber. The warder of the town being ill, Mondrel took his place as president. With studious evasion he endeavoured, as far as possible, to postpone action, in order to give the fugitives the advantage of time. In examining the warrant, and other official forms, he tried to postpone the search, but in this, through the high-handed violence and eagerness of Baville, he only partially succeeded. The roughest of the town people had gone to the forest to fetch the firewood, but there were plenty of the miscreant rabble left to lead the soldiers to all the houses of the Huguenots, which were entered and searched, every house being also surrounded, that none might escape. Great was the astonishment and rage when it was found that all the intended victims had fled. This much, however, was ascertained, that they must have left only the previous night, and they expected easily to overtake them and bring them back.

Mondrel now affected to be one of the most zealous in pursuit, but while he sent Baville and his dragoons in a direction opposite to that which he guessed the fugitives had taken, he himself headed a party of the citizens in exploring the mountains, with which, as a hunter, he was well acquainted by painful experience. He believed that

the ravine with the cavern were known only to himself and to Ormond, and he rejoiced as this hope became a certainty, by finding that none of his companions were aware of the place of refuge. It was a providential circumstance that some snow had fallen in the morning, and this completely hid all traces of the fugitives. For the whole of that day and the next, the mountains were rigorously searched, but in those directions that the refugees had avoided, and which Mondrel knew well to be distant from any village; and so their footsteps remained untracked. By Mondrel's advice the search was for some time continued along the banks of the Rhone, but was, of course, equally fruitless.

At length Baville and his troopers left Ardèche to seek victims elsewhere, although the marvellous disappearance of above seventy persons in one night remained to them a mystery incomprehensible.

For several days the Huguenots remained concealed. On the evening of the fourth day, Ormond and Brunet left them to reconnoitre. At some distance below the confluence of the Ardèche and the Rhone stood a lonely farm-house not far from the river. The proprietor was a Protestant, and to him the leaders of the little band of fugitives repaired. Being a friend of both, the good man received them joyfully, but was shocked to hear of the recent occurrences at Ardèche—an event as threatening for him as for them. As it was more than likely that Baville would return to renew his search, the farmer was induced to join them in their flight, but meanwhile he insisted that all he had in his house and his cellar should be cheerfully shared with his suffering brethren. His boat was too small for so large a party, but it was resolved to construct a raft, so that all might get across the river, on the opposite bank of which was a vast forest extending

over a wide range of country. Measures were promptly taken, and as the fugitives arrived in small groups they were to be ferried across. Under the screen of night this plan was to be carried into effect.

The farmer welcomed the forlorn bands as they arrived, cheered them in his hospitable kitchen warmed and lighted by the blazing fire, and strengthened them with hot and nourishing food. What a contrast to the cold and privation of the cavern! Alas! this pleasant refuge could be but for a short season enjoyed, merely as a preparation for severe toil and hardship. For three nights the farmer was busy with the feasts and the ferrying. When all had been taken across the river, the farmer himself followed, after destroying the raft, and concealing the boat among the bushes on the left shore of the Rhone.

Something was now gained. True, Baviile's commission to arrest heretics, wherever found, extended to both sides of the river; but the most sanguine of persecutors could have little hope to ferret out fugitives in wild, unknown, and unexplored regions of forest and shelter.

They marched on, by day or by night, as seemed most desirable and safe, guided by the sun or the stars. One of the most trying circumstances was, that prudence obliged them to deny themselves the comfort of a fire by night; and another anxiety was that the stock of food they carried was almost exhausted. It was worst for the aged and for the little children; the fathers contented themselves with roots they dug up that their little darlings might not starve. Now and then one or two would venture into a village or to a farm-house to purchase some food, but the most they could obtain was little among so many; it was therefore reserved for those who suffered most, the stronger willingly bearing hunger and privation. On that long and weary journey, not one of the company was

attacked with illness, not one was disabled from marching with the rest; not one looked back with longing to the comforts they had relinquished. Surely this was the Lord's doing, and their hearts were filled with praise and thankfulness, an inward strength which supported them in their weary wandering!

Many weeks had passed, and amidst all their outward trials, no persecution had molested them. They held Divine service on the Sabbath days, and each day they began and ended their journey with united prayer. As they got beyond the forest, where there were more signs of cultivation, and the population less scanty, they found that the country people took them for gipsies, immense hordes of whom at that time occasionally traversed France and other countries, and were regarded by the inhabitants with a sort of superstitious fear. When they found that this was the impression made by them, they considered it a great advantage, for they could kindle a fire whenever they pleased, and they could purchase food in large quantities, by which their sufferings were much lessened. Inured by this time to fatigue, and hardened by exposure to wind and weather, they were daily becoming able for longer marches and of enduring hardship of every kind.

At length (for we must cut short the narrative of the journey), the fugitives reached the water of the Rhine, and having crossed to the further shore they could for the first time breathe freely. The danger was now passed, but not their troubles nor their difficulties. Their money had not been all spent, but it was not found to be current in that part of the country, while not one of their number understood a word of German, so as to enable them to barter with advantage. Fortunately, they had come among honest, kind-hearted people, who seemed willing and ready to assist them.

The apprehension which had haunted them hitherto could not at once be dismissed, and they still felt it prudent to avoid cities and towns, and they travelled by night in preference to day. Not being sufficiently acquainted with the disposition of the people to trust them frankly, they avoided intercourse with them as much as possible, and rather chose to seek a resting-place in the forest, the fine spring weather favouring them in their love of quiet and freedom. Not the least of their difficulties was their utter ignorance of the geography of Germany, nor could they easily know whether they were coming among a Protestant or Catholic population. At first they did not venture to leave the banks of the Rhine, but in Easter week they crossed the river at Mayence, and made for the mountainous region of the Taunus, where forests were then almost as extensive as in the present day.

The people still seemed to regard them with suspicion and fear, apparently taking them to be some gipsy tribe, an impression strengthened by their foreign dress, dark complexion, and strange unknown language. They would not allow heathens of this sort to enter the towns at night, yet they supplied them abundantly and willingly with provisions. Their money being now all but exhausted this charity was not unwelcome, for they had to sell their few remaining articles to save bare life. On reaching the Maine, they could only muster enough to cover the expense of crossing. This was the last drain, and having nothing left they began to be full of care, and the idea of absolute reduction to begging made them sorrowful.

To Ormond and Brunet they still looked for advice and comfort. "He who has with wonderful mercy thus far led us," they said, "will not now forsake us. Suppose

we starve and must beg, the God of mercy will awaken pity in the hearts of those who have bread to give. Only remain instant in prayer. Have we not eaten roots in our extremity, and why should we not do so again with cheerfulness?" Such reasoning produced its effects, and they strove to excel each other in patience and endurance. It seems strange that these good men Ormond and Brunet, men of intelligence and resource, were unable to find persons to whom they could have made known the peculiar circumstances of their position, after getting out of the reach of their persecutors. But they had little knowledge of men, or of the world, in their remote native place, and they no doubt were full of anxiety and fear lest new hostility to the adherents of the faith of Christ might not befall them and their confiding people. But in God their faith never wavered, and the time of deliverance and of joy was drawing near. Courage and hope yet a little longer!

It was on the eve of the first of the Easter days that, in a hilly district, they lost themselves in a wood. They spread their little camp in the thicket, and, weary and hungry, tried to get rest. They had only a few crusts left, reserved to quiet the wailing of the little ones. Sadly they had to keep the eve of a festival which, while it brought peace and joy to many a Christian heart, brought to them only pain and hunger. They knew not where they were, nor whether any habitations of men were near. But God was near them, and surrounding them with His protection and blessing.

Early in the morning they found a place in the forest more open, not far from where they had been resting during the night. The venerable pastor stepped in to the centre of the band, as they knelt in a circle round him, and he began to pray with a fervour of devotion

such as he seemed never to have before experienced. Every heart was touched with emotion, and every eye glistened with tears. He laid their condition and their needs before the Lord; and as he did so, stronger was the heart-feeling, and brighter the glances, and more joyful the hope on the countenances of all. He spoke to them in words of faith and comfort, saying that the Lord would not withdraw His helping hand when they most needed His support; and when he had finished, and the loud Amen was sounded, he raised a psalm of praise. There rose to the sun-illuminated heaven a song of thanksgiving which rang through the recesses of the forest. The trees were yet unclad with verdure, and the joyful strains of the upstanding worshippers spread far on that high Easter morning.

The psalm was no sooner concluded than suddenly they were startled and alarmed by the wild yelling of dogs close at hand, and immediately after some horsemen were seen coming towards them. The foremost horseman, whose noble figure and splendid attire pointed him out as the leader, came forward, reined in his steed, and demanded in a loud but not angry voice, "What is going on here?"

Old Ormond stepped forward, uncovering his silvered locks, and quietly told who they were, whence they came, and what they were doing. He then entreated that they might be left in peace, and if he was pleased to give some food to the hungry, he would heartily thank him, for the poor fugitives had tasted nothing but roots from the earth for two or three days.

Touching and impressive were the aged pastor's words, and they were not lost upon the listener, whose face was observed to glow with the emotion which stirred his heart, and tears were seen to dim his expressive eyes. With

much feeling he at once responded to the venerable speaker. Answering in French he exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, who has led you hither! I am Count von Solms-Braunfels, the prince of this land. I had received information that gipsies, who much infest this neighbourhood, were in this wood. I came myself to ascertain the fact, and I find myself in presence of fellow-Christians, brothers in the Lord. Be of good courage, ye persecuted ones. 'Blessed are ye, when men shall speak evil of you for My sake,' says our Lord. Your tribulation is at an end. The houses and goods which you have lost for the truth's sake, I will give you again. Remain here for a little, and your bodies shall be refreshed, and your spirits cheered!"

So saying, the noble Count turned his horse and galloped off, without waiting to hear a word from Ormond.

The impression which the words of the Count had upon the poor people, spoken in their own mother tongue, was indescribable. Tears filled their eyes, and they fell on each other's necks, weeping with holy joy. Pastor Ormond stood like one transfixed, his hands folded, his eyes looking toward heaven, his lips slightly moving; he was conversing with his Master and Lord. Elder Brunet burst out into another psalm of thanksgiving, which was joined in by all with heart and voice.

It was as Count Wilhelm had said. Some woodcutters had seen the body of people entering the Hochwald, as the boundary is called which lies between the Residenz Braunfels and the Greifrustein. In haste they reported that danger was threatened by a large band of wandering gipsies which they had seen entering the boundaries. The Count mounted his horse, and with two of his gentlemen attendants came to satisfy himself of the truth of

this matter ; and thus it was that he discovered the unfortunate exiles of Ardèche.

He went to the village of Daubhausen and told about the refugees, and the villagers hastened to the forest, taking with them what was being prepared for their own Easter festival. Great was the surprise of the refugees of Ardèche when they saw so many friendly people hastening towards them with savoury dishes and restoring viands. The Count had meanwhile sent a message to Braunfels to procure all manner of food and nourishment for the poor hungry refugees.

But he did more than this. Summoning all the chief inhabitants of the village and township of Daubhausen, he asked them to give shelter to the emigrants at once ; and then he proposed to them that if they would sell to him their houses and furniture, he would give to them better land, on easier terms, and permission to cut wood from his forests to form another village, with church and school-house. The worthy peasants, seeing how much their beloved Prince had his heart in this scheme, did not object, knowing well that the change would be for their own advantage as well. In due time all the arrangements were agreed to ; and the day following the Count himself went to the forest, and himself conducted the wanderers to Daubhausen, and introduced them to their new homes. As all could not take advantage of this accommodation, he gave up a farm of his own, about half-an-hour's distance, for the use of the remainder, until the new village could be built for the Daubhauseners, out of which farm arose the hamlet of Greifenthal.

Thus in a marvellous way did the Lord appear for His faithful people in the moment of their greatest need, and while their souls were lifted to Him for help. How blessed was their first celebration of Divine service, after

long absence from the courts of the Lord's house! and how long to be remembered that first celebration of the Holy Supper, a truly eucharistic service for them! How they did praise and magnify the Lord for preserving and delivering them, and how earnestly did they implore the blessing of God upon the noble and generous Count Wilhelm!

Through industry and perseverance, the people of Daubhausen and Greifenthal flourished and prospered. They long continued to conduct the service in French only. But as time went on, they became more joined to the Protestant community by which they were surrounded. The memories of Pastor Ormond and Elder Brunet were long held in affectionate and respectful remembrance. It is all an old tradition now, but there is a spring in the forest still known as the Frenchmen's Well, and every child knows and can point out the spot where Count Wilhelm found the Ardèche emigrants.

There have been many instances of relief afforded to persecuted Christians by generous princes, and every one has heard of the noble reception and generous hospitality extended by the King of Prussia to the exiles of Zillertal, when driven from their homes in Austria, in very recent years. But the less celebrated, though equally romantic, story of the exiles of Ardèche is little known, and is deserving of perpetual remembrance.

THE 'TRENT' AFFAIR.

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

THE right of searching neutral vessels at sea by belligerents in time of war had long been a question under dispute. The maintenance of this right by Great Britain was one of the chief causes of the war with the United States in 1812. At the peace in 1814 this question was not definitely settled, and remained in abeyance, each country continuing to hold conflicting views. There were several occasions during the Crimean War which led to remonstrances from American newspaper writers, who strongly condemned the action of some British war vessels, and maintained the position that the flag should cover the cargo, and protect the ship bearing the flag from all interference. Nothing had, however, been officially settled, till the time of the civil war in America. The Federal Government at Washington, supported by public opinion on the part of the Northern States, was irritated by the sympathy shown (in England as well as in France under the Emperor Louis Napoleon) towards the Confederate cause.

On hearing that Messrs. Mason and Slidell, commissioners accredited by the Confederates to the courts of London and Paris respectively, were passengers in the British mail-steamer *Trent*, Captain Wilkes, of the *San Jacinto* U.S. war-ship, stopped that vessel on the

high seas, and by force removed them. The indignation of the British nation led to a demand for a disavowal of the act, and the immediate delivery of these men sailing under the British flag, under a threat of war. The spirited action of Lord John Russell, then at the head of the Government, was approved by the general voice of the nation, and a despatch to that effect was sent for the Queen's approval. The Emperor of the French, through a despatch from M. Thouvenel to M. Mercius, the French ambassador at Washington, declared that he also considered the action of Captain Wilkes as unjustifiable, and expressed a hope that the United States Government would accede to the proposal of the British Government to give up the prisoners. It was understood that the foreign ministers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia expressed similar views to their representatives at Washington.

It was a critical moment. The despatch of eight thousand British troops to Canada showed that Lord John Russell was in earnest in the threat of war. He regarded the act of Captain Wilkes as a just *casus belli*, and the British people were in general as blind to the consequences of the action of the Government, as they had been to the disregard of protests of the Americans in this country in the matter of allowing the *Alabama*, and other Confederate cruisers, to escape from ports, although assured of their hostile intention. A small minority of English statesmen continued friendly to the American Government, and protested against allowing the escape of the Confederate cruisers. The whole story of the affair of the *Alabama* claims, as settled afterwards at Geneva by international arbitration, shows how England had to pay for the folly and obstinacy of the rulers of the nation.

Returning to the *Trent* affair, to which we confine our attention at present, the draft despatched was forwarded by Lord John Russell to the Queen at Windsor, according to the usage carried out ever since the censure of Lord Palmerston for sending despatches from the Foreign Office, on his own responsibility, without consulting the Queen. It was a fortunate thing that this rule had been firmly established before this affair occurred. On the day after the meeting of the Cabinet, the draft of the despatch to be sent to Lord Lyons, was forwarded to Windsor Castle, where it arrived on the evening of the 30th November 1861. The Queen, on reading the draft, with her accustomed good sense was struck with the peremptory and defiant spirit which it displayed. She felt that such a despatch sent to a sensitive and high-spirited nation, accompanied by a threat, must inevitably lead to war. A war with the United States was too shocking to think of. The Queen took the draft to the Prince Consort, and asked his opinion of it.

Ill as he was, and worn-out with anxieties and illness, for he had not had a good night's rest for nearly a fortnight, the contents of this draft distressed him through another sleepless night. With noblest sense of duty to the last, the Prince Consort rose at seven, according to his custom, and before eight o'clock he had written and brought to the Queen an amended draft, of which a facsimile is given in Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." This amended draft was written out and returned. The suggestions at once commended themselves to Lord John Russell. "Lord Palmerston thought them excellent," are Lord Granville's words, in a letter next day sent to the Prince, in which he expresses his own delight at the alteration, which not only removed everything which could possibly give offence, but also

suggested a way of honourably receding from a position of uncertainty and of danger.

The following is the despatch as forwarded, its language being little more than what the Prince had written, cast into official form.

After stating the facts of the seizure, constituting "an act of violence, which was an affront to the British flag and a violation of international law," it proceeds:—

"Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed this aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that, if he conceived himself to be so authorised, he had greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honour to pass without full reparation; and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a nature, and with regard to which the British Nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling.

"Her Majesty's Government therefore trust that, when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the United States, that Government will of its own accord offer to the British Nation such redress as alone could satisfy the British Nation, viz., the liberation of these gentlemen, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed."

The action of the Prince Consort in this affair was personally as noble and generous, as politically it was wise and good. It was the last occasion of his using his pen, for his illness was hastening to a crisis. Sir Theodore Martin quotes, by permission, an entry from the Queen's "Diary," which she writes about that morning of the 1st of December:—

"He could eat no breakfast, and looked very wretched. But still he was well enough, on getting up, to make a draft for me to write to Lord Russell in correction of his draft to Lord Lyons sent to me yesterday, which Albert did not approve."

How much our nation and the world owes to the wisdom and prudence of the Prince, in this affair, it is not possible to express. And God blessed this last act of patriotic service and duty. There was fortunately a Minister then at the head of the Foreign Office at Washington, who could recognise and appreciate the words of the despatch as now sent. Mr. Seward told Lord Lyons, before the copy of the despatch was placed in his hands, that "everything depended on the wording of it," and he begged, as a personal favour, to be allowed to read it before receiving it officially.

In compliance with this request, it was sent to him under a cover marked "private and confidential." Almost immediately he went to Lord Lyons, and in a cheerful tone said, "he was pleased to find that the despatch was courteous and friendly—not dictatorial nor menacing." This was on the 19th of December. Little did he know that the hand that wrote this message of peace and goodwill was cold in death five days before! But, as chief of the Cabinet, he felt that a way of conciliation was open, however arduous might be his task of smoothing the path to the concession which he urged

the Government to make, in replying officially to the despatch from Her Majesty, who even at that time was loved and honoured in America as much as by her own subjects.

Mr. Seward set himself to make an elaborate reply to the message from the British Government, going fully into the long-vexed question of the right of search of neutral vessels, and finding in this incident a way of settling for ever the international controversy. He announced, on the part of the Cabinet, that Captain Wilkes, in stopping the *Trent*, and taking by force passengers sailing under the British flag, had acted without instructions, and that the four persons so taken would "be cheerfully liberated."

There are many who must remember the splendid and suggestive cartoon in *Punch*, one of the finest that Tenniel ever drew, Britannia looking across the ocean, with her hand on the cannon, but with eyes wistfully and anxiously gazing, and hoping for an answer of peace. The welcome news reached London on the 9th of January 1862, and was communicated on the same day to the Queen at Osborne. It was a balm to her wounded, sorrowful spirit. In her reply she said, "Lord Palmerston cannot but look on this peaceful issue of the American quarrel as greatly owing to her beloved Prince, who wrote the observations upon the draft to Lord Lyons, in which Lord Palmerston so entirely concurred. *It was the last thing he ever wrote.*"

Well might Lord Palmerston, in his reply to Her Majesty, say that "these alterations were only one of innumerable instances of the tact and judgment, and the power of nice discrimination, which excited Lord Palmerston's constant and unbounded admiration." Blessings on the memory of the wise and good Prince, whose words

thus led to a pacific and satisfactory settlement of the dispute!

There is no doubt that, while admitting it to be possible that instructions had been exceeded in the case of the *Trent*, the American Government had given strict charge to its naval officers to stop and to search vessels at sea, whether within the limits of blockaded ports or not. Many ships had been overhauled and searched on the high seas, and Mr. Seward had a diplomatic triumph in making this a settlement of the international question. It was more difficult to reconcile the people to what many still considered an unworthy concession, smarting as they did from the undoubted wrongs they had suffered from the encouragement given by the majority of English politicians to the resistance of the Confederate States. The terrible losses in life as well as property, already borne, and likely to be continued by the influence in Europe of commissioners so wily and able as had now been liberated, could not be easily borne. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Captain Wilkes, and he was the popular hero for a time. But as the war advanced, till at length the power of the Confederates was broken, the good feeling towards England was restored among all right-thinking Americans. Even in the height of the struggle, as may be seen in the "Adventures of a Blockade Runner" (Fisher Unwin & Co.), it was the love of gain more than love of country that prolonged the war; and the depredations of the *Alabama* and other cruisers were the deeds of pirates more than of patriots. England might have prevented much of the mischief for which she had afterwards to pay the penalty; and the sad losses, on both sides, throughout the war, were the retribution for the long iniquity of tolerated slavery.





John G. Guley
"Guley's Corner"

*ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AFRICA BY
FREDERIC S. ARNOT.*

WHEN Dr. Livingstone, the greatest and noblest of African travellers and explorers, was home for the last time, he took special delight in visiting the scenes of his youthful days in Scotland. It was then that he went, from Oban round Mull, to see the island of Ulva, the home of his ancestors. He also spent some time in the neighbourhood of the scenes where his father and mother lived, after they migrated to the mainland of Scotland, and where he as a lad himself toiled at the loom. He was asked to distribute the prizes at the school of his own boyhood. There was a child there that day, taken by his parents to witness the ceremony, and to see the great traveller. The impressions he then got concerning Africa awakened a deep interest in the boy's mind; and in course of time he resolved to become a missionary in Africa, and to devote his life to the people whom Livingstone loved and gave his life for. This youthful follower of the great Christian explorer and of the Divine Master whom he served, was Frederic Stanley Arnot, born in 1858 in Glasgow, and educated at the Grammar School of Hamilton.

It was in July 1881 that Frederic Arnot left London for the Cape of Good Hope. He was not sent by, nor associated with any missionary society, but was provided by a few friends with just enough to start him on his

adventurous career. His one chief design was to explore the interior of the continent, in order to find places best suited for becoming the centres of missionary and of civilising work. Dr. Livingstone had often urged that this should be done; and both for the sake of Africa and of his own over-peopled country, he had offered all the profits of his books of travel to commence an emigration fund to found Christian colonies in the healthy mountainous regions of Central Africa. To carry out this idea, acting at the same time as a missionary and evangelist, Mr. Arnot made his first journeys. He went from Natal across the Transvaal, northward by the Kalahari Desert and the Barotse Valley. Finding his way to the hill country barred by the refusal of one of the chiefs to permit his advance, he turned westward, and made for Benguella on the west coast. From that point, after necessary rest and recruitment, he commenced a second journey back into the interior, and finally succeeded in reaching Katanga, the region which Livingstone was on his way to explore when death overtook him not far from Lake Bangweolo. In this neighbourhood Arnot remained for two years, well treated by the King Msidi, to whose protection he introduced two missionaries to reside among the people—Swan, a Sunderland man, and Faulkner, a Canadian, who had come out to join him.

The father of King Msidi was a copper-trader from the country to the east of Lake Tanganyika, who made friends with the old chief ruling in Katanga, or as it has since been called, "Garenganza." On one occasion Msidi went to trade instead of his father; found the chief at war with some neighbouring tribes; and having four guns with him, took the chief's side, and routed the enemy by a few shots, firearms being then unknown in those parts. The chief made Msidi his heir, and so he came into his

regal title and dominions, which he enlarged gradually by wars, and by slaying any chiefs who were likely to become his rivals.

Returning to England after seven years' absence, Mr. Arnot published a little volume of notes of his expeditions, under the title of "Garenganza ;" a second title explaining the nature of the book, "Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa" (published by Hawkins, Pater-noster Row).

At the request of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Arnot read a paper, briefly describing his travels. So important was the communication that the Society specially prepared a map to show the routes taken, including also those of Commander Cameron, Major Serpa Pinto, Herr Reichard, and other recent travellers who have crossed the continent. Livingstone's famous journey from the Zambesi to Loanda is also marked on this map now accompanying Mr. Arnot's volume. Numerous as have been the journeys of travellers in Africa in later years, including the multitude of books connected with Stanley's search for Emin Pasha, the story of Mr. Arnot's explorations has a freshness of interest all its own, and nothing since Livingstone's first book is more attractive to the reader. It was a noble testimony which he bore as a Christian missionary, when he avowed the object of his journeys in the Dark Continent, and explained the spirit in which they were conducted. He then stated that although he travelled chiefly alone, without a white or black companion, and with no body-guard or show of arms, he never met with any hostility from the natives. Some of his party carried guns, but only for shooting game, for necessary sustenance, or for defence from wild animals. His own gun was usually kept out of sight throughout the day, a fact which the natives were not

slow to notice. They often expressed their joy and satisfaction at this white man coming to their land with "open hands." If there was ever any trouble caused by his carriers or attendants, he took the matter to the native tribunals, demanding justice for them; and his testimony is, that "without a single exception I received nothing but just and fair treatment." It was the same with Livingstone, and with the French missionary Coillard, with whom Arnot had correspondence, and whom he greatly admired. M. Coillard has since settled near the Northern Zambesi, but arrived there too late to enjoy a personal greeting.

On his way northward towards Zambesi, Mr. Arnot visited Kama, or Khama, the celebrated Christian chief of a portion of the Bechuana people. It was at his old capital, Shoshong, from which the king has moved the whole of the inhabitants to his magnificent new city of Palapye. The building of this native town, covering some twenty square miles of ground—with its splendid streets, avenues, central square, telegraph office—is one of the most wonderful events in African history. A recent traveller, Mr. E. P. Mathers, has described it in his "Zambesia." There are more than 30,000 inhabitants. When we remember that Khama planned this city, and built it without any European assistants, and that it was only begun in September 1889, we may imagine how wise and energetic a ruler Khama is. He was, however, always cautious about white travellers, most of whom are men who would do his people more harm than good. But he soon understood Mr. Arnot, and told him that he was sending his chief hunter Tinka to the Mababi, and that he might travel in his company in safety and comfort.

Tinka was a man of great experience, and was charged by the king not to run any risks in crossing the desert:

Mr. Arnot wished to make tracks for Mr. Westbeech, who had traded for many years in these regions, and could give him much information about the chiefs north of the Zambesi. Here is what Mr. Arnot says about Shoshong and its ruler:—"The moral condition of Shoshong is in many respects most exemplary. Since coming here, I have not seen an intoxicated person, either black or white; which could not be said by any one, for the same period, in any other town in Africa where the white man trades. The chief, Khama, has put down the drink traffic most effectually. Not only has he forbidden it among his own people, but he will not allow the liquor to pass through his country; consequently none has passed into Central Africa from this side for some years, unless it be a very small quantity smuggled in. If a trader is found out once bringing drink into the place, even for the use of the white people, he is turned off Khama's territory, and never allowed to enter it again. In many respects he is a noble chief, and it would be well if other rulers imitated his unselfish Christian policy. None of his people are allowed to want, if he can help it. If they are too poor to buy, he provides them with a stock of cattle, the increase of which belongs to the poor man, and thus Khama has distributed during the last few years thousands of cattle to such of his people as have suffered through loss of crops, cattle disease, or other misfortune. Although he has stopped all beer-drinking, and put down many of the revolting heathen customs in which formerly they delighted, yet they all like their chief, and would almost to a man die for him."

Such is Mr. Arnot's testimony as he saw Shoshong ten years ago. He says that of course he knows there are heathen customs carried on secretly; and even infanticide, at least of deformed children, is tolerated by old usage;

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"yet," he adds, "I say confidently that one would see more vice and open immorality on a Saturday night in the High Street, Glasgow, than would be seen here in twelve months."

All prosperity, we say, to King Khama in his new city of Palempye. It will be a shame if the Cape Government or the Home Colonial Office do not support this noble African, both against Boer aggression and the more dreaded invasion of unprincipled white traders. They are quite able to defend themselves against any African foes, for the whole nation is a trained volunteer force, ready on any alarm to repel an invader. Twice Mr. Arnot witnessed a turn-out of the native army, going out for training with their weapons, 10,000 or 12,000 men at least.

On the day of leaving Shoshong, the white people there were very generous in supplying food for the journey through the desert. Khama and his wife were also very kind. "He wished God to go with me, to save me by the way, and bring me back in peace." His wife said, with tears, "May God go with you, and remain with you, and fill you with blessing." His companion, Tinka, was found to be a very decent fellow, and also a good Christian. It was a pleasant surprise to Mr. Arnot to find this colony of black brethren in Christ, the fruits of the labours of Moffat and other missionaries in bygone years. Much is recorded, in after journeys, of Mr. Arnot's own attempts at evangelistic work, but the success was seldom so marked as what he witnessed among the natives themselves through their own teachers and preachers. But the personal faith and patience of the missionary appears throughout the journals, in the support and comfort afforded at all times by the Word and the presence of God. Many an instance is given of what Mr. Arnot re-

garded as wonderful answers to believing prayer. Some of the instances would seem almost humorously apt; but of the sincerity and faith of the narrator no one can doubt. He would himself be the last to call them "miraculous," yet the unknown influences, working by natural agency on distant minds, produced providential effects, which proved that truth is often as wonderful as fiction. Of this sort is the narrative of how a saddle and boots were provided, and ascribed purely to the answer of requests by prayer.

"When at Bihé," says Mr. Arnot, "I had a good riding-ox without a saddle. I never dreamed of there being a saddle in the place, as there were no horses nearer than the coast, and the art of riding was virtually unknown in the country; so I laid out my plans for making one. Finding, however, my time very much occupied in looking after porters and other necessary business, I saw there was little prospect of having my saddle made by the day appointed to start. I laid the matter in prayer before God, asking that if there was a saddle in the country, I might have it.

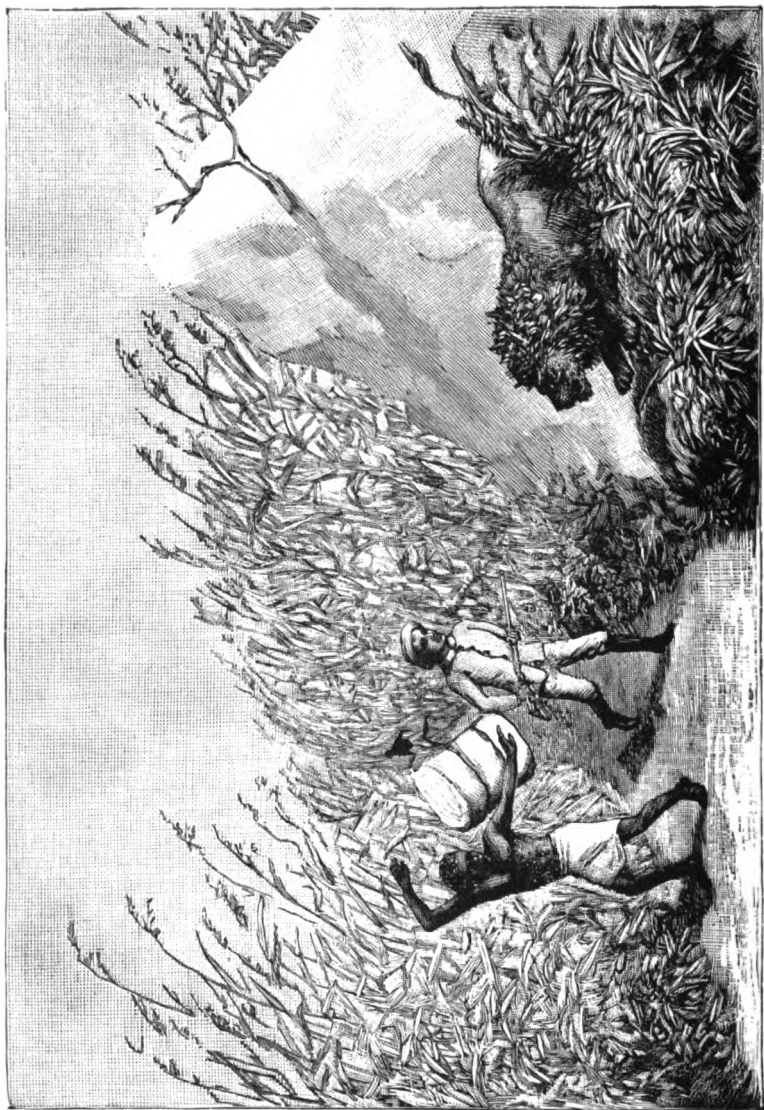
"Again I turned to saddle-making, and had just cut up an old sack, with which to make two pads for the back of the ox, finding it was out of the question to think of anything more substantial, when a little boy, about ten years of age, made his appearance at the gateway of the village with a large saddle on his head. A mulatto, who had just come from an expedition some 300 miles to the south of Bihé, had purchased a horse and saddle from a Dutchman there. The horse, however, died, and he brought home the saddle and sent it over to me that morning, wishing to exchange it for a piece of calico cloth. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe it was the only saddle in Bihé."

The supply of a pair of boots was a still more wonderful experience. "At the Garenganze," says Mr. Arnot, "I had sadly run out of boots. Indeed, I had been compelled, in going down to the villages from my house on the heights, to tie on my feet thick pads made out of old newspapers, so as to keep them off the hot ground. Not that good leather cannot be prepared by a simple process of tanning or smoking, but my time had been so much occupied with the people, and attacks of fever, during my first year in the Garenganze, had been so constant, that I had no leisure to give attention to boot-making. Msidi, I thought, might possibly have some boots, and I went down with the intention of asking him for a pair one morning, but changed my mind on the way, and did not mention the matter to any one.

"Next morning, however, a young man came along with a pair of boots to sell, the first time boots were ever brought to me in this country. They were almost new, of fine leather, and on trying them on, they fitted me perfectly—the best fitting boots I have ever had. 'How much for them?' 'Four yards.' I had just four yards of cloth on hand, which came in one of the loads from Kandunda. I could not have believed five minutes before that such a pair of boots was in the interior, for even at Benguella I could not get boots to fit me. It seems that they were brought by a native trader some time ago to Molenga, the chief whose village I passed on my way here. One of Msidi's sons had gone to visit him, when Molenga gave him the boots as a present. He wore them but a few days, and then sent them for sale to me this morning. So I thank God for the boots, and may He give me health to wear them!"

But let us pass to some adventures which may have interest of a different kind to some readers. Take the





lion stories which Mr. Arnot has to tell. Here is an incident which occurred during his travels on the Zambesi. "All night," he says, "we were kept awake more or less by three lions serenading us, and the lads had enough to do to keep their bivouac fires burning. I, however, got a good night's rest. Next morning, when passing a clump of long reedy grass, I heard distinctly in front the low angry growl of a lion. The man who was before me stopped, saying it was a buffalo, and asked for my gun that he might shoot it. I urged him to push on, and tried to prevent the three boys from stopping, but it was too late to avoid the brute's charge. He made straight at the hindmost lad, who was carrying my mat and blanket. I ran back and succeeded in intercepting him, so that in his spring he fell short a few feet from his intended victim, and before my very face—too near indeed to allow me time to use my rifle. The man and the three boys dropped their loads and were off like deer, leaving me and my royal friend alone in the reed thicket face to face.

"For a moment it was a question what the next scene would be. He was raging fiercely, and would fain have sprung on me, but seemed to lack the nerve. Holding him hard with my eyes, and slowly cocking my rifle, I lifted it to my shoulder for a steady aim, when he suddenly gave in, his huge tail dropped, and drawing his teeth under his lips, he made off. I sprang after him, hoping to get a shot at safer range, but the grass was so dense that I could not sight him again; so I started in search of my companions. I overtook Dick several hundred yards on by the river's brink, and then the others; but not one would return for his load, so complete was their scare, though I assured them that the lion had gone clean away. That, however, was no assurance to

them that his wife or some of his relatives might not be hanging about the same lair. Shortly after we met some men returning from their fishing grounds, who were willing for a small consideration to return for the loads with my brave crew.

"Daniel's God," Mr. Arnot remarks, "is still the same to us. This God is our God. The lad whose life I thus saved belongs to the region of Bihé, and I overheard a young Bihean say to his fellows that he would go anywhere with such a white man, who would throw his own body between a lion and a black lad of no account. The young man who said this is a nephew of the chief Kapoko, who told the carriers I had engaged at his village two years before not to go with this white man, as he would carry them all off to the other side of the continent and enslave them; the result of which advice was that most of them left me."

This was the most critical adventure with a lion, but there are many other incidents recorded. For instance, when ascending the Zambesi river, Mr. Arnot says: "On one occasion, towards evening, going round a sharp bend in the river close to the bank, we came upon two lions that were sporting on a beautiful sandy beach. The male at once shook his shaggy mane, lay down with his paws out, as a cat does when watching a mouse, and kept his eye upon us. So close was my boat to the beast that I could distinctly see him closing one eye and opening the other alternately as he lay surveying us. The lioness walked up and down in a restless manner in front of a clump of trees. The men assured me that she had cubs hidden there."

At another time, on the same river, not far from the Victoria Falls, he had a very narrow escape. Walking along alone, he heard a horrid growl and the rustle of

bushes at his very side. He was startled, of course, for he must have been within a few feet of the monster, whose growl was unmistakable. Turning round, he walked slowly backward, with his eyes on the spot, and then, when well clear, went off at a quick walk. He had at the time no gun with him. On returning to camp, he found that two lions had come up in broad daylight to within sixty yards of the camp. They were shot at, and one, which must have been wounded, came fiercely back at night, and would have done mischief had not all been awake and on the alert, keeping him off by shouting and scattering fire, and other signs of being ready for an attack.

During the march towards the Lualaba river, they reached an ill-famed camping-place, called by the natives "Olohosi," or "The Lions." There are many stories about natives camping there and being carried off at night. So Mr. Arnot here built an extra barricade round the camp, with great pains, and a special hut was made for the ox he rode, so that there was little chance of a meal being found that night at "Olohosi." Some of the natives said they heard distant roaring during the night; but it is probable, judging from the number of barricades visible, that other passing travellers had been as much on their guard against the once daring lions at this place.

On the whole, except when impelled by hunger or in defence of a lioness and cubs, the lion is a cowardly brute, and seldom attacks a white man on his guard in daylight. The perils from leopards and from poisonous snakes are more frequent. Mr. Arnot had a narrow escape from one of the latter. The boat was passing along the side of a steep bank of the Zambesi, covered with a network of roots, among which the paddler next in front espied a puff-adder coiled up. He immediately lifted his

spear from between his toes and threw it at the snake. It uncoiled itself as quickly and struck at its assailant, grazing Mr. Arnot's hat with its fangs. The spear had, however, done its work, pinning the lower part of the body to the ground, and in a short time the boatmen killed it.

One of the most stirring adventures occurred during the stay in Garenganze. Two of the men while out hunting were benighted on the other side of the river. Night set in very dark indeed, and after waiting a long time for the absent hunters, the men in camp went down to the river, and made signals to guide them, and at length above the rushing noise of the stream their voices were heard in response on the other side. Mr. Arnot ran down to the bank of the river in order to guide them, but finding that his voice was not loud enough to make them hear, he called to the men in camp to come down that all might shout together, and thus be heard. All left the camp. After shouting once or twice, Mr. Arnot heard, to his horror, a great noise in the direction of the camp, which seemed to be alive with howling demons. The truth was that the wild animals of the forest, ever on the watch, had taken advantage of their absence, rushed in, and were devouring the meat they found there. Some parts of a zebra were lying in the midst of the enclosure, and a family of hyenas accompanied by two leopards were quarelling and fighting over it. "We had to act instantly; and having no fire or guns in our hands, it was impossible to remain out of our shelter. So taking the lead, and calling to my men to come on, I rushed at full speed back to the camp. Taking care to avoid the doorway, we sprang over the little brush barricade, so alarming the animals with our shouts and yells that they left the meat and fled."

It has already been mentioned that Mr. Arnot travelled with smaller means than any other traveller ever did in Africa. Covetousness is the ruling passion of the natives, and it overrides or destroys every natural feeling. No chief allows visitors to approach him without receiving a present. They will try to distress, rob, and even kill them for the sake of getting their goods. Even those who are most accustomed to see white people have the same covetous spirit. A certain supply of things is necessary for buying food, as all is done by barter, but Mr. Arnot had the curious experience of finding himself best off when he had nothing in store to make presents of. As long as he was known to possess even a little, he was troubled by people coming simply to beg for gifts. Mtisi's headmen and Mai's wives, and even the king's wives and his courtiers, troubled him incessantly for a small present. "At last," he says, "my things were gone, and I had to live as my own boys lived, on porridge and corn; and I could only buy meal at a time by tearing up my blankets and sheets, selling the pieces for a meal. Then the begging and pestering ceased, and those who came to my hut did not come to beg, and peer into every corner to see if I had anything they could ask of me. When they found that I was as poor as themselves, if not much poorer, they came to talk, and some would bring to me a present rather than ask one, and I got their ears and attention without distraction." His conclusion was that "this world's goods may be helpful in furthering the Gospel, and may be blessed for that work, but they also can be made a terrible hindrance." He found, in fact, that he could be happier and more successful the nearer he followed the primitive plan, going out to the heathen "without purse or scrip," dependent on God only, and

on the kindness of those whose good he was seen to be seeking. Whatever may be his future career in Africa, or the experience of those who follow in his steps, we have given an account of his pioneer work as one of singular interest. His portrait was given as a frontispiece in one of the numbers of the *Sunday at Home* in 1890, taken during his short visit to this country.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

DURING that period of the French Revolution known as "The Reign of Terror," the greatest atrocities were witnessed in the southern cities of Lyons and Marseilles. History has said more about the massacres in Paris because the guillotine there had so many victims of illustrious name, and the chief men of the Girondist and other revolutionary sections were assembled in the capital. But of the wealthy citizens of the provincial towns, less known to public fame, multitudes were destroyed by the agents of Robespierre and his associates. Political feeling was made a cloak for every deed of public violence and even private revenge. Thousands of citizens perished in that season of wild lawlessness and crime of whose fate no trace was left. We have seen, however, some records of remarkable escapes from prison and from impending death, examples of which it may be interesting to narrate, whether as illustrating the ingenuity and industry of those who escaped, or the success accorded by merciful Providence to the efforts for saving life or regaining liberty. A few cases only can be selected out of many.

At Marseilles there was a family, consisting of father, mother, and two sons and two daughters, all grown up. The father and the eldest son were in the law; the younger son was a *courtier de commerce*, that is, an agent

for negotiating commercial transactions. The eldest son was the first who was involved in the political troubles of the Revolution. He had been a member of a section of moderate Republicans, and his name was among the proscribed at the time when those who had been in power at the beginning of the Revolution were under proscription.

For several months he remained concealed in his father's house by having a chamber at the top of the house contrived for the purpose. In the daytime he generally sat in this room, but as the domiciliary visits of search were made by night more frequently than by day, his bed was made up in this place of asylum. Hither he could retreat in a moment, upon a signal being given from below; and he shut himself in, the door of the retreat being so well contrived that there was little likelihood of its being discovered in the most diligent search of the apartment. Suspicion being still entertained that he was in the house, repeated searches were made, but fortunately he escaped them all. His eldest sister, being devoted to him and entertaining a double share of anxiety for his safety, was the person on whom he principally relied for giving him timely notice in time of alarm; and the poor girl passed the whole night many a time watching whether any one approached the house, and afraid to lie down lest, exhausted by fatigue, sleep should overtake her, and her brother be surprised unawares.

In this anxiety and discomfort he remained nearly seven months, the family all that time not daring to attempt removing him, as they well knew that a constant watch was kept on the house. But the vigilance of the Revolutionists beginning at length to abate, wearied with so many fruitless searches, an opportunity was found to convey him by night to a Genoese vessel, the owner

of which had agreed with his brother to carry him to Leghorn. He was taken on board, and as every vessel was searched before sailing, he was laid on the deck, and covered with a heap of cords, sacks, and various rubbish. In the morning, as the vessel was about to sail, a party of National Guards appeared and called to the captain to stop till they came on board. They asked a hundred questions of the master, and even kicked about some of the cords, but fortunately without discovering what they concealed. The vessel was then permitted to depart, and in due time reached its destination. To provide the means demanded by the exacting Genoese captain, the two sisters had to sacrifice many objects of value which they possessed in personal ornaments. The brother had by this time been added to the list of proscribed, and managed to escape to Paris, where he remained lost among the crowd, unknown and unregarded, till after the fall of Robespierre, when he returned to Marseilles and resumed his former occupation.

After the departure of his two sons, the father, who had striven to give no cause of offence, was threatened with imprisonment, perhaps with death, on no other pretext than that he had two sons in emigration. The youngest daughter, on hearing this, proceeded humbly before the Municipality and presented herself to the persons acting as magistrates, offering herself as a hostage that her father would commit no act contrary to the interests of the Republic, and pleading that he might be suffered to remain at liberty. The acting president, ruffian though he was, could not help being touched by the filial devotion, and the offer of the daughter to remain a prisoner was accepted, and she was conveyed to the convent of the Ignorantines, which was used as a prison, and where there were nearly eight

hundred women, the wives and daughters of the wealthy and middle classes, immured.

But though detained as a hostage, her father was not left free. Some of the other men in the municipal office ordered his arrest, and he was sent with a number of the proscribed to be confined in another convent. The prison of the father was far distant from that of the daughter, and both equally removed from their own house. During the following months, down to the conclusion of the Reign of Terror, the eldest daughter's daily duty was to visit her father and sister in their respective prisons, being always searched at her entrance, lest she might convey anything to them which might be used to assist their escape. The anxiety about her sister's life was not great, as very few women were at that period led to the scaffold, but she always entered the prison of her father with fear, uncertain whether he might not have been among the number who were daily sacrificed to keep up the Reign of Terror. At home her sole occupation was to endeavour to soothe and console her mother. It is gratifying to conclude this narrative by stating that the trials of this family, so innocent and so united, had a favourable end, and, painful though their trials and anxieties were, they all lived to see more peaceful days, and no member of the family perished during the Reign of Terror.

Another citizen, an *avocat* or barrister, was protected from the fate with which he was menaced in an unexpected and extraordinary way. His name being on the list of the proscribed, a party of the Terrorists came to his house to seek for him. They found his wife, who said that her husband was not at home, and that she did not know where he had gone. They insisted, never-

theless, on searching the house, which they did without finding the man. They then departed, and went to make other visits with which they were charged. One of the party soon after returned, and finding the outer door open, went upstairs to a room on the first floor, and knocking at the panel of a wainscot said, "Open quickly; your place of concealment is known." The panel was opened, and at the same moment a pistol was discharged, which happily did no injury to the person on the outside. In fact, the master of the house fired in such a panic, that it might be questioned whether he intended to shoot himself or the discoverer of his place of concealment. But the voice of his wife quickly reassured him, for she had been brought to the place in an instant on hearing the report of the pistol. "Hear me, madam," said the visitor. "I came to save your husband and he was going to kill me! I have associated myself with those men who were recently here that I might save my fellow-citizens as much as lies in my power. As we were searching your house, I observed a strong emotion on your countenance, and noticed that you trembled as we were at this spot, and I had no doubt, therefore, that your husband was concealed within. This occasioned my speedy return, to warn you that your goodman is not in safety as long as he remains in this house, or even in the town. It is not doubted that he is here; and you will never cease to be troubled with like visits till he is found. I will, however, engage to procure you the means of escape," added he, turning to the advocate, "if you will confide in me."

This was not a situation in which to hesitate to close with such an offer, and with tears and thanks it was embraced by both husband and wife. It was now getting dusk, and the benevolent visitor said he would return

in about an hour, and take the husband with him to his own house, where he could remain in perfect security till means could be found for him to quit the town. There was only one trusty old servant there, and the advocate remained with his benefactor till a time of safety returned.

A more painful interest belongs to the following case. A letter was found which inculpated the writer in the then fatal crime of belonging to the aristocracy. The name with which the letter was signed was one well known in Marseilles, and a person of that name, far advanced in years, was immediately seized and brought before the Revolutionary tribunal. The letter was shown to him, and he was asked if he knew the handwriting. He looked at it; he saw instantly that it was the handwriting of his only son, and his affrighted imagination represented to him that son as inevitably lost if the letter were known to be his. His parental affection suggested his answer—"Yes, that is my own signature." In this avowal his doom was pronounced. Next morning he fell by the hands of the executioner, comforted, doubtless, in his last moments by the thought that he died to save his child.

The son, being absent from the town, was ignorant of what passed, till, on his return, he learned his father's fate. His feelings on learning the circumstances, and conscious of himself being the cause of his father's death, may be conceived but cannot be described. To own the truth, however, could be then of no use in repairing the past, and would have rendered the noble sacrifice his father had made of no avail: he therefore cherished the secret in his own bosom until a change of rule allowed him to reveal the tragic story. Then did he pay the tribute due to the memory of such a

father, by publishing to the world the act of magnanimous self-sacrifice.

One more instance we must give of courage and magnanimity, worthy the more of admiration as being displayed by a person in humble life, and one without the motive so powerful as the parental affection illustrious in the preceding narrative.

A lady in Marseilles about to emigrate to England, wished before her departure to conceal her valuables, her trinkets, lace, family plate, and other articles, in a place of safety. To bury things in cellars was now become so common, that these were among the first places searched by public plunderers or private robbers for suspected treasures. To convey out of the house such things, even by small portions at a time, without being discovered, was a hopeless endeavour. What was to be done?

She consulted with an old servant, who during a long period had given such strong and repeated proofs of fidelity and of attachment to the family, that she could place unbounded confidence in him. He advised his mistress to pack the things in trunks, and deposit them in a garret at one end of the house, then to wall up the door into that garret and new plaster the whole room adjoining, so as to leave no traces by which it could be discovered that it had any communication with another apartment. This advice was followed, and the plan executed without the privacy of any other person than the man who suggested it.

Shortly after her departure, the servant received a visit from a municipal officer, who came with a party of his myrmidons to search the house, as belonging to an emigrant, and suspected of containing a considerable property. They examined every room, every closet, every

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place in the house, but nothing of any value could be discovered; some large articles of furniture were seen and noted down, but as they could not be conveniently removed at once and disposed of, the officer thought it better to leave these in order to save appearances. The old servant was questioned closely, and as it seemed impossible that everything of value or capable of being sold could have been conveyed away, the man was threatened with the utmost severity of justice if he did not confess where these things were concealed. The man, however, stoutly denied all knowledge of what he was expected to reveal, and said that if anything had been concealed the secret was unknown to him. Not satisfied, the officer carried the man to the Tribunal of the Commune. Here he was again interrogated, and threatened with the guillotine if he did not confess where his mistress had concealed her property. His resolution was unshaken not to tell anything, and he gave such answers, that the officers, believing it impossible that so simple a man, if he really possessed the secret, could retain it with the fear of speedy death before his eyes, were persuaded that he was not in his mistress's confidence, and dismissed him. They obliged him, however, to quit the house, and a creature of their own was placed in it. Again and again the search was renewed, but all to no purpose, nor was the real truth ever suspected.

Presently, the reign of the Terrorists and the Red Communists passed away, and more honest people came to the front in the government of the French Republic. The faithful servant beheld the downfall of the public robbers with exultation as his own triumph, and on representing his case before the new magistrates, he was replaced in his trust as custodian of the house of his mistress. Some time after, a person came to him

one day, who said he was sent on the part of his mistress, and that, as she was unable at present to return to Marseilles, she wished some trunks which she had left concealed in the house to be sent to her, as they could now be removed with safety. She had described to him the place and manner in which they were concealed, to the end that, if any misfortune had happened to the servant, he might know where to find them. The poor man suspected nothing, and seeing that the messenger was fully informed of the secret, could not doubt of his being charged with the mission he assumed. The room was therefore opened, and he even assisted in carrying the trunks to the messenger's lodgings. Afterwards he was informed by the emissary that his mistress had given him instructions that, as there was nothing now of consequence left in the house, it was to be shut up, and he was to maintain himself as well as he could till her return. This was almost a heart-breaking stroke to the faithful servant; but no appeal could be made against the will of his mistress; and he took to the trade of a cobbler, which he had learned in his early days, to gain a livelihood.

A long time elapsed without anything more being heard of the lady, when at length she appeared, and was in the utmost consternation on learning what had passed. She declared she had never given any one a commission to demand her property, nor could she conceive how an impostor had obtained the knowledge necessary for carrying out the fraud which had been practised. The only way in which she could account for the misfortune was, that, thinking there was no necessity in a distant foreign country to guard the secret inviolably, it was possible that she might have talked of it indiscreetly in the hearing of some one

who had thought it worth his while to make a journey to Marseilles to possess himself fraudulently of her property. She acknowledged at the same time that the fraud was so artfully and daringly contrived and executed, that her faithful servant was fully absolved for having been the dupe of it, and the life of poverty and toil in which he had ever since passed his time perfectly exonerated him from any suspicion of his having been anything else but a dupe in the sad affair. His mistress had enough property left to make him comfortable and free from care during the remainder of his life.

Turning now from Marseilles to Lyons, we should like to give a few instances of remarkable escapes the record of which have been preserved.

On the 9th of December 1793, seventy-two prisoners were condemned, and thrown into a prison vault known as the "Cave of Death," to await the execution of their sentence, which was to be two days after. One of the prisoners, by name Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited by the short respite to devise a plan of escape. His sisters having, by means of a large bribe, obtained access to the place of confinement, began to weep around him and condole with him. "It is not a time to weep," he said; "it is the moment to arm ourselves with energy and resolution, and endeavour to find some way by which we can escape our menaced fate. Bring to me files, a chisel, a turn-screw, and some instruments; bring also some daggers, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grating, which looks into the Rue Lafond, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting for them the whole day to receive them. Bring also some bottles of wine to keep up our strength."

The sisters retired, and before night, at different visits, they had brought the things that their brother desired. Porral meanwhile had communicated his purpose to four others, bold and active as himself, and the whole business was arranged. The wine was shared with others, and the prisoners were exhorting each other to meet their fate with heroism, if it were necessary to die, but the attempt to deliver themselves was resolved upon by Porral and his friends.

At eleven o'clock that night the associates began their task, most of the other prisoners being asleep. One was placed as a sentinel near the door of the cave, armed with a dagger, ready to despatch the turnkey, if, at his visit at two in the morning, he should appear to suspect anything particular to be going forward; the others, putting off their coats, began to make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak and double-barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them. Still they could not force it open, as it was retained by something on the other side. A hole was made with the chisel, and looking through, they perceived that the door was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a little distance. This was an awkward discovery, for they in vain endeavoured to reach the rope, so as to cut it with the file and chisel. Porral remembered seeing a piece of wax-candle in the hand of Fromental, a notary, one of the prisoners. Fromental, half asleep, was roused, and gave the piece of candle. It was lighted, tied to the end of a stick, then thrust through the hole in the door till it reached the rope, which in a short time it burned asunder. The door

could then be opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

They found themselves in a third vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, evidently there for some particular purpose. On striking it, a hollow sound was heard. This gave hope that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage—perhaps it might be one leading to the Rhone. They immediately put forth all their strength to remove the stone, in which they at length succeeded, and found, to their inexpressible joy, that they were not deceived in their conjectures—that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and one of them, Lebatre, taking hold of one end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment extinguished; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, Lebatre perceived that this was only an old well, dried up and heaped with rubbish. He came up with a heavy heart; some other means must be sought for escape.

A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work; but after having forced the lock and hinges, the door still resisted their efforts; they could not get it open. They had again recourse to the chisel, and having made a hole, ascertained that the obstacle now was two pieces of stone laid against the door. They pushed with all their might, and at length dislodged one of the stones, which fell down, and with it fell the door.

But this led only to another vault, which served as a *dépôt* for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things was a large trunk filled with shirts. Though

rough, these were clean, and they gladly profited by the discovery; leaving behind them their own shirts, covered with filth and vermin, and taking the clean ones. Two other doors, besides that by which they had entered the vault, offered themselves to their chisel, but they no sooner began to attack one with the file than they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind it. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led to the apartments of the gaoler. This idea recalled to their minds that it must be near two o'clock, the time of his visiting round.

One of the party returned towards the "Cave of Death" to see if all was safe, and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had indeed need of some moments of rest; and they took advantage of them to fortify themselves by taking a little wine, still left from supper-time. When he who had been sent to reconnoitre returned, he reported that on arriving at the "Cave of Death," he had shuddered with horror at finding the turnkey already there. He, however, who had been posted as sentinel asked him to take some wine, and the scout joining the pair, they plied the turnkey so well with wine, that he gradually reeled off without much examining the cave, and, in all probability, had gone to sleep for the rest of the night. This was very consoling news.

Quitting then the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding-doors, one of which was held by a bar of iron; this they easily loosened, and the door opened. But they were not yet at the end of their labours; they only found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door, and listening, they heard voices behind it. They looked through a crack; the

glimmering remains of a fire showed them some men extended on a heap of straw. "Are these more prisoners?" was the first idea that presented itself to their minds: "if so, we must join party with them, and escape together;" but one of the men just then raising himself up, they perceived that he was in the national uniform, and found that the door led, in fact, to the guard-house. This was a terrible stroke; had they then got so far only to meet with a worse obstruction than they yet had encountered? Must all their labours at length prove fruitless?

One only resource remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hôtel de Ville, and they had rather have found some other exit. However, having forced this door, they found they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court.

It was now half-past four o'clock. The morning was dark and cold, rain and sleet falling fast. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Porral quickly interrupted them. "What are you about?" he said. "If we attempt to get out at present, all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait awhile. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and a passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and mingling with the number of people constantly passing and repassing, we can get away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock that the prisoners are summoned away to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to

get away. We will return to the cave; and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will advertise two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they get out, advertise fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared feasible and judicious; it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, was one to whom the means of escape was offered. "I thank you," said he to the prisoner who offered it, "but I will tell you, as a secret, that I have been mistaken for my brother, who has fled the country. Of this the judges have been informed; they are convinced of their mistake, and to-morrow morning I shall be set at liberty. I would not, therefore, hazard the danger of being proscribed by an attempt to escape." Alas! how deceitful was the hope he had formed to himself! At noon next day Montellier was no more.

The *ci-devant* Baron de Chaffoy, a man still in the flower of his age, was also instructed in the way of escape that was opened. "No," he answered, "life has nothing now to offer which can make it worth my acceptance; all my ties to this world are broken. I have felt the sentiments of affection as strongly as any one; they never contributed much to my happiness. I had an annual income of thirty thousand livres; I have lost it all. My father has been guillotined; it was a fate he little merited. I do not believe I merit it myself, yet I shall submit to my fate."

The cases of the fifteen who were offered to escape were not all like these, but the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of the plotters. The last of

these, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others; instead of which, he cried aloud, "The passage is open; let him that can escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered the words was mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkeys; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived the commotion, and closing the door by which some had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nespel, the man who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken out and executed.

Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend in an obscure street near the Bourse, who consented to conceal him. Almost at the instant of his entering, a party of those sent in pursuit of the prisoners came to the house to make a search there. The fugitive was so well concealed that he was not discovered; but the inquisitors finding the picture of a priest in the house, ran their bayonets through it. The master of the house remonstrated, saying the priest was his brother. The soldiers, to punish him, carried him off, and ordered the seals to be put on the house. The fugitive, left alone, came forth from his hiding-place, and, frightened lest he should perish of hunger, uttered loud cries and deep groans. An old woman in the next house heard the groans, and knowing that the house had just been shut up, was in her turn alarmed, thinking it must be a ghost. She ran after the soldiers, telling them that she had heard a spirit walking about the house and turning everything topsy-turvy. Some guards were sent back to see what was the matter; the fugitive was found, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan of escape. He was the first that came forth from the cave and walked out into the court. As he passed the sentinel on duty, he wished him *bon jour*, and said to him, "If I were in your place, when it is snowing and raining so hard, I would not remain out of doors in such villainous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him for the friendly hint, and following his advice, left the coast more clear for those who followed. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot. A party of the commissaries entered, and related the abominable escape of a number of the rascals destined to be guillotined that morning. Porral put a good face upon the matter, and swore at the rascals along with the commissaries; not forgetting also to belabour the gaolers who did not look better after their charges. The commissaries soon retired, and Porral then began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible.

When he arrived at the Place Bellecour, he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed everywhere. Porral went into a house, and making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The people were women, timid naturally, but courageous through desire of saving an innocent person. They conducted him to a garret, and directed him to conceal himself behind some planks standing in a corner. The gendarmes came into the house and searched, and actually went into the garret where Porral was. In the garret was a huge cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. This attracted their attention, and one of them went downstairs for the key. One of the men actually leaned against the planks, while a second said, "It would be droll if we caught one of the fugitives in the cask." "More likely old plate or

money," said the other, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived, and the cask was found to be full of salt. The gendarmes swore at the disappointment, and after visiting the roof of the house, soon went away. In the evening, Porral, dressed in woman's clothes, with a basket on his head and another on his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotier and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among some bushes in the marshes of the Travaux Perrach. The snow fell, he was almost covered with it; in the evening, when he could have quitted the place, his feet and hands were so benumbed that he could not use them, and he seemed to have escaped the guillotine only to be frozen to death. By a great effort, however, he contrived to disengage himself from the bushes, and rolling himself well in the snow, he found warmth and life beginning to return to his limbs; and at last he so far recovered as to be able to walk, and he got away from the city to a place of safety.

The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that opened the way for escape, made choice of his father, nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen, but the poor old man's legs were swollen and full of sores. "Fly, my son," he said, "if thou hast opportunity. I command it as an act of duty; but it is impossible for me to fly with you. I have lived long enough; my troubles will soon be finished, and death will have lost all its sting if I know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that if he persisted in his refusal both would perish. The father, overcome by his dutiful affection, yielded, and, supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase; but to ascend it was not in his power. He could just drag his limbs

along, but to lift them was not in his power. The son, though low in stature and not very strong, took his father up in his arms; the desire of saving him gave him strength, and he bore him up the stair. His filial piety was rewarded, for both father and son were saved.

Many other records of remarkable escapes we could give, but enough of our space has been devoted to the subject. In conclusion, we must find room for one other case at Marseilles, not without an amusing incident to lighten the darkly tragic story. A number of prisoners were returning back to prison after sentence of death had been passed, and they were to be guillotined next morning. According to custom, they were tied by the hands, two and two, with a cord, and escorted by a guard. On their way they were met by a woman, who with loud cries reclaimed her husband, asserting that he was a true and good patriot, and she could bring proofs known to all the world. It so happened that the judge who had condemned the prisoners at that moment passed, and hearing the loud clamour of the woman, asked what was the matter. She at once made appeal to the judge, and he, being happily in a more merciful mood than usual, and feeling that a good patriot should not be executed, if this woman's assertions were true, said that this man might be released. He accordingly ordered the man to be unbound and brought to him. He asked him several questions respecting his patriotism, and heard what he had to say of his services to the Republic, and receiving on all points satisfactory explanations, he declared the man to be a good *Sans Culotte*, and ordered him to be set at liberty on the spot.

The affair, as may be easily imagined, soon drew a great crowd of people, so that the prisoners were

quite enveloped among the crowd. The companion to whom the released patriot had been bound, finding himself single and unobserved, for all eyes were at that moment otherwise engaged, thought it a favourable opportunity for his own escape. Thrusting his hand with the cord round it into his waistcoat, lest it might betray him, he with great coolness and composure edged his way among the crowd, as if he had been a spectator only, drawn to the spot by curiosity.

When he found himself at liberty, he hastened to the port, which was not far off, and jumping into a boat, ordered the boatman to row in all haste to a place which he named, at the other end of the port. The boatman obeyed promptly, but a difficulty arose which had not immediately occurred to the fugitive. He had not a sou in his pocket to pay his fare, for all his money had been confiscated as a condemned prisoner. What was to be done? He did not lose his presence of mind; but feeling in his pocket, with well-feigned surprise he said he had forgotten his purse, and had no money with him. But putting his hand in his pocket, before the boatman could get angry or abuse him, he pulled out the cord with which he had been bound, and said, "Here, my friend, take this; I don't want to cheat ye, and cannot conceive how I forgot my purse, but this good cord is worth more than your fare." "Oh yes, you take it," said another boatman, standing by at the landing-place; "it is a good cord, worth double your fare, and he looks like an honest man and a good citizen." The boatman took the advice and accepted the cord, while the liberated prisoner found a refuge for a time in the house of a friend, where he remained till opportunity came for escaping in better days.

THE BROTHERS HALDANE.

THE story of the brothers Robert and James Haldane seems to have almost passed from general remembrance. Their names, indeed, are often mentioned, and their influence spoken of, but few in our days know the facts of their remarkable lives, nor can tell why their names are worthy of perpetual remembrance. Dictionaries of biography pass them with brief notice, and histories of the time have little to say about men who did more for their native land and for the Christian religion on the Continent than any of their contemporaries. Looking at the "*Lives of the Haldanes*" more than forty years after the publication,¹ the book seems so full of romantic interest in its early portion, and is throughout connected with movements so important, that I include a sketch of their career among "*Stories Strange yet True.*" To youthful readers the adventures of the brothers in early life, in the Royal Navy and in the service of the East India Company, cannot fail to be interesting, while young and old alike should be reminded of the events in their later life which made them distinguished.

They belonged to an old Perthshire family, of Norse origin, members of which at various epochs of Scottish history had been famous. But we do not go back

¹ *Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey and his Brother James Alexander Haldane.* By Alex. Haldane, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

beyond the birth of Robert Haldane in 1764, and of James Haldane in 1768; a sister, Helen, born between these years died early. Their father, Captain James Haldane, a fine manly sailor, had married a sister of the famous Admiral Duncan, who in after years was made a peer on account of his victory at Camperdown. Nelson himself said he thought Duncan's victory a grander one than those of Howe or of Jervis, splendid as these were, because the Dutch were tougher foes than any Spaniards or French could ever be. The widow of Captain Haldane found a home under the roof of the grandmother of the children, Lady Lundie, where also her brother, Admiral Duncan, then resided. The father had died when the children were very young—in fact, before the birth of the youngest. Like so many men who became eminent or famous, they owed to their mother the character and the training on which their after life depended. She was a woman of great sweetness of temper and much good sense, but conspicuous above all for her strong faith, not for herself only, but also for her children; and that faith, with her many prayers, bore fruit in due time. The eldest boy was only ten and the younger but six when they lost their mother; but old Lady Lundie, who had been when young famed for her beauty and accomplishments, now in her quiet retirement devoted herself to the care of the orphaned children. Some of her own children, now retired from the army and navy, gladly assisted the old lady in looking after the Haldane children till they were old enough to be sent to school. Helen Haldane died in 1776, and Lady Lundie in the following year. Admiral Lord Duncan soon after marrying a daughter of Lord President Dundas, it was necessary to make new arrangements for the boys.

They were sent to Edinburgh, to be educated at the

High School there, and were boarded with the Rector, the celebrated Dr. Adam, a learned and able man, whose "Roman Antiquities" and other valuable works are still familiar in Scottish schools. At the High School the Haldanes got a good classical education, passing on to the College of Edinburgh, where they attended classes for several years.

In his seventeenth year Robert, the elder brother, entered the Royal Navy, joining his uncle's ship the *Monarch*, and remaining in that ship till 1781. Lord Duncan's health having previously severely suffered from the climate of Havanna, he was persuaded to relinquish a tropical expedition for active service nearer home. Before he was enabled to commission the *Blenheim*, ninety guns, to prevent loss of time, he got his nephew transferred to the *Foudroyant*, commanded by his friend, Captain Jervis, the future Earl St. Vincent.

Of the *Foudroyant*, Mr. Haldane was accustomed, even in old age, to speak with enthusiasm. It had been captured from the French, and was the finest ship in the British navy. It was not only a model of naval architecture, but was splendidly fitted in every way, while its height between decks was greater than that of the *Britannia*, the flagship of Admiral Barrington, to whose squadron it belonged. He used to mention that on visiting the Admiral (whose younger brother was the well-known Bishop of Durham), he found himself obliged to stoop between the decks of the flag-ship, while in the *Foudroyant*, though he stood nearly six feet high, he was able to walk erect.

Soon after joining the *Foudroyant* he took part in the celebrated action with the *Pégase*, which was the foundation of Lord St. Vincent's great fame. It was a night engagement. A French fleet of six sail of the line were

retreating before Admiral Barrington with twelve. The chase began at noon on the 19th of April, and the *Foudroyant* outsailing all the other ships, singled out the *Pégase* at 10 P.M., and brought her to close quarters. The respective forces of the two ships were nearly equal; for though the British had six guns more than the French, the latter had sixty more men, with a greater weight of metal, carrying forty-pounders on the lower deck, and with a crew of 700 sailors. The battle lasted three-quarters of an hour. The skill as well as the zeal which directed the guns under Robert Haldane's charge attracted the notice of the commander. At one time, holding a lantern in his hand, he was seen directing the proper elevation of a gun. An old sailor warned him that he was making himself a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters, but he disregarded the warning, telling his well-meaning and sensible adviser that in the discharge of his duty he should disdain to think of personal danger. At one time the ships almost touched each other, and a gunner being asked why he did not withdraw the rammer, replied that he could not on account of the Frenchman. The gun was fired with the rammer undrawn.

Mr. Haldane used to refer with pleasure to an incident which showed the gallant captain's magnanimity. Just as the ships were about to open their fire, the officer on the forecastle called out that the enemy had "put up her helm to rake." Captain Jervis instantly exclaimed, "Then put the helm a-starboard," meaning to deliver his broadside from the starboard guns. At that critical moment one of the midshipmen—a friend of Haldane, the gallant Bowen, who fell by the side of Nelson at Teneriffe—saw that an opposite manœuvre would give the *Foudroyant* the advantage of the first fire, and enable

her to rake instead of being first raked. On the moment the gallant young man, standing by the wheel, called out, "Port, port; if we put our helm to port, we shall rake her." His eagerness admitted of no denial. The helm was brought to port; the broadside of the *Foudroyant* was poured into the *Pégase*, and when the smoke cleared off, Captain Jervis, in the enthusiasm of the moment, pulled off his hat, as he stood on the quarter-deck, and turning to the young officer, exclaimed, "Thanks, Bowen; you were right."

After the *Pégase* was laid on board and had struck, the ships separated. It blew so fresh and there was so much sea, that it was with the utmost difficulty, and after the loss of two boats, that an officer and eighty men could be sent into the prize, and bring off forty prisoners. Captain Jervis, having seen the zeal and gallantry of young Haldane, indicated his approval by appointing him to accompany one of the lieutenants going to take possession of the *Pégase*, with orders to bring back its commander, the Chevalier Cillart. For another reason Haldane was selected for this service. The captain had observed his talents and attainments, and often had employed him as his amanuensis, and he was, moreover, the only officer on board who understood French. On boarding the *Pégase*, the decks were found floated with blood, seven men lying dead at one gun. Being conducted through the scene of slaughter to the Chevalier, he explained the nature of his orders. The French captain protested that it was out of the question to get into an open boat in such a sea and at such an hour. The necessity of the case was explained by Haldane, viz., the weakness of the captors in point of numbers compared with the vanquished. The captain still demurred, when the lieutenant, drawing his sword, added a significant

argument which fully compensated for his inability to speak French. The Chevalier saw he must submit, and was rowed safely to the *Foudroyant*, not without murmurs that he would bear in mind this treatment when he returned to France.

After the action Sir John Jervis wrote to Captain Duncan congratulating him on the spirit and ability of his nephew, and predicting that Robert Haldane would one day be an ornament to his country and to the British navy. It was to be otherwise ordained; but sixty years afterwards Robert Haldane told how, on that night, when about to engage the *Pégase*, he breathed out an earnest prayer to God that he might be strengthened to discharge his duty as became a British sailor in defence of his country. The heroism of his early years was to be consecrated to a higher service.

After the return of the *Foudroyant* to Spithead, and during the period which elapsed before the relief of Gibraltar, Robert Haldane spent much of his time at Gosport, where he became acquainted with Dr. Bogue, a Scottish minister, educated for the Church of Scotland, who had settled at Gosport in 1778, and remained there till his death in 1825 as pastor of an Independent congregation. Dr. Bogue was a man of learning and culture, of great intellectual force and deep spiritual piety. It seemed a most providential thing that a man of this stamp was at Gosport all through the period of the war, when so many strangers were always coming under his influence. Mr. Griffin of Portsea was another minister whose influence was akin to that of his friend Dr. Bogue. Gosport was the headquarters of Lord Duncan when attached to the Channel Fleet, and after the peace in 1787 he commanded the *Edgar* guard-ship until he obtained his flag. He was much attached to Dr. Bogue,

and thus the Haldane brothers were brought under his influence, as so many in the navy were in those times, especially young Scotchmen.

In the autumn of 1782 Robert Haldane was a witness of the loss of the *Royal George*, an event still memorable in history. The grand fleet was at the time at Spithead, preparations being made for a great expedition to relieve Gibraltar. On the morning of the 29th of August Haldane was looking through a telescope, watching with interest the operation of heeling over the ship, when on a sudden he saw it overset and sink. The guns and ballast shifting, through the incautious heeling over, was the immediate cause of the disaster. There were at least 1200 souls on board at the time, including women and children, and Haldane in charge of a boat from the *Foudroyant* was one of the most active in picking up and saving those in peril. In the famous ode of the poet Cowper, "twice four hundred" men are said to have gone down with the ship, but many others, probably nine hundred in all, must have been drowned, for there were less than three hundred that were rescued. On the Sunday following a sermon by Dr. Bogue, on the text, "Thy judgments are a great deep" (Ps. xxxvi. 6), made a profound and general impression. The loss of the splendid vessel was at the time felt to be a national calamity, not merely involving the loss of an experienced and brave admiral with a gallant crew, but because of weakening the fleet which was before long to encounter the greatly superior force of the combined French and Spanish navies.

The proceedings of the great fleet, which sailed on the 11th of September under Lord Howe, the successful relief of Gibraltar, the disasters that befell the allied fleets in Algesiras Bay through tempests—these and

other events of the time belong to the naval history of England. In the *Foudroyant* Robert Haldane saw much service, till she was paid off on returning to Spithead. With the exception of a cruise to North America and Newfoundland in the *Salisbury*, fifty guns, the naval career of Robert Haldane closed with the peace of 1783. He resumed his studies at Edinburgh, and after "making the grand tour," he attained his majority on February 28, 1785, soon after which he married Miss Oswald, a sister of Richard Oswald of Auchincruive, long M.P. for Ayrshire. It was a happy union, and lasted fifty-seven years. She was a true help-meet in the future busy career of her husband, aiding him by her counsel and sympathy, and regardless of her own comforts, during a long life, very different from what she might have looked for as the wife of a Scottish country gentleman. They settled at the old house of Airthrey, near Stirling, in September 1786, and in the April following their daughter and only child was born.

For ten years they passed their time at Airthrey, occupied with the usual country pursuits, and greatly successful in improving the estate, both by building and by landscape-gardening, which had not been before this time generally attended to in Scotland. With his neighbour, Sir Ralph Abercromby, the illustrious general who fell in Egypt, he maintained a close friendship, and in the winter of 1792-3, when both families were in Edinburgh, they together attended Professor Hardy's class of Church History at the University. The friends were soon after parted for ever; the one going on foreign service, where he gained a soldier's crown of honour and glory; the other, led by ways inscrutable, threw himself into a career of less earthly renown, but to which he dedicated wealth, position, talents, and a character of

heroic and self-sacrificing labour, in the service of God and for the welfare of his fellow-men. But before describing this unexpected change of view and of life, let us look back at the early career of the younger brother, James Haldane, a career not less remarkable and a character not less heroic, for they were truly a noble pair—*par nobile fratrum*.

James Haldane was in his seventeenth year when he entered the service for which he had been destined from his infancy. For three generations the family had possessed the chief interest in one of the regular chartered ships of the Hon. East India Company, a property shared with the Dundases, Mr. Coutts the banker, and other proprietors. Although offered good appointments on shore by Mr. Coutts and others, young Haldane preferred a sea life, and as soon as he had finished his education at the High School and College of Edinburgh, he joined the *Duke of Montrose*, East Indiaman, bound for Bombay and China. The commander then was Captain Gray, a well-known officer, who many years afterwards perished in the *Blenheim*, which was wrecked near Madagascar, and the captain, Sir Thomas Troubridge, with a crew of six hundred men lost.

One of the officers of the *Duke of Montrose* was Mr. Gardner, son of a tenant of the first Captain J. Haldane, and under his tuition and guidance the young sailor soon acquired much knowledge and skill in seamanship. The Company's fleet was in those days a splendid service, and besides advantages of a mercantile kind, they had a brilliant record of adventure and success in war, the vessels being armed with from twenty-six to thirty-six guns, quite capable of driving off privateers, and often beating in action the war-frigates of the enemy. Haldane, while making himself master of his profession, was

unremitting in general reading and study ; and the good friend of the family, Dr. Bogue, took care to add some useful religious books to his library.

A singular incident happened during his first voyage. It was blowing hard, and Haldane was ordered to go aloft with a reefing party. Just as he was beginning to mount the rigging, Captain Gray called to him to stop, and ordered an able seaman, James Duncan, to go first. Poor Duncan fell from the yard and was drowned ; Haldane, who followed, came down unhurt. In mentioning the circumstance, he tells how much he was struck by the unaccountable deliverance, but he adds that this sailor, James Duncan, was the man of all others in the ship whom everybody regarded as a true Christian, and it was a general remark among the crew that it would be well if all on board were as ready for sudden death as James Duncan.

Other remarkable escapes and deliverances are recorded during this and subsequent voyages to the East, the fourth voyage being in his old ship the *Duke of Montrose*, of which he was now second officer. The captain, being in precarious health, had little confidence in himself, but placed complete reliance on the resolution and experience of James Haldane. On one occasion his promptitude saved the ship from disaster. A passenger pacing the deck at night heard some conversation among the older seamen which alarmed him. He instantly went to Mr. Haldane's cabin and told him what he had heard. The officer of the watch had apprehended no danger, but the captain was called by Mr. Haldane's order, and on sounding being made, the depth was only nine fathoms. Seeing there was no time for any consultation, Haldane put a speaking trumpet to his lips, and the cry, "Every soul on deck this instant," brought all the men from their

hammocks. To put the ship about was the work of a few minutes, and this was scarcely accomplished when the shout from the maintop, "Breakers ahead," warned them of the imminence of the danger, and showed what a narrow escape they had.

Another incident, which occurred shortly before this voyage, made also a deep impression on Haldane's mind. Through the influence of Sir Robert Preston, who had made his own fortune as an East India captain, he got an appointment as third officer of the *Foulis* Indiaman. Being unavoidably detained in Scotland, he found, to his mortification, on arriving in London, that the *Foulis* had sailed, another officer being appointed in his place. The *Foulis* was never heard of again, and was supposed to have foundered or been burnt at sea.

A more amusing adventure occurred on another occasion, when Haldane was again late in arriving at his ship. She was in the Downs, and the young officer having stayed in London till what he considered the last safe moment, posted down to Deal, and got there in the middle of the night. There was a gale blowing, but a high bribe rarely found the daring Deal boatmen unready for any danger. Haldane had to report himself to the Company's officer, specially on board for that purpose. It was found that he had already made up his report, and despatched it on shore notifying Mr. Haldane's absence. After a good deal of explanation and altercation, the Company's official so far relented as to admit that he would correct his report if it were possible to do so. But what could be done? There were no telegraphs in those times, the mail had gone to London, and the night was tempestuous. Young Haldane said he would be answerable for the safe transmission of the corrected

despatch. So he carried it on shore, posted up to London, delivered it at the India House, and posted back to Deal and the Downs. The post-chaises were always on such occasions run with four horses, and the speed with which Haldane travelled that night may well be imagined.

Mr. Haldane's fourth voyage in the *Duke of Montrose* ended on June 19, 1793. In less than a month he passed the necessary examinations, and was pronounced fully qualified to command an Indiaman. He was soon nominated to the *Melville Castle*, bound to Madras and Calcutta, and the ship was appointed to be at the Downs in the following January.

But before that time he had taken another step which exerted a powerful influence on his after life. He married the only daughter of Major Joass, who was connected with several good families in Scotland. His own relations warmly approved the match, and a kind letter came from her uncle, Sir Ralph Abercromby, then with the Duke of York in the ill-fated campaign to the Low Countries. Of Haldane he said, in writing to Major Joass, "He is a young man in a profession which will command fortune; and allow me to say, it is a better match for real happiness than if Miss Joass had married an idle country gentleman, let his character be what it may." The young bride had been well and piously trained, and had attended the ministry of good clergymen, notably Dr. Walter Buchanan, a friend and correspondent of Charles Simeon of Cambridge. She was prepared, as was the wife of the elder brother Robert, to sympathise with her husband in the great and decided change to be afterwards witnessed in the course of their lives.

After a short residence in London Mr. James Haldane prepared to take command of the *Melville Castle*. The

popularity of the service and the popularity of the captain made employment in that ship an object of competition with seamen. With a first-rate crew, it was ready at Portsmouth at the beginning of 1794 for sailing with the East India fleet, no fewer than twenty-five ships, under a strong convoy. But the fleet did not sail till May, partly from a long continuance of westerly winds, and partly from the Government having a plan of using the Indiamen to reduce the Mauritius. In the long interval many events occurred, in one of which the part taken by Captain Haldane is recorded.

A serious mutiny had broken out on board the *Dutton*, Captain Samson. Such a spirit was shown that the captain found it necessary to apply for assistance to His Majesty's ship *Regulus*. Lieutenant Lucas of the *Regulus* with a boat's crew went on board, but the men of the *Dutton* met them in such an exasperated state that it was thought prudent to leave the ship. Alarm-guns were then fired from another ship, and armed boats were seen to be advancing from various quarters. The mutineers armed themselves with iron bars and whatever they could, and made an attack on the officers on the quarter-deck. Just at that critical moment Captain Haldane of the *Melville Castle* appeared at the side of the vessel, which the mutineers threatened to carry into a French port. The officers were shouting "Come on board," and the mutineers drowned the cry by shouts of "Keep off, or we'll sink you," the round-shot being on the deck. Veering round by the stern, Captain Haldane was in a few moments on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He refused to head an immediate attack on the mutineers, but addressing them calmly, he reasoned

with them, telling them they had no business where they were, and asked what they expected to do in the presence of twenty sail of the line. The quarter-deck was soon cleared, but observing still much confusion, and on inquiring where the chief danger lay, he went below at the very point of alarm. He found two of the crew, more excited than the rest, and more reckless, at the door of the powder-magazine, one of them wrenching off the bars from the door, and the other with a shovel of live coals ready to throw in. Haldane's pistol was instantly at the breast of the man with the iron bar, telling him if he moved he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the ship's irons, his voice of command was obeyed promptly, and he saw both men secured. The ringleaders were soon cowed, and the mutineers seeing that they would be easily overpowered, and receiving assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the captain returned to his own ship. Next day the chief mutineers were put on board the king's ship, the *Regulus*, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peacefully.

This incident is the last which we mention in James Haldane's life at sea. It shows well the fearless spirit of the man, and the high sense of duty which would have led him to distinction in any service. The biographer records many other incidents and experiences, one of them fighting a duel, according to the mistaken notions of honour current in those times. There existed in his mind a certain amount of conscientious feeling and of right principles, but the sense of true religion was not yet awakened, and the reflection he afterwards made was that "he had no doubt God began a work of grace on his soul while living on board the *Melville Castle*." At the same time he speaks with humble doubt of his own state,

and with devout thankfulness of God's dealing with him, "inasmuch as he had sinned against more light than many of his companions who were cut off in their iniquities."

Having a desire to quit the service, against the wishes both of his own uncles and his wife's relatives, the advice of his brother decided him. "Come home," Robert said, "and settle near me at Airthrey." This letter decided the matter. He had a favourable opportunity of disposing of his command and of his interest in the Company, and when that business was arranged he returned to Scotland with his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. At first they lived in Edinburgh, in George Square, and when there they attended the ministry of Dr. Buchanan, the most noted evangelical clergyman of that time in the city.

Both brothers had now finally left the sea; both were quietly settled for what might be thought the enjoyment of home and family life; both were separately brought under a variety of influences, the details of which are enumerated and described by their biographer, but which it does not fall within the scope of this brief narrative to enlarge upon. With the results alone we are concerned, and these results only on the general bearing and conduct of their future lives. Many events of their long career must be passed over, but enough is now stated merely to show what the brothers Haldane became. What manner of men they were by nature we have seen. Their character, in the features of strong sense, good culture, heroic spirit, and manly independence, remained as before; but all their powers and faculties were, by the grace of God, put to higher uses and nobler purposes, so that they became known to all the world as Christians of the best type, dedicating themselves and all that they possessed to the service of

Him whom they regarded as their Saviour and Lord. In fact, these brothers were as truly and thoroughly "converted" men as Augustine or Luther, or any of the great men whose history is recorded, and each in his own way exerted an influence of vast extent both in their own country and in the world. Let a few facts attest and illustrate this.

A friend of Robert Haldane, Dr. Innes, sent to him, when he was living at Airthrey, the first report of the Serampore Mission in India. On reading the story of this mission his mind was deeply moved. The heroism and faith of "Dr." Carey, as he afterwards became, in going out to make known the Gospel to the natives of India, greatly struck him. He saw in the rise of missionary feeling the dawn of a new epoch in the Christian Church. "Christianity," he said, "is everything or nothing. If it be true, it warrants and commands every sacrifice to promote its influence. If it be not true, let us lay aside the hypocrisy of professing to believe it." He pondered this in his heart, but took no hasty action. When he heard of the formation of the London Missionary Society, he immediately subscribed to its funds, and interested himself in the movement. At length he announced his own purpose, with the cordial consent of his young wife, to sell his estate of Airthrey, and to go forth himself as a Christian missionary to the East. Dr. Innes and Dr. Bogue he persuaded to join him in this mission. They planned to begin their proceedings in the very centre and capital of heathendom, the "holy city of Benares." It may be easily imagined that such a proposal would meet with no sanction from the East India Company, whose hostility had compelled Dr. Carey and his friends to find refuge in the Danish possession of Serampore.

The Company were hostile, as was to be expected, and there was no sympathy on the part of Dundas and other rulers of India. A formal letter from the Secretary of the East India Directors vetoed the movement. The letter was civilly expressed, but the tone of the Company at that time may be gathered from the fact that one of the directors in the conversation or debate said "he would rather see a band of devils in India than a band of missionaries!"

The Bengal Mission was thus for the moment arrested, but in the course of events the way was opened, and the history of the past century of missions in India is a record of gradual but steady progress. The selling of his estate by Robert Haldane, his own readiness to go out, and the dedication of wealth, position, and all to the service of Christ, showed his resolution.

Later in his life he engaged in a foreign mission work of a not less remarkable character, for he became the leader upon the Continent of a revival of the Protestant Churches, in lands which had sadly departed from the faith of the days of the Reformation. Meanwhile, the younger brother, James Haldane, had entered on a work of similar influence in his native land.

About the same time that the Court of Directors had refused the admission of missionaries to the territories under the power of the East India Company, there was a debate on the subject of missions in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The tone of the majority of the members was decidedly hostile, as might be expected when the men of evangelical spirit formed so small a minority. It was an age of "Moderatism" and indifference to spiritual affairs. One of the leaders of the house said, "There are plenty of heathen at home; why not begin with them?"

The words were spoken in contemptuous irony, but they were taken up in earnest by James Haldane, who from that day devoted himself to the re-awaking of religion in his own land. With unwearied diligence and with fervent zeal he began to preach as an evangelist throughout the whole of Scotland. The story of his life for many years is the story of his Gospel itinerancy. At first accompanied by a man of like mind and spirit, Mr. James Aikman, both being laymen, and of independent means, they felt no restraint in going wherever they pleased, regardless of conventional usages by which ministers might have been hampered, but always and everywhere anxious to spread the Gospel and to save souls, like Wesley and Whitfield in a previous generation.

Mr. Aikman was a wealthy West India planter. Once when in London he stopped to look at an old book-stall, and saw a book entitled "Cardiphonia." He thought it was a novel, and bought it to amuse himself with. Soon he found the book to be of a very different character from what he expected. It was a book on religious experience, and as he read, it is possible that some chords were touched which recalled early Scottish days before he went out to Jamaica. The result was that he too sold his property, and joined James Haldane in what then seemed the forlorn hope of reviving true religion in his native country. Later in life, when a settled ministry seemed to be more suitable than itinerant preaching, he founded a Congregational Church in Edinburgh, the same in which Dr. Lindsay Alexander succeeded him as pastor. But this is how he began to be a volunteer home-missionary and companion of James Haldane. We are told that on one occasion when they were out on a preaching tour, the celebrated Rowland Hill unexpectedly met them, and made their acquaintance. From him they

heard of the proceedings connected with the Tabernacles or places of stated preaching, which had been in vogue in England since Whitefield's time. In due time a similar building, formerly a circus, was obtained in Edinburgh, where James Haldane was the stated minister, assisted by other preachers, sometimes notable men like Simeon and Rowland Hill, who opened "the circus" as a place of worship. It was in this place that Mr. Haldane preached to above three thousand persons, not only the usual audience, but crowds of military men in uniform, officers of Lord Moira's staff, magistrates, men of letters and barristers, a celebrated sermon, previously announced, on the death of Lord Camelford, who was shot by Mr. Best in a duel. On the so-called "laws of honour" no man was better fitted to speak. It required no little fortitude to address such an audience on such a subject, and he felt it to be a grand opportunity of proclaiming truths of highest importance.

But it was in his itinerary journeys throughout Scotland, from Berwick-on-Tweed and the Solway Firth to John o' Groat's House and the Shetland Islands, that his evangelistic labours were most remarkable. One scene will suffice to show the spirit of the man. He was on a tour in company with Mr. Aikman, and at Ayr he was summoned before the magistrates, incited by the "Moderate" clergy of those times. He had preached at the market-cross, and announced his intention to be there next day. He was threatened with imprisonment; but knowing that he had done nothing unlawful, he said that threats without legal authority did not move him. He said he would not go to the cross if the plea of "causing obstruction" was used, but it was against the preaching at all that the objection lay. In addressing the people, he said he infringed no law, and, on the con-

trary, was protected by the Toleration Act. "Depend upon it," said one of the magistrates, "that you will be arrested." "Depend upon it, sir," was his reply, "I shall be punctual to my appointment."

A great crowd was assembled and he began to speak. One of the gentlemen most eager in opposition was a county magistrate lately returned from India with a large fortune. On discovering who this "Captain Haldane" was, and recognising him as an old friend, he felt disposed to treat him with greater courtesy, but said they were determined "to put down field-preaching." He came on the ground next day, with some other magistrates, as if intending to carry their threat into force. They listened in silence, offered no interruption, and were seemingly awed and solemnised.

It was the same everywhere, and no violence was ever used, except when drunken men made interruption. This was the case at North Berwick, where a number of gentlemen and magistrates, headed by the provost, after dining together, sallied forth to attack the "conventicle," taking with them the town-drummer. This poor fellow, more sober than his masters, began to make a noise, but being told by the people to desist, there was little interruption to the service. In truth, there was all through Scotland, and also in Ireland, which they visited, so large an interest excited in the preaching of the Gospel, that it was seen that the long winter of indifference was melted, and multitudes were prepared for the revival of Christianity within the Church of Scotland.

Many stirring events have subsequently occurred, both in our own country and among the nominally Protestant Churches of the Continent, but the brothers Haldane were the real beginners of what may be truly called the "Second Reformation." From the visits of Robert

Haldane to Geneva and to Montauban the origin of the Evangelical Churches on the Continent may be dated. On his first appearance at Geneva "the religion was little better than deistic, if more than refined paganism." The names of Gaussen, Malan, Merle d'Aubigné, Bost, Felix Neff, the Monods, and many others, will suggest the fruits of the teaching of the Scottish stranger. These young men, who came under his influence, have been the champions of a faith that seemed to be lost since the epoch of the Reformation in the sixteenth century.

Robert Haldane died in 1842 in the seventy-fifth year of his age; James lived until 1851, surviving to see the new epoch of which the great Dr. Chalmers was the most famous representative. The age of unbelief and of indifference had passed away, and all Scotland, as well as the Reformed Churches abroad, recognised the honoured services of the brothers Haldane. It is a pity that the record of their lives should now be so little known, and a brief popular edition of the work, omitting some of the passing controversies of the time, would be a book of deep and lasting interest.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

IN looking back through the annals of our national history, there is no page that shines with greater lustre than that which records the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. There never was a time of more appalling danger, there never was a time of more patriotic enthusiasm and heroic resistance, and never a time of more wonderful Divine protection and deliverance.

The materials for writing this chapter of our history are ample, but in most of the books only a few details of the chief events of the war are given. The most recent authentic narrative appeared in the *Leisure Hour* for 1888, the tercentenary celebration of the great deliverance, when Mr. William Hardy gave a series of papers, with portraits, ships, letters, and other original illustrations taken from the Record Office.

Mr. Froude has written what he calls "The Spanish Story of the Armada," compiled from the papers of Don Pedro Calderon, accountant-general of the fleet, discovered at Simancas, supplemented by a narrative of an officer of the present Spanish navy, Captain Fernandez Duro. Very little is added by these Spanish accounts of the affair so far as the fighting is concerned and the disasters that overwhelmed the expedition. We learn something new, however, about the purposes of the King, Philip II., in seeking the conquest of England, as the chief rival of Spain and the enemy of Rome and its faith. With his usual

blundering, and love of paradox, Mr. Froude makes Philip an abler and wiser man than we know him to have been. Mr. Motley in his "United Netherlands" is a far better historian, and gives a juster estimate, when he says, "These innumerable despatches, signed by Philip, were not the emanations of his own mind. The King had a fixed purpose—to subdue Protestantism and to conquer the world; but the plans for carrying the purpose into effect were developed by subtler and more comprehensive minds than his own. It was enough for him to ponder wearily over schemes which he was supposed to dictate, and to give himself the appearance of supervising what he scarcely comprehended. His work of supervision was often confined to pettiest details. The handwriting of Spain and of Italy at that day was beautiful, and in our modern eyes seems neither antiquated nor ungraceful. But Philip's scrawl was like that of a clown just admitted to a writing-school, and the whole margin of a fairly penned despatch, perhaps fifty pages long, laid before him by Idiaquez or Muora, would be sometimes covered with a few awkward sentences, which it was almost impossible to read, and which, when deciphered, were apt to reveal suggestions of astounding triviality."

In fact, Philip was a poor weak creature, almost an idiot in intellect, but with mind enough to be a religious bigot, and to cherish deep personal hatred to England's Queen and England's people. He had once been almost King of England, but his marriage to Mary had brought disappointment and disgust to all who witnessed the alliance. Elizabeth's decided rejection of his hand precluded him from the hope of ever sharing the English throne. If he expected to get the Scottish Queen Mary to further his schemes, her execution in 1557 scattered all such hopes, and removed a constant source of anxiety to the advisers

of the English Queen. No way remained but actual recourse to armed force, either to make him King of England or to wrest the country from Protestant hands. The head of the Church of Rome, guided by crafty counsellors, saw in him the natural instrument of a movement for recovering the dominant power in Europe. The Pope, Sixtus V., was persuaded to sanction the scheme, and renewed the Bull of excommunication and deposition which his predecessor, Pius V., had pronounced against Elizabeth, at the same time conferring the crown upon Philip, to hold as vassal and feudatory of Rome. He even agreed to pay a large sum—a thousand crowns, it is said—in instalments, the first of which was to be payable on the landing of a Spanish army in England.

It was well understood that the Jesuits were at the bottom of all these designs, and notably the renegades who had been nurtured at Oxford in the Church of England, and who hated Protestantism with the spiteful rage of perverts. Elizabeth's severity towards these traitors would be little censured if the truth were fully known. There were many who were ready to assassinate the Queen of England—quite as ready as those who massacred the Huguenots in Paris—and nothing deterred them but the certainty of their being themselves destroyed. If the Spanish army could get the upper hand in this country, there would have been a scene of massacre such as the world has never witnessed. In every land where the Papacy had power—in Spain, in Italy, in the Netherlands, and across the seas, in India and in America—the prisons of the Inquisition and the burning of heretics at the stake showed what awaited England if the designs of the Jesuits could be carried out by Philip the Second.

The power wielded by this monarch was such as never

before had been seen in Europe. Besides possessing despotic rule in Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands, inherited from his father the Emperor Charles V., the conquest of Portugal had made him not merely sovereign of the whole of the Peninsula, but the rich possessions of the Portuguese in India, in Africa, and throughout the world had come under his dominion. In America, the inexhaustible treasures of Mexico and Peru, of Chili and the West Indies, belonged to him. In Italy, he was master of Naples, of Sicily, and the Duchy of Milan. One-half the civilised world he held in unquestioned sway, and although in the Netherlands there were risings, there was little in other Teutonic regions to dispute his authority. The Protestants of Germany were at peace, though the policy of the Emperor Charles V., and the naval victory of Lepanto had removed the disturbances of the Turks on the Mediterranean Sea. Political jealousy prevented the French from open alliance, but the large majority of the nation would rejoice to see the Spanish invasion of England successful. Everything seemed to favour the purpose of striking a decisive blow at the nation which was at once the greatest of heretical powers and the champion of civil and religious liberty.

Unopposed, but not unwatched, Philip had for years been preparing his fleet and his army for the conquest of England. At first it had been given out that a great expedition was being planned for extension of the Spanish power in foreign lands beyond the seas. But this pretence had soon to be thrown off, for all the world came to know that it was the realm of England that was to be invaded, and if possible subdued. The whole of the Spanish nation and the Roman Catholics in all European countries were as full of enthusiasm as if another Crusade was being organised; for the Reforma-

tion was hated by Rome more than the infidels and Turks had ever been.

At this time Spain possessed a magnificent navy, and at its head was the illustrious Admiral Alonzo de Bazan, Marquis of Santa Cruz. It was he who recently had defeated the French fleet at the battle of Terceira in the Azores. Some English privateers had fought on the side of the French in this battle, and Santa Cruz, with other Spanish commanders, was eager to punish these presumptuous islanders, and to avenge the insults which the English corsairs and cruisers had for many a year offered to the flag of Spain. The Jesuits saw that Santa Cruz with his fleet and the Duke of Guise with his army were in need of no prompting from them, though prepared for joining in the Catholic conspiracy in England. The murder of Queen Elizabeth was one point in the plot. The invasion of England by a Spanish army was to be the signal for the rising of the Catholics, who would get rid of the chief advisers of the Protestant party and make Mary of Scotland the Queen of England. Not a doubt was entertained of the ease with which the Admiral Santa Cruz could sweep the narrow seas and hold the English Channel. The Admiral himself, in a letter to the King in the autumn of 1583, explained how easy the whole affair would prove, and assured the King of the certainty of his adding the British Isles to his dominions.

The King still hesitated. It had been left in charge by his wiser father that he should seek the alliance of England rather than France, which was a more dangerous rival on the Continent. If England would only allow the Catholics the free exercise of their religion, and if she would surrender the towns and fortresses in Holland, and abandon the alliance with the Dutch States, Philip was almost willing to come to some terms. He would be

glad to be relieved from the constant vexation and loss caused by English privateering ships in all parts of the world. But these were points on which Queen Elizabeth, advised by her Protestant statesmen and counsellors, would listen to no terms. She would not abandon the struggling people of the Low Countries to the atrocities of the Spanish generals and of the Inquisition. She would not give liberty to the Papists in England, for they would only turn it into license to plot against her own government. It was suspected also that these proposals for negotiations were fraudulent, and only intended to induce the English Queen to relax her preparations for the defence of her kingdom and her people.

Meanwhile the gathering of ships at Cadiz and in the Tagus went on, and the eyes of all Europe turned toward the mighty armament which Spain was preparing, and which Santa Cruz was to lead to the conquest of England. The conquest of England, it was thought and said then, as some think and say now, would restore to Rome the empire of the civilised world. The weapons employed now are of a different kind, but the idea and purpose are the same. The Vatican Council and the Jesuit advisers of Philip II. well understood the design of what was proudly called "The Invincible Armada."

England had little outward wealth in those days to tempt to such an invasion, such as had led to Spanish conquests in the New World. It was to restore the waning power and prestige of the Romish Church that they urged on this design. Our forefathers in this sense viewed the preparations for attack and invasion; and above the natural instinct of self-defence and the love of life and liberty, the spirit of the nation was raised to a grand religious enthusiasm. This spirit found expression all over the land; and when the time came for

actual conflict, the Queen, in a letter addressed to the Lords-Lieutenants of every county—the widest and surest way of publication in those times—by the same high motive made her royal appeal to the English people. “Considering the great preparations and arrogant threatenings now burst into action upon the seas, tending to a conquest wherein every man’s particular state is in the highest degree to be touched, in respect of country, liberty, wife, children, lands, and that which is specially to be regarded, for the possession of the true and sincere religion of Christ”—such was the tone and such the spirit of the royal letter addressed to the people of England.

And now let us look for a moment at the condition of our country for purposes of defence. The whole population of England was then only between five and six millions, less than that which now occupies the metropolitan London district only. A large proportion of the people were still adherents of the old faith, or were indifferent to religious questions. Then Scotland was a separate kingdom, not very friendly, though in regard to the hatred of Popery in sympathy with the south. Ireland was hostile, and nearly the whole of the people hated the English. There was no foreign possession of any consequence to support the mother country, the sole colony being that of Virginia, just founded by Sir Walter Raleigh. On the Continent England had no allies save the people of Holland, who had hard enough work to maintain their own independence. In the other countries of Europe there was no help to be found. The Reformation seemed to have lost much of the energy which, half a century before, had nerved the Protestants to resist the power of the German Emperor and to establish their own cause. In Italy and in Belgium the rising spirit of the

Reformation had been quenched in blood. France was so divided that the Huguenots were scarcely able to maintain their position against their relentless persecutors. It was only five years since the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when in Paris alone ten thousand Protestants, and in the provinces seventy thousand, were killed in cold blood. The venerable Coligni, leader of the reformed cause, was assassinated by the order of Charles IX., wholly under the direction of the Duke of Guise, who was now the friend and ally of Philip of Spain. Can we wonder at the alarm felt throughout Protestant England when such scenes were foreshadowed as the result of the Spanish invasion?

In 1587 Sir Francis Drake went with a small fleet to reconnoitre the coast of the Peninsula and to bring certain tidings of what was going on there. He found that the rumours were all too true of the vast preparations being made. Drake attacked many of the Spanish forts, and captured several rich galleons bringing rich cargoes from the New World. Then he went to the mouth of the Tagus, where Santa Cruz then was, in command of the main body of the fleet, and challenged the veteran Admiral to come out and fight. This he would no doubt have done, but his fleet was not yet fully prepared, nor sufficiently manned. So Drake came back to England with much spoil, and having "sing'd the King of Spain's beard," as he called it sportfully, and bearing the certain tidings of the impending invasion.

It was then that it became plainly seen how necessary it was to make prompt preparation for the attack. The Queen, with all her spirit, had the means to do very little. The whole navy of England consisted but of a few ships, with insufficient crews, scanty stores, and scarcely any money in the Treasury. In the year 1588 less than forty

vessels in all carried the Queen's flag, fifteen of which were small cutters and pinnaces, and only thirteen out of the forty were above 400 tons. A few were goodly ships, the *Triumph* of 1000 tons, the *Bear* and the *Elizabeth* of 900, the *Victory* and the *Ark Raleigh* (or *Ark Royall* as it was sometimes called) of 800 tons, the *Rainbow* and the *Vanguard* of 500 tons each, these were the ships that chiefly formed the royal navy. The victualling of the fleet was wretched, and it is well known that the Queen, in the spring of 1588, was considering proposals for cutting down by one half the cost of supporting her seamen. This was ascribed to her parsimony, but more probably it was due to the absolute want of money, for she could not reckon on £5000 a year for the maintenance of her navy! An order was sent to Lord Howard of Effingham, the Admiral of the Fleet, to reduce the charges by one half. Howard was a loyal and patriotic Englishman, though a Catholic in religion, and he wrote an earnest letter first to Burleigh, and then to the Queen herself, protesting against the proposed retrenchment, and making the noble offer to be allowed to keep up the navy at its existing strength at his own charge. Sir John Hawkins, at that time at the head of the Admiralty, strongly urged Burleigh, Walsingham, and the Queen's counsellors to attend to Lord Howard's patriotic representations.

Although the royal fleet was so small and so ill-provided, the deficiency was amply compensated by the patriotic spirit throughout the nation. Volunteers offered their vessels of every sort, as they would again if swift ships were called for to do service unsuited for men-of-war. All the yachting clubs in time of war would become naval volunteers, and spread themselves through every sea. It was so in Queen Elizabeth's time, both private

citizens and public bodies furnishing ships and men. The City of London, when asked for fifteen vessels and 5000 men, sent thirty ships and 10,000 men, "in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to their prince and country." From every port came forth vessels hired and armed by the nobles and gentry and magistrates of England to aid in this great defence. Some places, like the Cinque Ports, were bound by their charters to send vessels, and they all exceeded the proportion of their requisition. In all, there were nearly 200 vessels, armed in some sort or other, but every one carrying brave and stout seamen to defend their country and their homes. Twenty thousand men must thus have been added as volunteers to the Queen's naval force, and seeking no pay or help from the Government. Everywhere on the coasts and estuaries or the banks of rivers, and at inland points of vantage, the landsmen were busied in making fortifications, were they only earthworks, to meet the invaders, should they effect a landing, as they expected to do in Kent or Sussex. There were few idlers then, and Philip made a serious miscalculation if he counted much on the aid of traitors within the realm.

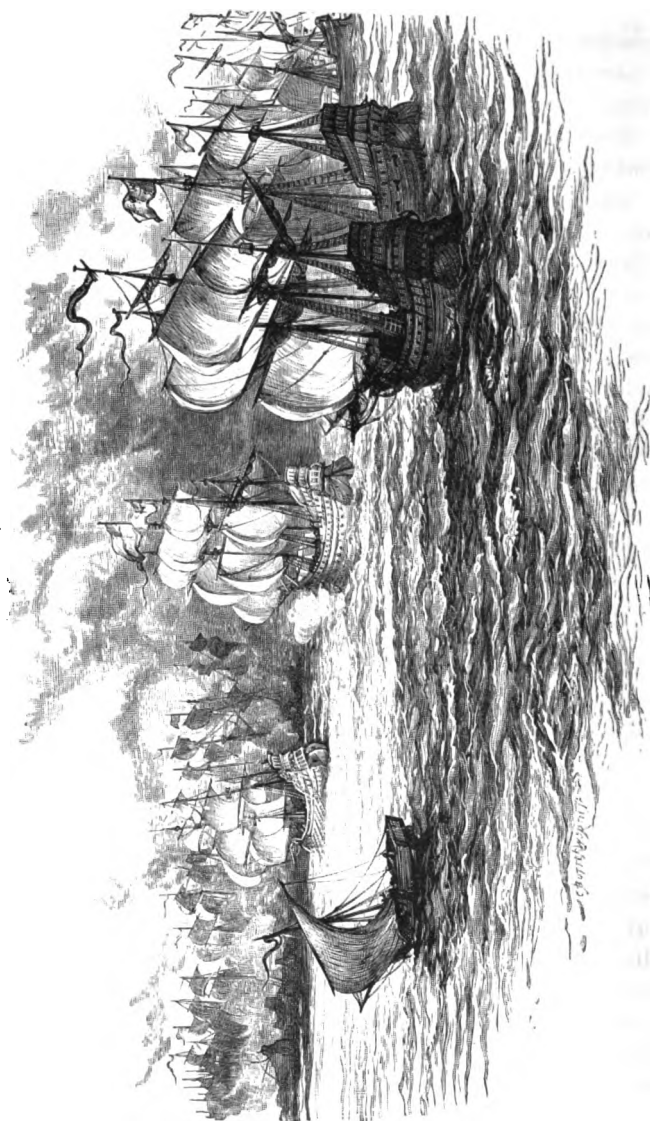
The feeling existing throughout the fleet is expressed in a letter of Lord Howard to the Secretary of State. After describing the scandalously small provision, most of the ships having not a month's victuals, he says, "I am sorry Her Majesty is so careless at this most dangerous time. I fear me much, and with grief I think it, that Her Majesty relies upon a hope that will deceive and greatly endanger her; and then it will not be her money or her jewels that will help her; for they will help nothing for the redeeming of time being lost. I daresay Her Majesty will look that men should fight for her, and I know that they will at this time. I pray heartily

for a peace, for I see that which should be the ground of an honourable peace will never appear, for sparing and war have no affinity together." This was written from Margate on Easter Day.

The Queen made a brave show at Tilbury and elsewhere in reviewing her land troops, but the wisest men, like Sir Walter Raleigh, knew that all must depend on the "first line of defence," the "wooden walls" of the ships on the sea. Sir Francis Drake was urgent that he might be allowed to go again to the coasts of the Peninsula, and there attack the enemy before they sailed for England. So the early summer of 1588 passed.

The old Marquis of Santa Cruz, now seventy-three years of age, after fifty years' naval service, died this summer, his death being hastened, it is said, by the indecision of the King and his having been himself bearded in the Tagus by Drake. When he was gone, the best admiral of Spain was lost. The King appointed the richest and most influential of the grandees of Spain to the post of Lord High Admiral, a man whom Froude, with much detail, proves to have been utterly unfit for the command. He himself knew his incompetency, but the commanders of the six squadrons into which the fleet was divided were all brave and experienced seamen.

The Armada consisted of about 130 vessels, of which sixty-five were ships above 700 tons, seven of more than 1000 tons, and the largest 1300 tons. The store of victuals was enormous, and every kind of military store abundant, conveyed in many vessels. Not more than 8000 sailors were carried, so as to leave greater space for the vast army of soldiers which Philip crowded on board for the land-fighting after the landing had been effected, of which not the least doubt was entertained.



FIRST ATTACK ON THE ARMADA.

Face p. 143.

Amongst the troops was the flower not of Spanish chivalry only, but many of the chief nobility and gentry of other nations of Europe. Some came from England, Scotland, and Ireland. Many regulations were distributed for the conduct of this "holy war," some of the instructions being excellent, and worthy of a better cause.

The firing of a gun from the *San Martin*, the ship of the Lord High Admiral, was to be the signal for the fleet to weigh anchor and start. All the ships were to keep well together, and to be within signal of the *San Martin*. It was the 19th of May when they left the Tagus, but so slow was the progress that three weeks passed before the fleet reached Cape Finisterre. English trading vessels hastened home to carry the tidings that the Armada was on its way. Not till the 19th of July did it reach the mouth of the Channel and sight the Lizard. They had not got there without serious loss and disaster. Several great ships were wrecked during the long and stormy passage, but they pulled together again on nearing the British shores, and a right gallant and imposing spectacle the fleet presented when first descried on the Devonshire coasts.

By this time the Admiral and the English ships were waiting in Plymouth Sound. On the 19th of July a small vessel, running before the wind, entered Plymouth harbour. One Fleming, a Scotchman, was the master. A crowd of sailors and townsmen soon gathered on the quays expectant of news. Fleming asked where the Admiral was, and then occurred the memorable incident which has sounded like a keynote to the whole history, so far as pertains to the coolness and courage of the defenders of England. On being told that the Admiral and some of the captains were playing a game of bowls

on the well-known Hoe, Fleming went straight up there followed by a vast crowd. He hastened to announce that he had seen and passed the Spanish fleet off the Cornish coast. Some of the captains, at this exciting information, were for ending the play and hurrying down to the water at once. But Drake did not show any excitement, but coolly said, "Nay, there is time to finish our game, and to beat the Spaniards too!" It was a characteristic speech of Drake, and eloquent of his spirit. But we must not let his fame throw too much into the shade the grand names of others who helped to save England in that time of danger. There was Edward Fenton, whose gallant deeds in the Irish wars and in the Northern seas, as well as with Drake, are recorded on his monument in old Deptford Church. There was William Hawkins, brother of Sir John Hawkins, of whom Devonshire may well be proud; and Lord Henry Seymour, a noble Englishman, and Cornish Ambrose Mannington, and Yorkshire Sir Martin Frobisher, famed in Arctic explorations as well as in naval warfare; and above all there was the brave and generous Howard, who at his own charge had maintained the little royal fleet, and who was honoured by all the captains of the privateer ships, as well as throughout the navy.

The story of the arrival of the Armada on the English coasts, and of its final defeat and dispersion, is too well known to require more than the briefest reference to the leading incidents. With slow and stately progress the vast fleet, with a fair wind, passed up the Channel, with the purpose of joining the Prince of Parma with his fleet and troops off Calais. The Spanish fleet was disposed in the form of a crescent, with the centre well advanced, the horns being about seven miles asunder. No sooner had it passed Plymouth than out came the English ships

to the attack. To face this huge array of floating batteries and fortresses would have been madness, so they worked to get in the wake of their fleet, and sailing along the entire rear line, delivered their shot with deadly effect. "We durst not adventure to put in amongst them, their fleet being so strong," said Howard in his first despatch to Secretary Walsingham, "but there shall nothing be either neglected or unhazarded that may work their overthrow." The Spaniards were astonished as much with the rapidity of the firing as with the rapidity of the sailing of the English ships. The swift sailers teased them and bewildered them, and in vain the cumbersome floating castles attempted to close with their persecutors. "The English ships," said the Duke of Sidonia in a letter to the Duke of Parma, "fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall, but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. I have purposely left ships to tempt them to board, but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow."

This running fight went on for a whole week, the Spaniards slowly advancing towards the narrow seas, and the English constantly attacking them. On several occasions there were close encounters, as when the *San Martin* was set upon by Howard with the *Ark of Raleigh*, the *Lion*, and the *Victory*. A number of Spanish ships hastened to the relief of their admiral's flag-ship, and the engagement was hot for a time. An incident of the fight has been preserved. The *Ark's* rudder was disabled, and for a few minutes it appeared that she was in danger of being taken, but suddenly a number of boats were lowered, and the sailors towed her round to catch the wind, and she slipped away to a safe distance to repair her rudder, returning to renew the encounter. No ships

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were captured in this fight, but the Spanish loss was very heavy, both in sailors and soldiers. The moral effect throughout the fleet was more disastrous. The huge ships, supposed to be impregnable, were pierced easily with the English shot, and numbers were slain, with slight damage to the assailants. The conquest of England seemed a good deal more remote when the Armada got to Portland and the Isle of Wight than when they first sighted the Lizard.

Sir Francis Drake was in great glee throughout this week of irregular fighting. He, too, wrote a private despatch, in which he said: "We have the army of Spain before us, and we mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. With the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Maria among his orange trees. God give us grace to depend upon Him, so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good."

Not long before this Drake captured the *Capitana*, with crew and soldiers above four hundred, and took the prize into Torbay, hasting on again to overtake Howard. Several other mishaps occurred to the Armada. One of the best of the ships was blown up, and the wreck next morning fell into English hands. All along the coast the utmost excitement was displayed, for the beacon-fires had alarmed the whole country on the first sight of the Armada. From every port came forth swift armed vessels to join in harrying the huge galleons and floating castles with their effective shot. At last, after many days of this running fight, the main body of the Spanish fleet was safely anchored in Calais Roads, where they hoped to hear that the Prince of Parma was ready to join them for the invasion of England. But Parma was himself blocked





THE ARMADA AND THE FIRE-SHIPS.

Face p. 147.

by Dutch and English cruisers, and his boats could not get out of Dunkirk or any part of the coast.

On Friday, July 26, the Duke of Sidonia anchored off Calais, and part of his fleet at Dunkirk, so near the shore that the English could not get within reach of him. Howard drew off towards Dover, having entreated the Queen to send ammunition for his fleet. The answer was a requisition for an exact account of what powder he could really make shift with. "No man," was the indignant reply, "could do this, by reason of the uncertainty of the service; therefore, I pray you to send with all speed as much you can." Having got what he could, Howard went back towards Calais, and summoned a council of war in his cabin on the 28th. Sir William Winter suggested that the Spanish fleet should be attacked with fire-ships, and eight small vessels were selected for this service. Their value was estimated at about £5000. Each vessel carried three or four men only, who were to escape by jumping into boats towed after the ships, after lighting the besmeared rigging. This was done when close upon the Spaniards. The seamen and soldiers were seized with panic when they saw these floating fires bearing down upon them. The cables were cut with the utmost speed, and in an incredibly short time the Armada was under way and standing out to sea. It had been the Duke of Sidonia's intention not to have stirred from the roads till Parma's force had joined him, had it not been for the device of the fire-ships on that Sunday night. Now the English came up and attacked them. No attempt was made to capture any ship, for they had no spare vessels to pilot prizes into port, but they sought only to sink and destroy what they could of the enemy's ships. This they did with complete success, though they seem to have been strangely unaware of the

damage they had effected. "Their fire," said Howard in a despatch, "is wonderful great and strong, and yet we pluck their feathers little by little." Many ships were sunk, and a few ran into the coast of Flanders to save their lives.

The fighting that took place off Gravelines, after the Spanish ships were driven out of their lurking-place by the fire-ships, has been described by a contemporary chronicler, preserved by Hakluyt, compiler of the "Voyages." This old record say: "Albeit there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there twenty-two or twenty-three among them all which matched ninety of the Spanish ships in their bigness, or could conveniently assault them. Wherefore the English ships, using their prerogative of nimble steering, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, came oftentimes very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder; and so, continually giving them one broadside after another, they discharged all their shot both great and small upon them, spending one whole day from morning to night in that violent kind of conflict, until such time as powder and bullets failed them. In regard of which want they thought it not convenient to pursue the Spaniards any longer, because they had many great advantages of the English, namely, for the extraordinary bigness of their ships, and also for that they were so nearly conjoined, and kept together in so good array, that they could by no means be fought withal one by one. The English thought therefore that they had right well acquitted themselves in chasing the Spaniards first from Calais and then from Dunkirk, and by that means hindered them from joining with the Duke of Parma's

forces, and getting the wind of them, to have driven them from their own coasts."

In this day of running fight off Gravelines the Spaniards lost sixteen ships and between 4000 and 5000 killed. Not a ship was lost on the English side, and the number of killed was under one hundred.

That night the Spanish admiral held a council on board his flag-ship to decide whether it would be better to return home by the Channel (the hopelessness of the invasion being now acknowledged) or to steer for the German Ocean, and passing round the north of Scotland and Ireland into the Atlantic, so reach their native shores again. The decision was not to risk the danger of the Channel again, but rather to encounter the unknown perils of the northern seas. A strong gale from the south springing up favoured this determination, and so the main body of the great Armada began its flight northwards. It was necessary to guard the mouth of the Thames against a surprise, and therefore Howard, Drake, and Frobisher followed them a certain distance. "Though our powder and shot," wrote Howard, "were well nigh spent, we set on a *brag* countenance, and gave them chase as though we had wanted nothing. Some of the pursuers kept up the chase till they saw the Spaniards past the Firth of Forth, and flying in confusion into the northern seas.

Let Mr. Motley tell the story of the completeness of the victory. "Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet encountered a furious storm, which raged for eleven days, and was

whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faroe and the Hebrides. In those regions the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas, with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish viceroyalty."

Terrible stories are told of the fate of the vessels which were wrecked on the coasts of Ireland, where many were lost after getting thus far on their way back to Spain. On the coasts of Donegal and Sligo, in Clew Bay and Galway Bay, on the rocky shores of Clare and Kerry, ship after ship was wrecked. The wild and savage people of these parts plundered and killed the shipwrecked and helpless Spaniards. Some of the more civilised chiefs tried to protect and save the poor victims, and others were sheltered by the small English garrisons in Connaught. Mr. Froude has gathered from Spanish sources many details of the horrors of that time.

In Blasket Sound a great ship, *Our Lady of the Rosary*, which had sailed out of Lisbon with seven hundred men, when she struck the rock had still two hundred and seven alive, but every one of them perished save a single lad. Five or six great galleons were wrecked in Sligo Bay, and most of the crews were robbed of what they had saved, and killed without pity, if an O'Rourke or O'Neill was not near enough to protect them from death. On the coasts of Ireland no fewer than seventeen great ships were lost, and thousands of seamen and soldiers perished miserably.

Those Spaniards who were wrecked on the Scottish coasts met with humaner treatment from the Protestants of that country. Let the story of one wreck illustrate this. The *Gran Grifon* was lost on Fair Isle, midway between the Orkney and Shetland islands. The captain was Don Juan Gomez de Medina, commander of one of the great divisions of the Armada, and a relative of the Duke de Medina Sidonia. The captain and officers charged their men, sailors and soldiers, to take nothing from the islanders but what they paid for, for they had with them many Spanish rials. The supplies of the island soon began to fail when several hundred foreigners were among them. They sent a large number to Zetland, and at Querndale they were hospitably treated by Malcolm Sinclair, laird of that place. Another good Scotchman, Andrew Humfrey of Burry, who had taken them to Zetland, afterwards carried them to Dunkirk, and there set them at liberty.

At Fair Isle, the Spaniards became very friendly with the natives, and in gratitude they taught them the arts of carding, weaving, and dyeing woollen stuffs, which the strangers brought from the pastures of Andalusia. The Shetlanders have been famous ever since for their fine hosiery, and for the Spanish patterns of their wares. As recently as 1879, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught, the Fair Islanders sent as wedding presents a smoking-cap, a yachting-cap, hose, mufflers, and gloves, all wrought in Moorish colours and patterns peculiar to the Fair Island hosiery. This special industry was taught to the islanders by the Spaniards who were wrecked with Don Juan Gomez on this coast. But there is another interesting record of the captain of this Armada ship.

Early one morning before the overthrow of the Spanish

fleet was commonly known in Scotland, one of the bailies of Anstruther in Fife appeared at the bedside of the Rev. James Melville, the minister of the parish. He told Melville that a ship filled with Spaniards had entered their harbour during the night, adding, however, that they were come not to give mercy, but to crave it, and the magistrates desired the minister's advice how to act towards these strangers. It was agreed, after consultation, to give audience to the commander, and that the minister, who had some knowledge of the Spanish language, should convey the sentiments of the town.

Intimation of this interview having been sent to the vessel, an elderly man, of fine appearance and martial look, entered the town-hall, made a profound bow, and after touching the minister's shoes in sign of deep respect, addressed him in Spanish. His name was Juan Gomez de Medina; he was commander of twenty vessels, being part of the great fleet which his master Philip, the King of Spain, had fitted out to invade the English nation; but God, on account of their sins, had fought against them, and their ships had been dispersed by storms. The vessels under his command had been separated from the main fleet, driven to the north coast of Scotland, and wrecked on the Fair Isle; and, after escaping the merciless waves and rocks, and enduring great hardship from cold and hunger, had made their way in the only remaining barque of the squadron to this place, intending to seek assistance from their good friends and allies the Scots, and to kiss the hand of His Majesty (making another profound bow), from whom he expected relief and comfort for himself, his officers, and poor men, whose condition was most pitiable.

The minister then replied to the admiral as follows: "On the score of friendship, or of the cause in which the

Spanish fleet had come, they had no claims on the Scots. The King of Spain was a sworn vassal of the Bishop of Rome, and on that account they and their King defied him. And with respect to England, the Scots were now indissolubly leagued with that kingdom, and regarded an attack on it as the same with an attack upon themselves. But although such was the case, they looked upon them in their present situation as men and fellow-creatures, labouring under privations and sufferings to which they themselves were liable, and they rejoiced at an opportunity of testifying how superior their religion was to that of their enemies. Many Scotsmen, resorting to Spain for purposes of trade and commerce, had been thrown into prison as heretics, their property confiscated, and their bodies committed to the flames; but so far from seeking to retaliate such cruelties on them, they would gladly give every kind of relief and comfort which was in their power, leaving it to God to work such a change in their hearts respecting religion as He pleased."

This answer being accurately reported to the Spanish admiral by an interpreter, he returned most humble thanks, adding that he could not answer for the laws and practices of his Church; and as for himself, there were many in Scotland, and perhaps some in that town, who would attest that he had always treated them with favour and courtesy.

Afterwards the admiral and his officers were conveyed to lodgings which had been provided for them, and were hospitably entertained by the magistrates and the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, until they obtained a license and protection from His Majesty the King to return to their homes. The privates, mostly young men, feeble and hungered, were supplied with Scotch kail, porridge, and fish. Before their departure the minister received a

printed account of the complete destruction of the Armada, with list of the ships lost and the names of the principal persons who had perished on the coasts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. On this being imparted to Juan Gomez the tears flowed down the furrowed cheeks of the hardy veteran.

This incident had a noble sequel, worthy of old Spanish chivalry, for it was the religion of Rome, not the spirit of the nation, that was, and is still, at fault in Spain. Some time after this a vessel belonging to Anstruther was arrested in a Spanish port. Don Juan de Gomez no sooner heard of it than he posted to court, and obtained release from the King, to whom he spoke in the warmest terms of the humanity and the hospitality of the Scots. He invited the ship's company to his house, inquired kindly after his acquaintances in the good town of Anstruther, and sent his earnest commendations to their minister and the others to whom he considered himself particularly indebted.

It is pleasing to find that the ardent zeal of the old Scotch reformers against the errors of the Popish system did not interfere with the calls of humanity and charity; and that examples of generosity and gratitude are found in a land given over to superstition, and where bigotry has her favoured reign.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia got back safe to his orange-trees, tempted the sea no more, and disappeared in disgrace from public life. Of the ninety war-ships and great galleons, only about thirty ships, shattered and dismantled, brought back about ten thousand soldiers and sailors, out of the hosts who embarked for the conquest of England. Philip boasted that he could send another fleet, but the enterprise was never renewed. "Rome was not built in a day," and the Spanish power was not dissolved in a day. The greatness of England began in the

reign of Elizabeth. It dwindled during the dynasty of the Stuarts her successors, and not till the age of Blake and of Cromwell was the supremacy of England restored. Not till the final victories of Nelson was the power of Spain on the ocean destroyed finally, and Queen Victoria rules an empire greater than that of Philip II. From the stormy summer of 1588 a light from England shone for centuries—nor for England alone, but for America, and more remotely for Australasia—in a word, for every part of the world where British maritime enterprise should prepare the way for God's true kingdom among men. It was the defeat of the Spanish Armada which ushered in the dawn of a new and better day, and opened the way for the advancing triumphs of liberty and truth.

Popery may make other efforts, not by armaments, but by artifices, to regain power in the world. But the words of Shakespeare were written not for his own time but for all the ages:—

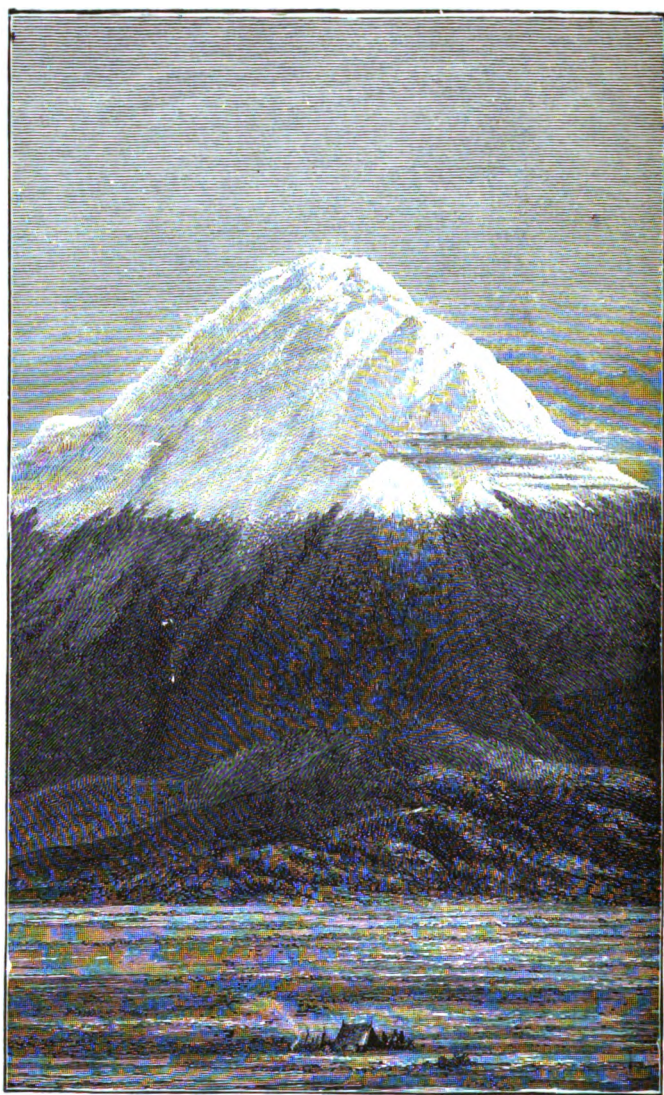
“This England never did, nor ever shall
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true.”

And the words of Sir Francis Drake about the Invincible Armada are read still with grateful pride when he said, “With all their great and terrible ostentation, the Spaniards in all their sailing round about England did not as much as take or sink one ship or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land,”—which may God ever protect!

The gratitude of the Queen and the nation rose high to Heaven for the merciful deliverance vouchsafed. One memorable Sunday Queen Elizabeth publicly attended

service in old St. Paul's Cathedral, attended by all her statesmen and councillors, and the great captains bearing their banners and trophies. There was solemn thanksgiving offered up to Almighty God, to whom alone praise and glory were ascribed. And throughout all the churches of the land that day were raised "public and general thanks to God, with all devotion and inward affection of heart and humbleness for His gracious favour extended towards us in our deliverance and defence, in the wonderful overthrow and destruction showed by His mighty hand on our malicious enemies, the Spaniards, who had thought to invade and make a conquest of the land."

Especially were the people to be mindful of the means employed by the great Ruler of the world in accomplishing His purposes. The storms and tempests had been His messengers for humbling the pride of the enemy and shattering their might. Not unto themselves, with all their efforts, but to the Divine majesty and mercy was the glory of their great deliverance to be ascribed. On one of the medals struck to commemorate that stirring time was inscribed the appropriate motto: FLAVIT JEHOVAH ET DISSIPATI SUNT—The Lord sent forth His blast and they were scattered. Thus "the stormy wind fulfilled His word."



Face p. 157.

CHIMBORAZO

ASCENT OF CHIMBORAZO.

THE Andes of South America were, until comparatively recent times, supposed to include the highest mountains of the world, and Chimborazo was regarded as the loftiest peak of the Andes. It is now known that there are several of the Andes themselves loftier, and that some of the Himalayas of India are higher than any in the New World. But although deposed from the exalted position of being reckoned the loftiest of known mountains, the name of Chimborazo will long be remembered, and is surrounded with a halo of romance not possessed by ranges more elevated but less celebrated. The historian Prescott, describing the grand view unfolded to the eye of the mariner sailing on the Pacific, says, "While mountain is seen to rise above mountain, Chimborazo, with its glorious canopy of snow, glistening far above the clouds, crowns the whole as with a celestial diadem."

To reach the summit of this lofty peak has long been the ambition of mountain-travellers and explorers. The illustrious Alexander Von Humboldt, after having been three years in South America, made the attempt in the summer of 1802, but without succeeding. He only gained the elevation of 17,400 feet, when the violence of the weather compelled him to desist. "The danger," he says, "would indeed have been great had the snow overtaken us at a height of 18,000 feet." And a quarter of a century afterwards, on learning the measurements

of the height of the Himalayas made by Webb and other mountaineers, he wrote to his friend Berghaus, "I have all my life imagined that of all mortals I was the one who had risen highest in the world—I mean on the slopes of Chimborazo! It was therefore with a certain feeling of envy that I saw the announcement of the results obtained with regard to the mountains of India. I have consoled myself by supposing that it was through my labours in America that the English received the first impulse to direct more attention to the Snowy Mountains than had been given for the last century and a half."

Other attempts were made subsequently, notably by M. Boussingault in 1831, but without success. Humboldt was evidently proud of his expedition, though he failed to reach the summit, and to the end of his long life he was never tired of speaking about it. Only a few years before his death, after he had travelled in many countries and seen many other mountains, he remarked to Mr. Bayard Taylor, "I still think that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

At length in January 1880 the ascent was achieved by an Englishman, Mr. Edward Whymper, whose name was already universally known as a daring and successful Alpine mountaineer. On his return to England, after his travels amongst the Andes of the equator, the *Times* newspaper thus announced the most prominent results of his expedition: "He has ascended Chimborazo twice, has encamped on the very summit of the great volcano, Cotopaxi, at a height of 19,500 feet, and been the first person to view the interior of the crater (which he indeed photographed); and has also reached the summit of the equally great mountain Cayembe, which is remarkable as being the only very elevated peak situated exactly on

the equator, and which, though now dormant, was of itself of volcanic origin." No wonder that the *Times* then declared that "its columns had recorded no more remarkable list of mountaineering achievements than those which were accomplished by Mr. Whymper on his late journey in South America."

More than ten years passed before the work was published which gave a detailed account of the most prolonged and altogether successful mountaineering expedition on record.¹ For ten years the author occupied all his spare time in preparing a work which will be of enduring reputation and value. No book of travel was ever more carefully produced or more beautifully illustrated. It is a work of which the author may be as justly proud as of the triumphs which it records, and is an honour to English science, enterprise, and adventure. There is every likelihood that the success of the book will be as great as those Alpine books of Mr. Whymper which, twenty years after publication, sell as second-hand books at three times the price at which they were first issued. The whole of the work is full of interest, not the least admirable part being the account of the careful plans and elaborate preparations for the travels before starting. But we confine our narrative to the story of the two ascents of Chimborazo, the part of the expedition of greatest popular interest.

Mr. Whymper started from Southampton on the 3rd of November 1879 on board the royal mail-steamer *Don*.

He was accompanied by two of his old Alpine guides, the Swiss, or rather the Italian mountaineers Jean Antoine

¹ *Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator. Illustrated by small engravings and maps. By Edward Whymper. 2 vols. John Murray, London; Scribner, New York.*

and his cousin Louis Carrel. He had long known the elder Carrel, whom he considered the best cragsman and trustiest attendant he had ever seen. One of his duties throughout the expedition was to carry the two mercurial barometers, and so carefully did he do this that one of them, which travelled everywhere, and was employed on all the ascents of mountains, was found on the return to be without the minutest injury or error. The utmost care was bestowed on these instruments, his "babies" Carrel called them. They were carried in the usual zinc-lined leather-cases, and enclosed in wooden boxes padded with tow, which were strapped on the bearer's back instead of being slung across the shoulder. For seven months these were borne, up and down the rugged mountains of 20,000 feet or so, and brought safely back to the sea-level without the slightest accident. The younger Carrel was also throughout as trustworthy as he was strong and hardy. "Travellers," says Mr. Whympers, "are not always fortunate in their assistants, and occasionally even fall out with them. But we were always closely united. The imperturbable good temper of the one man, and the grim humour of the other were sources of continual satisfaction. I trusted my person, property, and interests to their care with perfect confidence, and they proved worthy of the trust, and equal to every demand which was made upon them."

It is sad to state that the faithful Jean Antoine Carrel closed a hero's life but recently on the southern side of the Matterhorn under circumstances of great self-sacrifice. He had conducted his party safely off the mountain, but he himself, overcome by fatigue and cold, perished on the snow.

But we must hasten to the account of the first ascent of Chimborazo, which was made from the village or township

of Guaranda, in Ecuador. Preparations were completed on the 23rd of December, but the muleteers and carriers, hired to go up as far as the camping-place, refused to start till after Christmas day.

At last, on the 26th, the start was made. The party was a large one, including the two Carrels, Mr. Perring, an interpreter, two Indians as porters, three muleteers or arrieros, and fourteen mules. In the afternoon of the 26th they got to the summit of the *Arenal Grand*, an upland sandy plain, a little below the highest part of which they encamped about 5.30 P.M. The minimum temperature that night was 21° Fahr. It was a superb night, clear, with a brilliant moon, and the great cliffs of the mountain, crowned with their snowy dome, 7000 feet above, were indescribably magnificent.

During the night the two Indians deserted, though they had been well treated. Five of the mules also disappeared, which was not surprising, the arrieros treating their animals brutally and neglecting them shamelessly. The carrying power being thus reduced, it was necessary to make two journeys next day from the first camp to the place next selected by the Carrels. The second camp was occupied at about 4.45, some mule-loads of wood being taken up, and twelve packages of provisions and stores left at the lower dépôt. The whole of the mules and natives being sent back, Mr. Whympier encamped with the two Carrels and Perring. The height of this second camp was 16,600 feet above the sea-level. Next day, all the party being much exhausted, they felt incapable of making the least exertion, and they retired to rest early in the evening. On the following morning the Carrels were instructed to look for a somewhat higher place to encamp, and they all moved to this, about 17,400 feet above the sea, after remaining two days where they were, that all might rally after their

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exhausting fatigue, the eyes of several being also badly inflamed.

In the afternoon of the 31st the disturbing news came (through an arriero retained as a courier to go backward and forward between Chimborazo and Guaranda) that some of the boxes left at the first camp had been broken open and robbed; so Perring was sent back with the arriero with a letter to the authorities asking for a guard for the baggage. Three Indian carriers were also sent from Guaranda to carry some light loads up to the third camp, which they did, and returned to the second camp. Some days passed with these changes and annoyances—natives absconding, and others brought up through Mr. Perring's agency—and at length, all necessaries being at the third camp on the preceding night, it was thought prudent to attempt to reach the summit on the 3rd of January.

They started at 5.30 A.M. There was no wind at the time, and they mounted the ridge for a thousand feet without any great difficulty, except such as arose from shortness of breath. On the one side of the ridge was a large glacier, and on the other extensive snowfields. Soon after seven, wind began to spring up, and at 7.30 it blew so hard as to render further progress highly dangerous. As it seemed impracticable to reach the summit that day, they came down again to the third camp, holding themselves in readiness to renew the attempt next morning.

Mr. Whymper, accordingly, started on the 4th at 5.40, with the two Carrels, leaving Perring in charge of the camp. The track of the preceding day was followed, and they benefited by the steps then cut in the snow. At first the line of ascent was on the southern side of the mountain, but after the height of 18,500 feet had been attained, they bore more round to the west, and mounting spirally, arrived at the plateau on the

summit from the northerly direction. The ascent was mainly over snow, and entirely after 19,500 feet had been passed. Up to nearly 20,000 feet the snow was in good condition, and no great difficulty was experienced, the weather also continuing fine.

They were now 20,000 feet above the sea-level, and the summit seemed within their reach. They could see the great plateau which is at the top of the mountain, and the two snowy domes, one on the northern and the other on the southern side. But alas! the sky now became clouded all over; the wind arose, and they entered upon a large tract of exceedingly soft snow, which could not be traversed in the ordinary way of walking, but it was necessary to flog every yard of it down, and then to crawl over it on all-fours. The ascent of the last thousand feet occupied more than five hours, and it was 5 P.M. before the highest summit was reached.

On the immediate top the snow was not so extremely soft; it was possible to stand upon it. The wind, however, was now blowing furiously, and the temperature fell to 21° Fahr. They remained on the top only long enough to read the barometers, and left at 5.20 P.M. By great exertion they succeeded in crossing the most difficult rocks that had to be passed over just as the last gleam of daylight disappeared. They were then benighted, and it took two hours to descend the last two thousand feet, arriving at the camp about 9 P.M.

Annoyed at the hurried way in which they had to retreat from the summit, Mr. Whympier resolved to make another ascent before quitting the mountain. But on consultation with the Carrels, it came out that the feet of Louis were badly frost-bitten, and they were consequently compelled to abandon the intention, and Mr. Whympier was unable to make several observations which he had

desired. The descent was tedious, as mules and men had to be fetched from Guaranda. Medical advice had to be obtained for poor Louis Carrel, and it was months before he recovered sufficiently to walk.

Six months passed before Mr. Whymper was able to make another ascent of Chimborazo, and this time he determined to try the western side of the mountain. On 3rd July 1880, after having encamped at a height of about 16,000 feet, he again reached the summit, going up and down in about twelve hours, of which an hour and a quarter were passed on the top. As there was very general incredulity in Ecuador as to the possibility of ascending the mountain, Mr. Whymper took with him two natives of the country, one of whom, Javier Campagna of Quito, on the return to Guayaquil, made a formal declaration before the British Consul, in which he gave a detailed narrative of the ascent, not without self-gratulation that he had shared in the triumphal success. He tells that Mr. Whymper did not once sit down to rest from the time they left the tent in the morning till they returned to it in the evening. The highest point was reached about 1.20 P.M., and while the observations with the barometers were being made the magnificent spectacle was witnessed from afar of an eruption of the volcano of Cotopaxi, the ashes and dust of which blackened the snow where they were, while the valleys were dark with smoke. The remains were found of the pole of the flag which had been raised on occasion of the ascent in January. The flag itself had been torn to shreds by the wind and the pole broken.





Face p. 165.

ANSON IN 1744.

ANSON'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,
AND CAPTURE OF THE MANILLA GALLEON.

"ANSON'S Voyage Round the World" was long a book second in popularity only to "Robinson Crusoe." When the gallant commander, after four years' absence, brought home to England his ship the *Centurion* laden with silver captured from the Spanish Manilla galleon in a fight which will be ever memorable in naval history, he was the hero of the day, and of many a day after. His name was in every mouth and his portrait in every window; and it was like one of the "triumphs" in ancient Rome when the treasure was brought up from Portsmouth, and when thirty waggons laden with Spanish dollars and bars of Mexican silver were drawn through London streets to the Tower. The ship's company headed the procession, with flags flying and bands playing, escorted by troops, and vast crowds lined the way.

This all happened about a hundred and fifty years ago, and the celebrated "voyage round the world" is now almost forgotten, or less known than it ought to be. In the Naval Exhibition of 1891 not much appeared to remind us of Anson. His name, indeed, was in the catalogue, and two or three portraits and pictures were exhibited; but the compilers seem to have been scarcely aware of the great part played by him in a stirring time of English history. This was, no doubt, chiefly because the glories of the great war, which culminated with the

victories of the Nile and Trafalgar, have caused older times to be forgotten. But there were great admirals before Nelson, and the name of Anson is one that should be remembered with honour. It was he who had the whole management of the navy when, as first Lord of the Admiralty, he helped the great Lord Chatham to make England take its right place among the European powers. It was by his advice that Howe got command of the Channel Fleet while yet only a captain, just as Chatham gave to Wolfe, then a very young officer, the command of the expedition which conquered Canada. Many of the great admirals of after years—Brett, Saumarez, Keppel, Hyde Parker, and others famed in naval annals—were trained by Anson, or had served as youngsters under him in the *Centurion*. No wonder that such a man should not only win a peerage, but rise to the highest rank in the service as "Admiral of the Fleet." But it is only of his famous voyage that I am now going to give a short account, as an episode of English naval history worthy of being remembered.¹

The voyage round the world had its origin in this wise. In the year 1739, when war between Great Britain and Spain seemed inevitable, it was planned that an expedition should be sent out to attack the Spanish settlements beyond the seas. Captain George Anson, then in America in command of the *Centurion*, was designed as the fittest leader of this expedition. High expectations were raised throughout the nation, and the

¹ In a volume entitled "From Middy to Admiral of the Fleet," by Dr. Macaulay (Hutchinson), the whole Life of Anson will be found, from his first going to sea in 1712, till his death in June 1762, near the close of the Seven Years' War. The last time he hoisted his flag as "Admiral of the Fleet" was when, in the previous year, 1761, he commanded the squadron sent by George III. from Harwich to bring over to England his young bride, the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

seamen of the fleet rejoiced in the anticipation of adventure and of gain, like the old times, when rich prizes were taken, and much booty obtained from the enemy's towns within reach of the ships.

The plan was, as a whole, boldly conceived, and if it had been carried out promptly, must have proved disastrous to Spain. But in the naval history of England there is no record more painful and more humiliating than the actual mismanagement of this enterprise. The preparation of the expedition was delayed so long, that the Spaniards had time to put all their distant forts and coast towns into a condition for repelling sudden attack. They had time also to send out a powerful fleet to watch the English expedition. In England there was witnessed the most shameful intriguing and jobbery as to the fitting and victualling the ships; and when at length they were ready for sea, it was found impossible to get sufficient seamen to man them or soldiers for embarking as "land forces."

It was intended that Colonel Bland's regiment, as it was called, and three other independent companies of a hundred men each, should be sent with the squadron. None of these troops were forthcoming, and, to the Commodore's vexation, all the forces placed at his disposal were to be five hundred invalids, to be mustered from the out-pensioners of Chelsea College, a handful of marines, raw recruits who had never been to sea, and a number of released convicts from Winchester, Salisbury, and other gaols. Sir Charles Wager, one who had taken a chief part in planning the expedition, joined the Commodore in making an indignant remonstrance. They were told that naval men could not judge of the efficiency of troops as the military authorities could do. The squadron, consisting of several ships besides the

Centurion, was ordered to Portsmouth, there to fill up their complement of seamen and to receive the land forces on board.

On arriving at Portsmouth, Anson was told by Sir John Norris, admiral on the station, under whom he had formerly served in the *Baltic*, that he could spare no men from his own ships. For the *Centurion* alone, 300 able-bodied seamen were required. Soon afterwards Sir John Norris left, and to his successor, Admiral Balchen, Anson made his requisition. Not till the end of July 1740 was anything done, and then in a degree miserably short of his expectations and requirements. Instead of 300 able-bodied seamen, only 170 could be obtained, of whom a large part were pressed men, or from the hospitals and sick quarters, and about a hundred marines, officers, and men.

Of the so-called "land forces," only 260 appeared, literally invalids, many of them sixty, and some above seventy years of age! Anson felt persuaded that the majority of these poor old fellows must perish long before arriving at the scene of action, for the delays already encountered must bring the passage round Capè Horn to the most rigorous season of the year.

The last detachment of marines came on board on the 8th of August, and on the 10th the fleet sailed from Spithead for St. Helens. The other ships were the *Gloucester*, 50 guns, 300 men; the *Severn*, 30 guns, 300 men; the *Pearl*, 40 guns, 250 men; and the *Wager*, 28 guns, 160 men; the *Tryal* sloop, 8 guns—all of which had the same bad treatment as the *Centurion* as to the shortness and inefficiency of their crews. Two "pinks," or victualling-ships, one of 400, the other of 200 tons, accompanied the squadron. Contrary winds detained the ships long in the Channel, and they had to take charge

of a large fleet of merchantmen, so that the Commodore did not get clear of the British Channel till near the end of September.

The Turkey fleet and the American merchantmen, under their respective convoys, having separated, Anson's squadron kept on their course for the island of Madeira. Here the Commodore, on visiting the Governor, was told that for several days in the latter part of October a fleet of seven or eight ships of war had been seen to the west. A light-sailing *patache* was sent each day close to the island, as if to reconnoitre, but no communication was made with the shore. The Governor believed the war-ships to be Spanish. Anson concluded that this was the fleet sent out to intercept his expedition, which they might have done had they kept to the east instead of the west of the island. The delay in setting out from Portsmouth was so great that it was not till the beginning of November that they got to Madeira, after a tedious voyage. It was long afterwards ascertained that the ships seen off the coast were really the Spanish fleet, under Don Joseph Pizarro, to thwart the English expedition. They failed to do so, and never came into collision with Anson's fleet, though several times very near doing so. They themselves underwent terrible disasters from storms and misadventures, and of the whole squadron only one ship, the *Asia*, ever returned to Europe; with less than one hundred men out of more than four thousand who had sailed from Spain.

Before leaving Madeira the Commodore had given orders to the captains of his ships to rendezvous at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verde islands. But on the next day, November 4, when at sea, considering that the season was now far advanced, and fearing that there might be unnecessary delay at St. Jago, the place of first

rendezvous was, by signal, altered to the island of St. Catherine's, off the coast of Brazil. On the 28th of November they crossed the equinoctial line, in about longitude 28° west from Greenwich. The island of St. Catherine's was reached on the 18th of December, the coast of Brazil having been sighted on the morning of the 16th.

The approach of the fleet had evidently caused alarm, for guns were fired from the ports of Santa Cruz and St. Juan, one on the island and the other on the mainland. To prevent confusion, the Commodore instantly sent a boat with an officer on shore to pay respects to the Governor, and desire a pilot to carry them into the road. The Governor sent a very civil answer, the Portuguese being then friendly with Great Britain, and ordered a pilot, who brought them to anchor in a large and commodious bay on the continent side of the island, called by the French "Bon Port."

The Commodore at this time was full of anxiety about the condition of his crews. In the long passage to Madeira there had been only two deaths from sickness, but in the voyage from Madeira to St. Catherine's many died, and great numbers were confined to their hammocks unfit for duty. On the 21st December, as soon as the ships were moored in a position which seemed safe and convenient for landing the sick, orders were given for two tents to be erected, one for the sick and the other for the surgeon and his assistants. About eighty were landed from the *Centurion*, and the same proportion from the other ships, according to the number of their hands. Work was at once commenced of thorough cleansing, scrubbing the decks, fumigating with burning wood and tar, and doing everything to correct the offensiveness of the condition of the ships. Every preparation

was also made for the tempestuous weather expected in the passage round Cape Horn at so late a season of the year. This took longer time than was anticipated, and a month passed before the squadron could leave St. Catherine's island. The *Centurion* alone buried twenty-eight men in this time, and the number of sick still increased. On the 18th January the squadron put to sea, well pleased to leave St. Catherine's, though it might be said to be the last friendly port to touch at, and the voyage was now to be made into hostile and inhospitable regions.

The story of the expedition, from the time of leaving St. Catherine's till the arrival of the *Centurion* at Juan Fernandez, is one unbroken record of disasters. Violent storms and tempestuous seas were encountered. The ships were soon separated, and some of them heard of no more. When at last the so-called Pacific Ocean was reached, there was no improvement in the weather; and worst of all, that scourge of voyagers in former days, the scurvy, was raging among the crews. In the *Centurion* few were not afflicted with it. Before the end of April forty-three died; during May nearly double that number perished; and the mortality went on increasing till the middle of June, when the deaths were over two hundred, and at last not more than six foremast men in a watch mustered capable of duty. Such was the state of affairs on the 9th of June when Juan Fernandez was first sighted, this island having been named as the place of rendezvous before the ships parted company during the stormy weather.

The first of the scattered and shattered ships to appear was the *Tryal* sloop. Its commander, Captain Saunders, reported that he had lost thirty-four of his men, and all the others were so afflicted with scurvy that only

himself, his lieutenant, and three of his men were able to stand by the sails. A few days later the *Gloucester* appeared. The same calamitous condition was found in her crew; in fact, it was only by the aid of boats sent out to her help that she was able to reach the island. The only other vessel of the squadron that joined the *Centurion* was the victualler the *Anna* pink, which came in about the middle of August. The remaining ships were the *Severn*, the *Pearl*, and the *Wager*. The *Severn* and the *Pearl*, as was afterwards learned, had put back to the Brazils. One of the victualling ships had been dismissed soon after leaving Madeira, having transferred all her cargo and stores, chiefly to the *Wager*. This vessel, though now rated as one of His Majesty's ships and fitted out as a man of war, was originally a merchant Indiaman. Having plenty of storage-room, she was deeply laden with all kinds of stores for the use of the other ships. What most concerned the Commodore was that she had some field-pieces for land service, together with mortars and other artillery stores, and pioneers' tools for the operations on shore. The commander of the *Wager*, Captain Cheap, being aware of the intentions to attack the Spanish fort of Baldivia, as the first undertaking on the Pacific side of the continent, was above all solicitous that the military stores under his charge should be at hand, so he intended to make straight for that place. His ship was wrecked, and the "Loss of the *Wager*" is a story of the most thrilling interest, of which a separate account will be given in a future page.

The island of Juan Fernandez was a pleasant and salubrious halting-place for the fleet, but Anson was disturbed on finding proofs of recent visitors, who might return again. Heaps of ashes were seen where fires had been made, and bits of pottery freshly broken, with

bones and pieces of food not yet decayed. As Spanish merchant ships had been warned to avoid the island, as a rendezvous of pirates and buccaneers, Anson concluded that Spanish cruisers had been there recently. He little knew that the Spaniards were as incapable of attacking as the English were of defence, but feared that, with not above thirty men fit for fighting, he must fall an easy prey to any vessel of Pizarro's fleet. He was anxious, therefore, to get away from the island as soon as the care of the sick and the preparation of the ships would allow. They stayed on the island long enough to confirm all that had been known of it since the time of Alexander Selkirk, out of whose experience, though transferred to a different island, Defoe had made his wonderful romance. It so happened that the first goat killed by his people had its ears marked in the way described by Selkirk thirty years before. Other goats were met with marked in the same manner, and all these with venerable beards and other signs of antiquity.

The frightful mortality from scurvy is the most lamentable fact recorded in the story of the expedition. For some time after Anson's voyage there was still some mystery as to the cause and nature of the malady, but in some earlier voyages facts were ascertained which should have saved the seamen from such utter prostration. The surgeons of Anson's ships seem to have been ignorant and unskilful in regard to the care of their men.

To show the sufferings endured, and at the same time to convey some idea of the present strength of the squadron, it may be here stated that on board the *Centurion*, since leaving St. Helens, 292 had died, leaving only 214 on board, only a few of whom were in robust health. On board the *Gloucester* the death-rate was still higher. Out of a smaller crew, the same number, 292, had died, and

only 82 were alive. The *Tryal* sloop had buried 42, and 39 survived. On board the *Centurion*, out of 50 invalids and 79 marines, there remained only 4 invalids and 11 marines, including officers. On the *Gloucester*, every one of the Chelsea pensioners had perished, and out of 48 marines only two remained. From this account it appears that these three ships left England with 961 men on board, of whom 626 had died; and the whole of the survivors then amounted to not more than 335 men and boys; a number insufficient for manning the *Centurion* alone, and scarcely capable of navigating the three ships by the utmost exertion of their partially recruited vigour and strength after their stay on Juan Fernandez.

In painful contrast to the calamities of Anson's voyage from disease is the story of Captain Cook's celebrated first voyage round the world. His ship, the *Resolution*, was out for nearly the same time as the *Centurion*, and only thirty years later. He cruised in all climates, and was exposed to all perils of the sea, but Cook did not lose a single man from scurvy! Out of his whole crew he lost only four men, two of whom were drowned, one was killed by a fall, and one died of a complicated disease, the seeds of which he brought on board with him in his bad constitution.

With his diminished forces Anson proceeded to cruise in the seas where the Spanish traffic was most frequent, and had the good fortune to take several valuable prizes. From some of the prisoners he ascertained that there was much treasure lodged in the custom-house at Paita, waiting to be shipped on board a vessel bound for a place on the coast of Mexico, in order to purchase part of the cargo that came annually from the East by the Manilla ship. He promptly resolved to make a sudden attack on Paita, a seaport where ships from Acapulco and Panama

touch for water and provisions in their passage to Callao, the port of Lima. From Paita to Callao there is a tolerably good road, so that there is more traffic than by the longer route by water. He learned all that was possible about the defences of the place and the strength of the garrison, which consisted only of one regular company of soldiers, though the town might possibly arm two or three hundred men more. The Commodore having obtained this information, determined that the place should be assaulted that very night. The attack was to be made by boats only, the eighteen-oared barge and the pinnaces of the *Centurion* and the *Tryal* being ordered for the service. About sixty men were picked for manning the boats, under command of Lieutenant Brett. Two of the Spanish pilots were commanded to accompany the expedition, to conduct the boats to the most convenient landing-place, and afterwards to be guides on shore. Release and rewards were promised if they acted faithfully, and in case of treachery they were threatened with instant death. The ships stood towards the port to within five leagues, and then the boats were put off, and arrived at the mouth of the bay without being discovered. An alarm was first given by people on board a vessel at anchor in the bay, but Brett encouraged his men to pull briskly, so as to give the townspeople as little time as possible for preparing defences. They landed, and one of the pilots took them to the entrance of a narrow street, not far from the beach, and covered from the fire of the fort, where the garrison were already on the alert.

Being formed as well as the time and the light would allow, the men went up the street at the double, and emerged upon a large square, the fort forming one of the sides, and the Governor's house another. In this quick march the shouts and cheers of sixty sailors, now for the

first time on shore in an enemy's country, may well be imagined to have been loud and joyous. Their hurrahs, joined to the noise of some drums carried with them, and favoured by the darkness, gave the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of the numbers attacking, who were probably reckoned by as many hundreds as there were only scores. A volley was fired from a gallery in the Governor's house by the merchants who owned the treasure at the custom-house, but on the first fire made in return by the sailors they fled, and the invaders were left in possession of the square. Brett divided his party into two; one he ordered to surround the Governor's house, the other he led to the fort, with intent to attack it. To his surprise, they entered without any resistance, the soldiers having taken to their heels on their approach, as had the Governor and most of the people of the town. Only one man was killed by a bullet and two wounded, and the whole place was mastered in less than a quarter of an hour from the first landing. Young Keppel, son of Lord Albemarle, had a narrow escape, the peak of his cap being shot off close to his temples by a ball, which, however, did him no other injury.

Having posted sentries to prevent surprise and to secure the effects in the houses from being embezzled, the seizing the treasure in the custom-house occupied the remainder of the night. The sailors found that there was time before daylight to pillage on their own account, and many of them decked themselves in clothes gay with embroidery or lace, which they put on over their own tarry trousers and dirty jackets, not forgetting the bag-wigs and laced hats found with the clothes. But, with all the fun and excitement, they almost without exception avoided drink, and, with the spoil, all got safely back to the boats and their ships.

These had now come closer to the shore, and the Commodore saw the English flag flying on the lofty flag-staff of the fort. The *Tryal's* pinnace was the last to come out, laden with dollars and with church-plate; many of the inhabitants were shut up in the churches during the night. The good news was soon known to all on board the fleet. Some disputes arose about the division of the spoil, but the generous conduct of the Commodore in refusing any portion of the treasure, and his causing all to be divided according to the rules and usages of the service regarding prize-money, suppressed what might have proved a troublesome quarrel. His own share he gave up to be distributed among the sixty men engaged in the capture.

From some of the prisoners in the Spanish prizes taken by the *Centurion*, Anson learned that the fleet of Don Pizarro, which had caused him so much anxiety, had met with worse disasters than his own, and that there was no force in the Pacific that could interfere with his plans. Several other ships were captured, but from this time his thoughts were mainly centred on the rich galleon which made its annual voyage from the Philippine Islands, laden with all the treasures of the East, to the coast of Mexico, returning thence with the silver of the New World. In former times, Callao, the port of Lima, had been the place of call, the regular trade-winds making the voyage sure and speedy. But the return voyage was more difficult, and, by advice of old navigators, the regular station on the American side of the ocean had been changed to Acapulco, on the coast of Mexico. This had long been the course of the trade before Anson's time. The Manilla galleons were necessarily powerful ships, royal vessels, bearing the royal flag of Spain, equal to first-rate men-of-war, of 1500 to 2000 tons burden,

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and with crews of several hundred men, with at least fifty guns, and every sort of defence against pirates and buccaneers who might attempt to molest the rich treasure-vessels. The voyage occupied usually the most of a year, and though only one was commonly sent across at a time, there was always another gathering its freight and ready for sea on the arrival of the first at Manilla. Three or four great ships were engaged in this commerce, in case of any mishap by which the great trade might be suspended.

Anson spent most of a year in cruising in the ordinary range of the galleon between Acapulco and Guam, one of the Ladrone Islands, which was strongly fortified and garrisoned. From the crew of an Acapulco fishing-boat it was at length ascertained that the taking of Païta and of some of the prizes at sea had become so widely known, that there had come no galleon that year from Manilla. A council of war having been held, it was determined to cross to the other side of the Pacific, and, after remaining a while in Macao on the Chinese coast, to wait for the next galleon near the Philippine Islands.

The *Gloucester* by this time was so disabled by tempests that she seemed beyond repair, and Captain Mitchell, with his officers, signed a report that the state of the ship was one of great and immediate peril to all on board, and that the damages were such as could not be repaired at sea. After giving details of the damage and decay, the statement concluded by saying that the crew now consisted of only seventy-seven men, including officers, with eighteen boys and two prisoners, and that of this whole number only sixteen men and half as many boys could keep the deck, some of these being infirm with sickness.

The Commodore immediately sent an order to Captain Mitchell to put his crew on board the *Centurian* with as

little delay as possible, and to bring as many of the stores as could be got at while the ship remained above water. The boats of the *Centurion* were sent to give help. The removal occupied two days. The cables and an anchor the captain wished to save, but the rolling of the ship and the weakness of the men made this impracticable. The prize-money was secured, but the captured goods out of the prizes, of much value, had to be left, and most of the provisions, which were spoiled by sea-water. About seventy sick men were conveyed on board with as much care as possible, but three or four of them expired while being hoisted into the ship. It was the 15th of August when, cleared of everything that could be usefully removed, the *Gloucester* was set on fire. She continued to burn slowly all the night, the guns firing successively as the flames heated them, and the final explosion when she blew up caused no great report, and was most marked from the vast pillar of black smoke shot up to a considerable height in the air.

Thus perished the *Gloucester*, and the *Centurion* was now the only remaining ship of the squadron in these waters. The *Tryal* and the prize-ships had previously at various times been got rid of. A few days afterwards an island of the *Ladrones* called Tinian was discovered and taken possession of. The cutter of the *Centurion* meeting a *proa* coming from this island, took it, and brought as prisoners a Spaniard and four Indians who were on board. From them they learned that Tinian was an island used for curing provisions and growing vegetables for the garrison at Guam. A barque was at anchor for removing the stores, and on learning that this was the only vessel at the place, the Commodore sent the pinnace to secure it, in order to prevent the Indians from carrying to the Governor at Guam any intelligence of the

Centurion being at Tinian. Next morning the Commodore landed, and the Indians having all fled to the woods, the sick were landed and occupied the deserted huts, which saved the time and trouble that would have been necessary in providing and erecting tents. The salutary influence of the land, and of abundance of fruits and vegetables, caused an immediate improvement in the health of the sick. There was also plenty of game and abundance of good water in this provisioning depot. The Spaniard taken in the proa was a sergeant of the regiment in garrison, and had been sent with the Indians to bring provisions for Guam. He was detained for the present, but the Governor would be sure to send to see what had become of him and to get supplies. The Commodore, therefore, after staying at Tinian as long as it seemed safe, started on the voyage to Macao, where he was resolved to wait for the right time to come out in search of the Manilla galleon of the subsequent year.

The city of Macao is a Portuguese settlement on the island of Heang-Shan, in the Canton river. The site was given by the Emperor of China in 1586, in return for assistance rendered by the Portuguese against pirates, by whom the coasts were then terribly infested. An annual rent or tribute used to be paid, but in recent times this has been remitted, and the place now belongs wholly to the crown of Portugal. At the time of Anson's voyage, Macao was a place of greater influence than now, and of larger wealth and population. It has shared the decay of the whole Portuguese nation and empire. The Governor was appointed by the Portuguese, but his authority had to be exercised with great circumspection, as the place was retained only by the sufferance of the Chinese, who could at any time starve the foreigners into subjection, and dispossess them if so inclined.

Most of the European trading ships at that time went beyond Macao up the Canton river, and at the time of Anson's coming there were about eleven ships, four of them being English. As soon as the Commodore arrived, he sent an officer with his compliments to the Portuguese Governor, requesting his advice as to what manner it would be proper for him to act so as to avoid offending the Chinese.

In civilised countries, by international usage, men-of-war in foreign ports are always exempted from port charges and duties levied on trading ships, and the Commodore thought it would be derogatory to the honour of his country to submit to these claims in China. The Portuguese Governor, however, said that he believed the customary tribute would be demanded by the Chinese, as they would not distinguish a man-of-war from a trading ship, not knowing the usages of other nations. Anson was therefore advised not to go up the river as he intended, but that he would send him a pilot to conduct the *Centurion* to a safe harbour called the Typa, a place in every way commodious for repairing the ship, which he understood was to be done, and where, in all probability, the customary duties would not be demanded. The harbour of Typa is formed by a group of islands about six miles from Macao, and the *Centurion* in going there saluted the fort or castle of Macao with eleven guns, which salute was returned by the fort. The same ceremony was repeated next day when Anson went personally to see the Governor, to request a supply of provisions and such naval stores as were required for refitting the ship. The Governor was very friendly, but frankly stated that he dare not permit any supplies, unless under authority of a written order from the Viceroy of Canton. He himself could only obtain day

by day the provisions for his garrison and people, the Chinese Government thus contriving to enforce subjection by being able to lay an embargo on their supplies. On hearing this declaration, Anson resolved to go himself to Canton to procure the Viceroy's sanction, and he went up the river in a Chinese boat for the purpose. On arriving there, he found that the Chinese merchants and the captains of the English merchant ships threw every difficulty in his way, declaring that the Viceroy was too exalted a personage to be approached, and that the whole affairs connected with the trade on the river were in the hands of the Chinese Canton merchants.

From this time there began a series of dilatory and provoking occurrences, the description of which occupy a large space in the narrative of Anson's proceedings. The captains of French merchant ships in the river did their best to increase the difficulties with the Chinese merchants and mandarins. It was only by the firmness and tact of the Commodore that at last, after a delay of some months, the object of going to Macao was accomplished. Not till the 19th of April did the *Centurion*, thoroughly refitted, make sail and stand out to sea, the stores replenished and a good stock of provisions on board. The crew also was somewhat reinforced, the larger part of the twenty-three new hands being Lascars or Indian sailors, and the rest Dutch. The report had been spread and encouraged that they were bound to Batavia, and thence to England. As there was frequent communication between Macao and the Philippine Islands, the Commodore had studiously kept his design secret, lest any warning or suspicion might prevent the galleons sailing from Manilla.

When he got quite clear of the Chinese coast, the Commodore mustered all his people on the quarter-deck of

the *Centurion*, and announced his intention of intercepting the Manila ships (for there might be two this year, he expected), and he encouraged them to exert themselves for such a prize. "The Spanish treasure-ships were said to be stout, with fifty guns apiece and numerous crews, but he trusted to the courage and skill of Englishmen to disregard any odds on such an occasion. He had only 227 hands aboard all told, and the Spaniards had probably 500 men each, but he did not fear the result if he could only come near them."

The speech of the Commodore was received with great joy, and the answer was given with three hearty cheers, after the manner of British sailors. All the perils and mishaps of the past were now forgotten. The enthusiasm spread through the whole of the ship's crew. Much amusement was caused one day when the Commodore asked the butcher why he had seen no mutton lately at his table, and the butcher replied that he had only two sheep left, and, with the Commodore's leave, he purposed keeping them for the entertaining of the Spanish general and admiral.

Several weeks passed in anxious waiting and watching in the track which the galleons usually took in returning from Acapulco with their precious load of silver. This time the Commodore made the best use of in exercising his men every day in working the great guns and in the use of their small arms. Rewards were given for successful shooting, and many of the crew became first-rate marksmen. All were prepared, and were keen for meeting the Spaniards.

At length the long-expected and desired time came. On the 20th of June (O.S.), just a month after being in their station cruising near Cape Espirito Santo, at sunrise a sail was descried from the mast-head in the south-east

quarter. The Commodore instantly stood towards her, and at half an hour after 7 A.M. they were near enough to see the ship from the *Centurion's* deck. A gun was then fired from the stranger, and she was noticed to be taking in her top-gallant sails. The gun was supposed by Anson to be to her consort to hasten her up, and the *Centurion* fired a gun to leeward to answer her. Anson was pretty sure that this was the Manilla galleon, but he felt surprised that she made no attempt to change her course, but continued to bear down upon him; for he hardly believed, what afterwards appeared to be the case, that the Spaniard knew that it was the *Centurion*, and had resolved to fight her, trusting in their superior strength, and disregarding the possible risks of the conflict.

About noon the Commodore was less than a league distant from the galleon, and could fetch her wake, so that she could not now escape if she would. No second ship appearing, it was concluded that she was alone or had been separated from her consort. Soon afterwards the galleon hauled up her foresail and brought to under topsails with her head to the northward, hoisting Spanish colours and having the royal standard of Spain flying at the top-gallant mast-head.

Anson in the meantime had prepared all things on board the *Centurion* for an engagement, and had taken every measure for the most effectual exertion of his smaller strength, and for avoiding the confusion and tumult liable to occur in such actions. He picked out about thirty of his best shots, and distributed them into his tops. As he had not a sufficient number of men to quarter to each gun in the usual manner, he fixed only two men for each gun on the lower tier, to be solely employed in loading, while the rest of his people were divided into

gangs of ten or twelve men each, who were continually to move about the decks and fire such guns as were loaded. By this arrangement he was enabled to make use of all his guns, and instead of whole broadsides with intervals between, he could keep up a constant fire without intermission, whence he doubted not to procure signal advantages. For it is common with the Spaniards to fall down upon the decks when they see a broadside preparing, and to continue in that posture till it is given; after which they rise again, and presuming the danger to be for some time over, work their guns and fire with great briskness till another broadside is expected. The firing gun by gun in the manner directed by the Commodore rendered their dodging impossible.

Towards one o'clock the *Centurion* hoisted the broad pennant and colours, she being then within gunshot of the enemy; and the Commodore perceiving that the Spaniards, having neglected previously to clear their ship, were now throwing overboard cattle and lumber, he gave orders to fire upon them with the chase-guns to disturb them in their work and prevent their completing it, though his general direction had been not to engage before they were within pistol-shot. The galleon returned the fire with two of her stern-chasers; and the *Centurion* setting her spritsail-yard fore and aft, that, if necessary, she might be ready for boarding, the Spaniards, as if in bravado, rigged their spritsail-yard fore and aft likewise. Soon after the *Centurion* came abreast of the galleon within pistol-shot, keeping to the leeward of them, with a view of preventing their putting before the wind and gaining the port of Jalapay, from which they were about seven leagues distant.

The engagement now began in right earnest, and for the first half-hour Anson overreached the galleon and

lay on her bow, where, by the great wideness of his ports, he could traverse almost all his guns upon the enemy, while the galleon could only bring part of hers to bear. Very soon after the commencement of the action, the mats with which the galleon had stuffed her netting took fire and burned violently, blazing up half as high as the mizzen-top. This accident, supposed to be caused by the *Centurion's* wads, threw the Spaniards into terror, and also alarmed the Commodore, who feared lest he might suffer if the galleon drove on board him. However, the Spaniards gradually freed themselves from the fire by cutting away the netting and tumbling the whole blazing mass into the sea. All this time the *Centurion* kept her first advantageous position, and fired her guns with great regularity and briskness, while the galleon's decks were also exposed to the galling fire from the topmen. At their first volley they drove the Spaniards from their tops, and thereafter made prodigious havoc with their small arms, killing or wounding every officer but one on the quarter-deck, and wounding the general of the galleon himself.

Thus the action proceeded for at least half-an-hour, but then the *Centurion* lost the superiority arising from her original position, and was close alongside the galleon, from which the fire was kept up briskly for near an hour longer. Yet even in this position the *Centurion* grape-shot swept the decks so effectually, and the number of their killed and wounded was so great, that they began to show considerable disorder, especially as the general, who was the life of the action, was no longer capable of exerting himself. The confusion was visible from on board the Commodore's ship, for they were so near that some of the Spanish officers were seen running about with much assiduity to prevent the desertion of their men from their quarters. But all their efforts were in vain, for they soon

yielded up the contest. The galleon's colours having been singed off early in the engagement, she struck the standard at the main-top-gallant mast-head. The sailor sent aloft for this was exposed, but the Commodore perceived what he was about, and gave orders to his people to desist from firing.

Thus the *Centurion* got possession of the rich and long-coveted prize, with a freight of nearly a million and a half of dollars and other treasure. She was called the *Nostra Signora de Cabadonga*, commanded by General Don Jeronimo de Mentero, a Portuguese, who was the most approved officer for skill and courage employed in that service. The galleon was much larger than the *Centurion*, and had 550 men and thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight pedreroes in her gunwale, quarters, and tops, each of which carried a 4-lb. ball. She was also well furnished with small arms, and particularly provided against being boarded, both by her close quarters, and a strong network of two-inch rope laced over her waist, and defended by half-pikes. During the action sixty-seven were killed and eighty-four wounded; the loss of the *Centurion* being only two killed and a lieutenant and sixteen wounded, all of whom but one recovered.

The tumultuous joy and triumph of this capture was nearly damped by a terrible accident. No sooner had the galleon struck than one of the lieutenants, coming up to the Commodore as if to congratulate him on the victory, whispered at the same time that their ship was dangerously on fire near the powder-room. The Commodore received the tidings without any apparent emotion, and taking care not to alarm his people, quietly gave the necessary orders for the extinguishing of the fire, which was happily done in a short time, though the appearance at first was extremely terrible.

The Commodore appointed the Manilla galleon a ship in His Majesty's service, and gave the command to his first lieutenant, Mr. Saumarez, who before night sent on board the *Centurion* the whole of the Spaniards as prisoners, except such as were thought proper to navigate the prize. From the prisoners the Commodore learned that the other ship, which had not gone to Acapulco the previous year, instead of keeping company with the present vessel, had left much earlier, and had probably got into Manilla before the Commodore arrived off Cape Espirito Santo. The Commodore resolved to make the best of his way back to Macao, being in the meantime fully occupied in securing his prisoners and transferring the treasure from the galleon into the *Centurion*.

It was an anxious time for the Commodore, for he had to make the most careful arrangements for the custody of his prisoners, who far outnumbered his own men. The officers, seventeen in number, were lodged in the first lieutenant's cabin, and the general in the Commodore's own cabin, always with sentinels on guard. The Spanish seamen and soldiers were kept in the holds of the *Centurion* and her prize, with guns pointed at the hatchways and air-holes, and guards with loaded muskets ever ready to fire into the hold in case of any attempt at disturbance. The poor fellows all reached Macao in safety, with the exception of a few whose wounds had been severe, but, from the close confinement, with short allowance of food and water, they presented a very haggard and spectral appearance at the end of the voyage.

On examining the cargo of the prize, it was found that she had on board 1,313,843 pieces of eight, and 35,682 ounces of virgin silver, with various commodities of small value compared with the specie. If we reckon

the plunder taken in previous events of the voyage, and especially at the capture of Paita, the port of Lima, and the destruction of property, the damage done to the enemy must have exceeded a million sterling. To this must be added the cost to Spain of fitting out the fleet sent to watch Anson (most of the ships of which were lost), and the other charges in fortification and defence in places liable to attack.

The Chinese were greatly astonished at the capture of the Spanish ship and the defeat of the troops by a force so much inferior in number. They were still more astonished at the humane treatment of the prisoners, as they would themselves doubtless have put them to torture and death. Great fame came to the Commodore, who with his officers was honoured and fêted by the Chinese Viceroy and other authorities. The prisoners were sent away in Chinese junks hired for the purpose, and in due time Anson set out on his return to England. The Spanish prize was sold to Chinese merchants at Canton on the 15th December 1743 before the Commodore left.

The homeward voyage was not all plain sailing. There were storms to encounter, and a sharp look-out had to be kept up for Spanish war-cruisers. The *Centurion* passed the Straits of Sunda early in January 1744, anchored in Table Bay at the Cape of Good Hope on March 11th, sighted St. Helena on April 19th, got sight of the Lizard June 12th, and on the evening of the 15th came safe to anchor at Spithead. The most critical time of the return voyage was in approaching the Channel, for by this time there was war with France as well as Spain, and French men-of-war were in the Channel. Under cover of an opportune fog this last peril was escaped, and the *Centurion* reached Portsmouth in safety.

The public triumph was when the treasure was brought

to London. The distribution of the prize-money made all the survivors comparatively rich, and compensated them for all their toil and privations.

The Government did not behave well at first to Anson, and the Admiralty censured him for the promotion he gave to officers in the years when he was away. But on a change of Ministry he was made a Lord of the Admiralty by the Duke of Bedford. He subsequently rose to be Rear-Admiral, and finally "Admiral of the Fleet." He had previously got a peerage for his services against the French on the seas, and especially for the great victory off Cape Finisterre. He died full of honours in 1762. His history occupies a large space in the naval annals of England, as may be seen in Dr. Macaulay's book, "From Middy to Admiral of the Fleet." But Anson's name will be chiefly memorable in history for his voyage round the world, and for the capture of the Manilla galleon.

MARTIN GUERRE.

AT the time of the Tichborne trial, many cases were brought up from history and from law-records of analogous kind, some of them stories of obvious imposture, and others so mysterious and difficult to determine, that public opinion was greatly divided. One of the cases was that of Martin Guerre, an old *cause célèbre*, with some remarkable resemblances to that of the claimant Sir Roger Tichborne, or, as the law decided, the butcher Orton. The boldness of the claim, the wide belief in the man's identity, certified by some of his own nearest relatives, and many other circumstances, made that case more than a nine days' wonder. The story of Martin Guerre was at the time referred to, but being of ancient date and occurring in a foreign land, could form no precedent to be quoted in an English court. The affair was so extraordinary, however, that it may interest readers in our own day. All that concerns what is called "inferential proof" and "circumstantial evidence" deserves thoughtful and general attention. Here is the substance of the case, as it appeared in records of old French law courts:—

Martin Guerre was born in Biscay in the year 1548. At the early age of eleven years he married Bertrand de Rols of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a girl about the same age, and equally distinguished for her beauty as for her good sense. As to fortune, the match was a

suitable one, the circumstances of both being somewhat comfortable, being a degree above the class of peasants. They loved each other tenderly, yet during the first eight or nine years of their marriage they had no offspring. Several of his wife's friends wished her to leave him, but she constantly answered that her affection was unabated, and that she would not forsake her husband.

At length, in the tenth year after their marriage, Bertrand had a son named Sanxi. Not long after this, Martin having a dispute with his father respecting a quantity of corn, thought fit to withdraw to avoid the effects of his anger. At first, in all probability, he did not intend to absent himself long, but being either charmed with the liberty which he enjoyed, or having conceived upon some account or other a dislike to his wife, which neither her beauty nor wit could obviate, he for eight years together neglected to give the least notice to his family of his condition or where he was. Such behaviour as this might well have exasperated a young woman, and inclined her to act in such a manner as might have done no honour to her husband; but such was her unexceptionable conduct, that she neither did anything which deserved blame, nor provoked the tongues of those who are ready to blame people without reason.

At the end of eight years came one Arnaud du Tilh, of Sagias, commonly called Pansette; and as he had exactly the features, stature, and complexion of Martin Guerre, he was acknowledged for the true husband of Bertrand de Rols by her spouse's four sisters, his uncle, her own relations, and herself. This man was very perfect in his tale, having known Martin Guerre abroad, and having learned from him all the little secrets which were between him and his wife, in the tender conversations they had had, he was so well informed in all respects, that Martin

himself could not have given a better account of his own adventures. As for the poor woman, she sincerely loved her husband, had sighed deeply for his absence, and ardently wished his return; so that being persuaded that he who now appeared was the true Martin Guerre, she was overjoyed and happy at the event, and in the space of three years had two children by him, one of which, however, died as soon as it was born.

The impostor all this while lived in full possession of all that the true Martin Guerre had, not only in the neighbourhood of Artigues, but also in Biscay, where he sold some lands to which Martin was heir. Some people fancied that all this could never have been done if Bertrand had not assisted him, because, however other persons may be deceived, wives are generally too well acquainted with their husbands to be imposed on in such a manner. However, by some means or other, Peter Guerre, the uncle of Martin, and some other persons in the town, got a little light into the cheat, which by degrees they improved so far, that at last they opened not only their own eyes, but also those of Bertrand de Rols. She thereupon applied to the magistrate, and caused him to be apprehended, presenting a bill of complaint against him before the criminal judge of Rieux.

In his answer to the complaint, Arnaud du Tilh exclaimed against the wicked conspiracy which his relations and his wife had formed against him. He said that Peter Guerre had trumped up this business merely out of covetousness, and with a view to possess himself of his effects; that he had drawn in his wife, through the weakness of her understanding, to be a party in this black affair, and that a more execrable villainy was never heard of. He also gave an account of the reasons which induced him to leave his habitation, and of his adventures from the

time that he quitted it. He asserted that he served the king in his wars between seven and eight years; that afterwards he enlisted into the army of the King of Spain; but that, burning with an earnest desire to return to his dear wife and family, he quitted that service in a few months, and made the best of his way to Artigues; that on his arrival he had the satisfaction of being received, notwithstanding the alteration which time and the cutting off his hair might have made, with the utmost joy by all his relations and acquaintance, not excepting this very Peter Guerre, who had stirred up the present prosecution. That this man had frequently differed with him since his coming home, their quarrels sometimes having produced blows, and that once he would have killed him with a bar of iron, had not his wife interposed.

Du Tilh submitted to a long examination before the criminal judge, who interrogated him as to matters which happened in Biscay, the place of Martin Guerre's birth, his father, his mother, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as to the year, the month, and the day of his (Martin Guerre's) marriage, his father-in-law, mother-in-law, the persons who were present at the nuptials, those who dined with them, their different dresses, the priest who performed the ceremony, all the little circumstances that happened that day and the next, even to naming the people who were present when they were put to bed. His answers were clear and distinct to each of these points; and, as if he had not been satisfied with performing what the judge required of him, he spoke of his own accord of his son Sanxi, of the day he was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met with on the road, of the towns he had passed through in France and Spain; of the individuals he had seen in both kingdoms; and,

that nothing might be wanting to confirm his innocence, he named many persons who were able to testify the truth of what he had declared.

The court ordered Bertrand de Rols, and several other persons whom the accused had cited, to answer upon interrogatories. Bertrand answered in a manner which agreed exactly with all that the impostor had advanced, except that she related the story of his being bewitched for eight or nine years, which he had omitted. The accused was then questioned as to that point, and his replies were such as tallied exactly with what Bertrand had said: he repeated all that had been done to free them from that enchantment, and never once varied in the slightest circumstance. He was next confronted with Bertrand, and with all the witnesses, upon which he demanded that she might be kept safely and apart from his enemies, which was granted. He offered certain objections to the credit of the witnesses, and required that a monitory should be published, exhorting all persons to come in and give what information they could as to the subornation of Bertrand de Rols, and the characters of the witnesses he had impeached. This too was allowed him. But, at the same time, it was directed that an inquisition should be taken at the several places following, viz., at Pin, at Sagias, and at Artigues, of all the facts which might concern Martin Guerre and the accused, Bertrand de Rols, and the reputation of the witnesses. All the discoveries consequent on these proceedings were perfectly favourable to Bertrand de Rols; confirmed the opinion which had been entertained of her virtue, and proved that she had not lost her senses during the absence of her husband, as the impostor had suggested.

As to the accused, of near one hundred and fifty wit-

nesses that were examined, between thirty and forty deposed that he was the true Martin Guerre; that they had known him, and conversed with him from his infancy; that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, manners, and tone of voice; and that they, moreover, were convinced of the truth of what they asserted by the observation of certain scars and secret marks, which it was impossible for time to efface.

On the other hand, a great number of witnesses deposed positively that he was Arnaud du Tilh, called Pansette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, manners, and voice. The rest of the witnesses, to the number of sixty and upwards, declared that there was so strong a resemblance between the two persons concerned in this matter, that it was impossible for them to determine whether the accused was Martin Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

The criminal judge of Rieux ordered two reports to be made, one of the likeness or unlikeness of Sanxi Guerre to the accused, the other as to the likeness of the same child to the sisters of Martin Guerre. By the first it appeared that Sanxi did not resemble the accused at all, and by the second, that he was very like his father's sisters. In fine, this judge thought proper to pronounce his definitive sentence, which was as follows: "That Arnaud du Tilh is guilty, and convicted of being an impostor, and for that crime is condemned to lose his head; and further, that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters."

From this sentence Arnaud du Tilh appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse. This assembly, as a preliminary step, ordered the parties to be confronted in open court. On this occasion the accused maintained so steady a countenance, spoke with such an air of assurance and truth,

and answered every question with such quickness and perspicuity, that the members of this tribunal were induced to think that he was the true Martin Guerre; while, on the other hand, the terror and confusion of Peter Guerre and Bertrand de Rols was so great, that they created strong suspicions of their being perjured persons and false accusers. But as these circumstances could not be held as full evidence, an inquisition was ordered as to the principal facts in dispute, with this limitation, that none but new witnesses should be examined. This ordinance of the Parliament of Toulouse was so far from procuring any new light, that it served only to render this intricate affair still more obscure than it was before. Thirty new witnesses were examined; nine or ten of these were positive that he was the true Martin Guerre; seven or eight were as positive that he was Arnaud du Tilh; the rest, having weighed all circumstances, and being afraid of injuring their consciences, declared plainly that they were not able to say who he was. The Parliament were now more in doubt than ever; they could not concur with the criminal judge of Rieux, and yet they were afraid of discharging the criminal. In order to put an end to so odd a cause, they summed up the proofs on both sides.

On one hand, it appeared that forty-five witnesses had affirmed in terms the most express that he was not Martin Guerre, but Arnaud du Tilh, which they said they were the better enabled to do, because they had known both persons intimately, ate and drank with them, and conversed constantly with them from their very childhood; nay, some of them went still further:—Carbon Barreau, uncle by the mother's side of Arnaud du Tilh, acknowledged that he was his nephew, and observing the irons that were upon his legs, cried bitterly, and bewailed his misfortune

in having a relation in such a condition. He said also that he had in his lifetime been concerned in several contracts with his nephew, and he actually produced those writings signed by Arnaud du Tilh. Most of these witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre was taller, and of a darker complexion; that he was slender, his legs a little crooked, stooping in the shoulders, his chin forked and turning up, his lower lip hanging, his nose large and flat, the mark of an ulcer in his face, and a scar on his right eyebrow; whereas Arnaud du Tilh was a dapper well-set man, his legs large and full, and he had neither a flat nose nor was his chin crooked; but in his face, indeed, he had the same marks with Martin Guerre. The shoemaker who used to make shoes for Martin Guerre deposed that Martin's foot reached to the twelfth mark, whereas the foot of the accused reached no further than the tenth mark upon his rule. Another witness swore that Martin Guerre was dexterous in wrestling, whereas this man knew nothing of the matter. John Espagnol, who kept a public-house, declared that the accused acknowledged to him that he was not Martin Guerre. Valentine Rougie deposed that the person accused, perceiving that he knew him to be Arnaud du Tilh, made a sign to him with his finger that he should say nothing. John de Liberos deposed to the same effect, and added that the accused gave him two handkerchiefs, with a strict charge to give one of them to John du Tilh, his brother.

There were also some hearsay evidences produced. Two persons swore that a soldier of the regiment of Rochfort, passing through Artigues, was surprised at seeing the accused assume the name of Martin Guerre, declaring aloud, and without ceremony, that he was a notorious impostor, for that Martin Guerre was actually in Flanders, and had a wooden leg, in the place of one he lost before

St. Quintin in the battle of St. Laurence. It was also remarked that Martin Guerre, being a Biscayer, had the tone of his country, the Basque being a language very different not only from French, but from the Gascon; whereas the accused could not speak the Basque, but took pains to mingle a few words which he had learned of it with his French, repeating them with a visible affectation. There was likewise a cloud of witnesses who deposed that Arnaud du Tilh was from his infancy very wickedly given, and that his impudence was from his youth surprising; that he was always light-fingered, a great swearer, one that had no fear of God, and a flagrant blasphemer; in a word, that he was every way capable of the crime laid to his charge, and that an obstinate persistence in falsehood and mischief was exactly suitable to his character.

But, on the other hand, there were thirty or forty witnesses who swore roundly that he was the true Martin Guerre; that they knew him intimately, and remembered him from his childhood. Among these were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, who were all brought up with him, and who had all the reputation of being women of good sense; two of their husbands, brothers-in-law to Martin Guerre, were likewise of the number. Such as were present at the nuptials of Martin Guerre and Bertrand de Rols deposed in favour of the accused. Catherine Boere, in particular, said that when she carried the posset after they were in bed, she saw Bertrand's spouse, and that the person now accused was the same. All, or at least the greatest part, of these witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre had two strokes under his eyebrow, that his left eye was bloodshot, the nail of his first finger crooked, that he had three warts on his right hand, and another on his little finger; all of which were plainly to be seen on the accused. It was alleged also in his

favour that Bertrand de Rols never had it in her own mind to accuse him; but was persuaded, and even frightened to it by others. Peter Guerre had married her mother, and these two having conceived a spleen against the accused, did all they could to set him and Bertrand at variance; that, by the contrivance of these persons, the accused was once taken up before for a crime of which he was not guilty, and that upon his being discharged and coming home, his wife received him with all possible kindness, gave him a new shirt, washed his feet, and went to bed to him, where all things passed between them in great harmony, as among married persons; and yet the next morning he was hurried to prison by Peter Guerre, by virtue of a paper signed by Bertrand de Rols the night before—that is, the night in which she had expressed all this fondness for him; nay, that she had discovered her tenderness since his being in prison, by sending him money and clothes.

The Parliament still continued in doubt, and considering the nicety of the case, and the consequences which might attend it, in respect to annulling a marriage and illegitimizing a child, they began to incline to the part of the accused, and had thoughts of reversing the judgment of the inferior court, when of a sudden, as if he had dropped out of the clouds, Martin Guerre himself appeared, having a wooden leg as the soldier had said. He asserted that he came from Spain; gave a distinct account of the impostor who had taken his name, and presenting a petition to the Parliament, demanded that he might be heard. Upon this the court gave directions that he should be kept in safe custody, submit to an interrogatory in form, and be confronted with the accused, with Bertrand de Rols, with his sisters, and with the principal witnesses who had deposed in favour of the accused. He was inter-

rogated as to the same facts on which the accused had been questioned, and his answers were true; but they were neither so clear, so positive, nor so exact as those given by the accused. When he came to be confronted with Arnaud du Tilh, he treated Martin Guerre as an impostor, as a fellow picked out by Peter Guerre to support this character and take away his life; he even proceeded so far as to say, in a high tone, that he would be content to be hanged if he did not unravel the whole mystery and prove all his enemies cheats. He then asked Martin Guerre abundance of questions as to several of his transactions, to which Martin answered but faintly, and with some confusion; but the commissioners, having directed Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, put several questions to Martin Guerre that were new, and had never been asked before, and his answers were very full and satisfactory; then they called for Arnaud du Tilh, and questioned him as to the same points, to the number of ten or twelve; but all his replies were so clear, and so correspondent to what Martin Guerre had said, that some began to think there was witchcraft in this business, which still grew darker and darker.

The court, resolving to clear up this unaccountable obscurity, directed that now, both the persons being present, the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the husbands of two of them, Peter Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the chief of those witnesses who were obstinate in owning the accused for Martin Guerre, should be called in, and obliged to point out him that they should now judge to be the true Martin. Accordingly, all these persons appeared, except the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh. The first who drew near the two persons claiming the name of Martin Guerre was the eldest of the sisters, who, after she had looked upon them a moment, ran to Martin Guerre, embraced him,

and having let fall a shower of tears, addressed herself to the commissioners in these words: "See, gentlemen," said she, "my brother, Martin Guerre; I acknowledge the error into which this wicked man (pointing to Arnaud du Tilh) drew me, and many other of the inhabitants of Artigues, and in which, by a multitude of artifices, he has made us persist so long." Martin all this time mingled his tears with those of his sister, and received her embraces with the utmost affection. All the rest knew him as soon as they saw him, and there was not one of all the witnesses who did not acknowledge that the matter was now plain, and that Arnaud du Tilh was an impostor.

Last of all, Bertrand de Rols was called in. She no sooner cast her eyes on her husband than she turned pale, burst into tears, and fell a trembling like leaves in a high wind; she approached him slowly, fell at his knees, and taking hold of his hand, after some moments, she addressed herself to him in words the most eloquent imaginable, because they seemed clearly to flow from a spirit of innocence and truth. She said it was the error of his sisters that was the original cause of her misfortune; that the strong passion she had for him, and her earnest desire to see him again, helped on the cheat; she affirmed that the many particularities which the impostor repeated, and the exact knowledge he had of all that had passed between them, for a while quite closed her eyes; that as soon as she discovered her mistake, she would have instantly put him to death with her own hands if the fear of God had not withheld her; that, however, she put him into the hands of justice and demanded by her bill of complaint that he should be most severely punished; that, in consequence of her vigorous prosecution, he was condemned to be beheaded, and to have his body cut into four quarters, which sentence was not

prevented by any tenderness on her part, but by his own appeal to the Parliament.

But Martin Guerre, who had been so sensible of the testimonies of the love, friendship, and tenderness given him by his sisters, remained wholly unmoved by these excuses of his wife. He heard her indeed without interruption, but then, with an air of contempt, and putting on a severe brow, "You may cease crying," said he in a surly tone; "my heart can never be touched by your tears; it signifies not your pretending to justify yourself from the conduct of my sisters and my uncle; a wife has more ways of knowing a husband than a father, a mother, and all his relations put together; nor is it possible she should be imposed on unless she has a mind to be deceived. You are the sole cause of the misfortunes of my family, and I shall never impute my disgrace to anybody but you." In vain the commissioners endeavoured to enforce what the unfortunate Bertrand de Rols had said, in order to make her husband comprehend her innocence; he persisted in a sullen air of indifference, and showed plainly enough that his anger was such as time only could efface.

No doubt now remaining as to the guilt of Arnaud du Tilh, the court condemned him "to make amende honourable in the market-place of Artigues in his shirt, his head and feet being bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; to demand pardon of God, the king, and the justice of the nation; of the said Martin Guerre, and De Rols his wife; and this being done, the said Du Tilh shall be delivered into the hands of the executioner, who, after making him pass through the streets, and other public places in the said town of Artigues, with a rope about his neck, at last shall bring him before the house of the said Martin Guerre, where,

on a gallows set up for that purpose, he shall be hanged and strangled, and afterwards his body shall be burnt."

In order to the execution of the sentence, Arnaud du Tilh was carried back to Artigues; he was there examined in prison by the criminal judge of Rieux, who first condemned him, on the 16th of September 1560, and made a very long and exact confession. He stated that he was determined to commit this crime by the following accident:—Coming from the camp in Picardy, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by some of Martin's friends; from them he learned abundance of circumstances concerning Martin's father, wife, sister, and other relations, and of everything he had done before he left that country. These new lights, added to the materials he had obtained from Martin Guerre himself in a multitude of conversations, put it fully in his power to carry on the cheat he had projected in the artful manner he did. He owned other crimes which he had committed, and persisted in every point of his confession when it was read over to him. At the foot of the gallows, erected opposite the house of Martin Guerre, he in the most humble manner asked pardon of him and of his wife, appeared a hearty and sincere penitent, testified the most lively grief for the offences he had committed, and was executed.

THE LABRADOR MISSIONARY SHIPS.

THE late Admiral Lord Gambier, who saw much service in the North American seas, and was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland, told Mr. La Trobe that the preservation of the Labrador ship during so long a course of years was the most remarkable occurrence in maritime history that had come to his knowledge. It is certainly a notable and singular fact that a voyage made annually for at least a hundred and twenty years in successive ships has a record of unbroken success, free not merely from wreck, but from any serious disaster. There have been many times of imminent danger and of wonderful deliverance, as might be expected on an ocean so stormy as the Atlantic, and on coasts so beset with perils of ice and fog as those of Labrador. Without any feeling of confidence in continuance of safety, since time brings changes in all things sublunary, it is surely meet to express thankfulness for the protection of Divine Providence, and to cherish hopes for the future, justified by the experience of the past. That such is the spirit animating the Directors of the Moravian Missions is to be expected; and it is pleasant to add that the vessel employed by the Society in the annual voyage to Labrador is insured by underwriters at Lloyd's at a premium considerably less than that which is charged for vessels bound to other portions of British North

America, including the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. Apart, therefore, from consideration of the Christian and civilising work done at the mission stations on these remote coasts, a brief account of the vessels employed in the service of communication between England and Labrador from the year 1770 to the present time cannot but be read with deep interest.

It was at the general synod of "the Church of the Brethren," as the Moravians are called, held at Marienborn in 1769, that the resolution was taken to attempt the establishment of a mission on the coast of Labrador. This resolution was conveyed to the "Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel," whose members had already shown lively interest in the Eskimo by aiding the efforts of early missionaries in 1752 and 1764 to plant the standard of the Cross in these barbarous and neglected heathen regions. These efforts had been made from stations in Newfoundland; but finding many difficulties and much inconvenience in communicating with the coast of Labrador from that colony, the necessity was seen for providing a vessel to maintain a direct and regular intercourse with the proposed field of labour. After a visit of an experimental and exploratory character in the early part of 1770, the Society determined to procure a suitable vessel, and to secure the services of a trustworthy and experienced captain for the conduct of the expedition.

After a good deal of inquiry in London and other ports, a small sloop of eighty tons burden, called the *Jersey Packet*, was purchased and fitted out, and the command intrusted to Captain Francis Muford. In a letter of Dr. Benjamin La Trobe to the Directors, she is described as not only "a tight and sound ship, but also a prime sailer, readily obedient to the helm, and out-sailing all the

vessels on the river in the passage down to Gravesend." From the same letter it appears that the Brethren connected with this expedition were ten in number, in one or other capacity. The vessel, after calling at Lymington, Hants, for a supply of sails, and at Exmouth for fishing-tackle, the gift of a member of the Society, proceeded on the voyage to Labrador, where she arrived safe on the 24th of July. The result of this expedition was the establishment of the most friendly relations with the Eskimo population, and the selection, with their hearty concurrence, of a suitable locality for a missionary settlement. This was a good start, and after accomplishing these important objects, the whole party returned to England in the autumn of the same year.

During the winter of 1770 more complete arrangements were made for establishing the proposed mission. A vessel of larger dimensions, the *Amity*, was purchased, furnished with stores of every kind, and despatched in early summer under the command of Captain Mugford. The company on board consisted of fourteen persons, missionaries and their wives, a veteran missionary from Greenland, Lawrence Drachart, being the leader of the band. After a special service held on the 5th of May in the Brethren's chapel in Fetter Lane, the *Amity* sailed on the 8th May. The voyage, by way of St. John's, Newfoundland, was a tedious one of thirteen weeks, and they only reached Unity's Bay, the place of their destination, on the 9th of August. They were received with great joy by the Eskimos, and proceeded to the settlement of Nain, then established as the first of the Labrador stations. During the latter part of the outward voyage many perils were encountered; tossed by storms, beset by ice-floes, and alarmed by mountains of ice that threatened to overwhelm them. All the dangers were forgotten in

the joy of their friendly welcome by the poor natives. The *Amity* returned to London in safety on the 26th of September 1771, having left the Brethren at the station.

In 1772, on her second voyage, it was planned that the *Amity* should pass the summer months at the Banks of Newfoundland, in hope that the profits derived from the fishery might defray part of the large expense attendant on the Mission. She did not arrive at Nain till the end of October. They found the missionaries in great extremity and with hardly any provisions left. They had nearly given up hope of seeing the vessel again, but their anxiety and distress changed into the greater joy when the ship appeared in Unity's Harbour on the 28th of October. One of the Brethren said in a letter: "We had given up the ship and resigned ourselves to the extremest poverty. I cannot say that a dejected spirit prevailed among us, but we were resolved to submit to whatever might happen, hoping and believing that He who had sent us hither would mercifully preserve us." It was late in December before the ship returned to her moorings in the Thames.

Of the voyages performed by the *Amity* in the years 1773 to 1776 inclusive, nothing of special interest appears to be on record. In the year 1777 a sloop of seventy tons, the *Good Intent*, took her place in the service of the Society, and retained it till the year 1780. On the return of this ship from her second voyage in the autumn of 1778, an event occurred which at first seemed unfortunate, but was overruled to be of material service to the Society and its missions. The *Good Intent* was captured by a French privateer, but before the prize could reach a French port, she was recaptured by a British cruiser. The affair came to the knowledge of the American Minister at the Court of Versailles, the

celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Greatly to his honour, he interested himself in the affair, and he wrote a letter addressed "to all captains and commanders of vessels of war and privateers belonging to the United States of America." The letter was as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—The religious Society commonly called the Moravian Brethren, having established a Mission on the coast of Labrador for the conversion of the savages there to the Christian religion, which has already had good effects in turning them from their ancient practices of surprising, plundering, and murdering such white people, Americans and Europeans, as, for the purposes of trade or fishery, happened to come on that coast, and persuading them to lead a new life of honest industry, and to treat strangers with humanity and kindness;

"And it being necessary for the support of this useful Mission that a small vessel should go there every year, to furnish supplies and necessaries for the missionaries and their converts, which vessel for the present year is a sloop of about seventy tons, called the *Good Intent*, whereof is master Captain Francis Mugford: This is to request you, that, if the said vessel should happen to fall into your hands, you would not suffer her to be plundered or hindered in her voyage, but, on the contrary, would afford her any assistance she may stand in need of: wherein I am confident your conduct will be approved of by the Congress and your owners.

"Given at Passy, this 11th day of April 1776.

BENJ. FRANKLIN,

*Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States
to the Court of France."*

Not only did Dr. Franklin write this letter, but he obtained from the King a passport for the English vessel,

addresssd to the Duke of Penthièvre, Admiral of France, and to all lieutenant-generals of the naval forces, commanders of the fleet, and captains of vessels, securing for the *Good Intent* safe and unmolested passage between London and Labrador. This passport was signed by the King at Versailles on the 15th of April 1779, and issued by order of His Majesty.

Under this protection the ship sailed with security, and Dr. Franklin's good word spread far and wide the knowledge of the beneficent Mission of the Moravian Brethren. Their work had been already made known throughout Christendom, and had been celebrated by the Christian poet William Cowper in his "Hope," in the famous lines on the Moravian Missions in Greenland:—

" See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it in the farthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows."

Between the years 1780 and 1786 inclusive, the *Amity* was again employed in the service of the Mission, the command of the vessel being, however, resigned in 1782 by Captain Mugford in favour of James Fraser, who had acted as mate during several voyages. In April 1787 the first *Harmony* was launched at Hurtleton, near Southampton, being built there under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Mitchell, one of the deputy-surveyors of the Royal Navy, and an honorary member of the Society. She was a brig of 133 tons, and proved an excellent ship throughout the whole of her service of fifteen years.

The first six voyages of the *Harmony* were attended

with no circumstances requiring particular notice, but the seventh, in the year 1793, is remarkable as having been the longest in the annals of the Society. This was due partly to its detention about two months in the whaler fishery in the neighbourhood of Okak, one of the settlements, and partly also due to the perils of the sea on her passage home to the Orkneys. Leaving the coast of Labrador on the 22nd of November, very stormy weather was encountered during most of the passage, and the vessel reached Stromness only on the 25th of December.

In 1797 the *Harmony*, having left Hopedale on the 22nd of September, reached Stromness, in the Orkneys, on the 10th of October. Here she found the *Apollo* frigate, Captain Manley, destined to convoy the Hudson's Bay ships home. Two of these arrived on the 11th at Stromness, but a third being still missing, the *Apollo* proceeded on the 25th in search of her, and after some days fell in with a French frigate, which she attacked and compelled to strike. This frigate had been sighted by the *Harmony* in a moonlight night at sea, and it was surprising that she was not perceived by the enemy and captured. During the absence of the *Apollo* the third ship arrived at Stromness, and the fleet reached the Thames in safety. Captain Manley paid a visit to the Mission ship, and showed every kind attention to the missionaries.

In the "Periodical Accounts" of the Society notices appear of the successive voyages for many subsequent years, but nothing occurs of sufficient importance to merit description before the year 1816. The first *Harmony* was sold in 1802, and was replaced by the *Resolution*, a Spanish prize purchased by the Society. A few years later the *Resolution* was exchanged for the *Hector*, and soon after a small brig, the *Jemima*, of 180 tons, made several voyages.

Not being expressly built for the purpose, like the first and three later ships of the name *Harmony*, the *Jemima* met with great perils, out of which she was delivered in ways which caused special thankfulness for the providential protection that appeared to be vouchsafed to the vessels of the Mission.

Passing over all these years, we come to 1816, when the *Jemima* encountered adventures described in the "Periodical Accounts." "In that year," it is said, "the elements seemed to have undergone some revolution in Labrador, as in Europe, of a remarkable kind. On reaching the drift-ice on the 16th of July, Captain Fraser found it to extend to a distance of full 200 miles from the coast, and after attempting in vain to find a passage through it, first to Hopedale, then to Nain, and lastly to Okak, he found himself by degrees completely enclosed by the ice. For six days and nights the vessel was in the most imminent danger of being crushed to pieces; nor was it without great and continuous exertions that she was at length brought to the outer edge. This conflict with the frozen element lasted forty-nine days, at the close of which the *Jemima* reached Okak in safety, to the astonishment of the Eskimos as well as of the missionaries. The very next day, August 30th, the whole coast, as far as the eye could discover, was entirely choked up by the ice, which presented such obstacles to the navigation, that Captain Fraser was twice driven back by it on his passage from Okak to Nain. On the 3rd of October he attempted to proceed to Hopedale; but, though the weather was fine, he had himself but little expectation of reaching that settlement. This feeling of his, which he mentioned to the missionaries at Nain, did not, however, prevent Br. and Sr. Kmoch and the Brn. Christensen and Körner from going on board the ship, in pursuance of the appointment

to Hopedale which they had received. On the very evening of their departure from Nain it began to blow exceedingly hard, with an immense fall of snow and very thick weather. Being unable to see a ship's length, and being within half a mile of a dangerous reef, the captain was obliged to carry some sail to clear it, which he did but just accomplish. The gale subsequently increasing, and the wind being right on shore, he could not venture to carry sail any longer, and was obliged to lay the ship to, although the sea broke continually over it. After contending for two successive days with the furious elements, he was at length compelled, on the 5th of October, to abandon the attempt to reach Hopedale, and bear away for England. On the homeward passage a gale resembling a hurricane was encountered on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October, which in the night, between the two latter days, was so violent, that the captain expected the ship would have foundered. At one time she was struck by a sea that twisted her in such a manner that the very seams on her larboard side opened, and the water gushed into the cabin and the mate's berth as from a pump. The Lord was, however, pleased to protect both ship and company from serious injury, and to bring them in safety to the Thames, on the 28th of October.

After spending the winter in England, Br. and Sr. Kmoch returned to Labrador the following year, accompanied by the Brn. Körner and Beck. They were, however, destined to encounter perils on their passage out exceeding in number and in magnitude even those which had rendered the voyage of 1816 so memorable. As a lively and correct account of the dangers which are more or less attendant on Arctic navigation, even in latitudes much lower than those which have recently witnessed the achievements and endurances of our gallant countrymen,

and as a record of the wonderful help and protection vouchsafed by the Lord to His servants, the following extracts from the journal of Br. Kmoch cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. Graphic in themselves, and exhibiting considerable power of observation and description, they afford a pleasing insight into the character of the writer, who, as the patriarch of the Labrador Mission, at the age of more than fourscore years entered the heavenly rest.

After describing the voyage of the *Jemima* to Stromness, whence she sailed on the 14th of June, and the favourable passage across the Atlantic, up to the close of the month, Br. Kmoch proceeds:—

“Between the 4th and 5th of July we heard and saw many ice-birds. This bird is about the size of a starling, black, with white and yellow spots, and is met with about 200 English miles from the Labrador coast. When the sailors hear it, they know that they are not far from the ice. It flies about a ship chiefly in the night, and is known by its singular voice, which resembles a loud laugh.

“7th.—The morning was cold and rainy. In all directions drift-ice was to be seen. In the afternoon it cleared up a little, and we entered an opening in the ice looking like a bay. The continual rustling and roaring of the ice reminded us of the noise made by the carriages in the streets of London when one is standing in the golden gallery of St. Paul’s Cathedral. The mountains and large flakes of ice take all manner of singular forms, some resembling castles, others churches, waggon, and even creatures of various descriptions. As we or they changed positions, the same objects acquired a quite different appearance, and what had before appeared like a church looked like a huge floating monster. Sitting on deck,

and contemplating these wonderful works of God, I almost lost myself in endeavouring to solve the question, for what purpose these exhibitions are made, when so few can behold them, as they so soon vanish, by returning to their former fluid and undefined state? But surely everything is done with design, though short-sighted man cannot comprehend it. Having in vain exerted ourselves to penetrate through the ice, we returned at night into the open sea.

“14th.—Land was discovered ahead. It was the coast of Labrador, sixty or eighty miles south of Hopedale. We were close to the ice, and as a small opening presented itself, the captain ventured to push in, hoping, if he could penetrate, to find open water between the ice and the coast. For some time we got nearer to the land, but were obliged at night to fasten the ship with two grapnels to a large field. This was elevated between five and six feet above the water's edge, and between fifty and sixty feet in thickness below it. It might be 300 feet in diameter, flat at the top, and as smooth as a meadow covered with snow. The wind has but little power over such huge masses, and they move very slowly with the current. There are small streams and pools of fresh water found on all those large pieces. Our situation now defended us against the smaller flakes, which rushed by and were turned off by the large field, without reaching the ship. We were all well pleased with our place of refuge, and lay here three whole days, with the brightest weather, and as safe as in the most commodious haven; but I cannot say that I felt easy, though I hid my anxiety from the party. I feared that a gale of wind might overtake us in this situation, and carry fields larger than that in which we lay, when the most dreadful consequences might ensue; and the sequel proved that I was not much mistaken.

"On the 17th, the wind came round to the south, and we conceived fresh hopes of the way being rendered open for us.

"18th.—The weather was clear and the wind in our favour; we therefore took up our grapnel, got clear of our floating haven, and again endeavoured to penetrate through some small openings. Both we and the ship's company were peculiarly impressed with gratitude for the protection and rest we had enjoyed, and the warmth of a summer's sun felt very comfortable among these masses of ice. The clearness of the atmosphere to-day caused them to appear singularly picturesque. It seemed as if we were surrounded by immense white walls and towers. In the afternoon, we had penetrated to the open water between the ice and the land, but we durst not venture nearer, as the sea is here full of sunken rocks, and the captain knew of no harbour on this part of the coast. Having found another large piece of ice convenient for the purpose, we fastened the ship to it. In the evening a thick fog overspread us from the north-east, and we were again quite surrounded by ice, which, however, was soon after dispersed by a strong north-west wind.

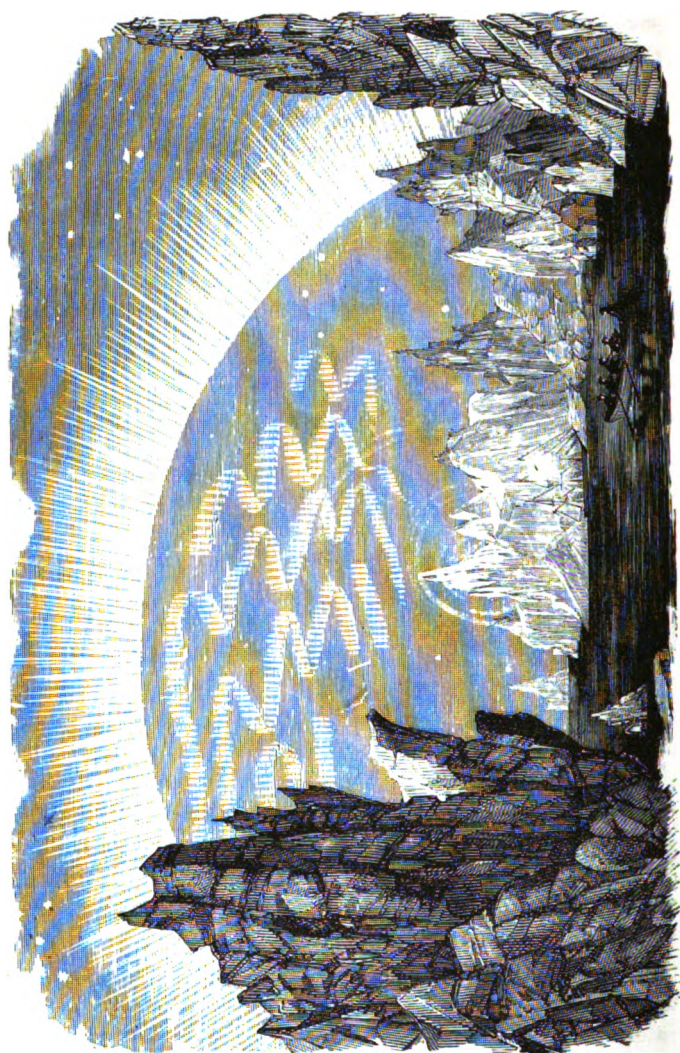
"In the night, between the 19th and 20th, we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer the coast. On the 20th, the morning was fine, and we vainly endeavoured to get clear, but towards evening the sky lowered, and it grew very dark. The air also felt so oppressive that we all went to bed, and every one of us was troubled with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving fast towards a huge ice mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost,

but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was exceedingly cold with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro at the mercy of the ice till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the prelude to greater terrors.

"Deliverance from danger is so grateful that it raises one's spirits above the common level. We made a hearty breakfast, and retired again into our cabins. At one o'clock the cook, in his usual boisterous way, aroused us by announcing dinner, and putting a large piece of pork and a huge pudding upon the table, of which we partook with a good appetite, but in silence, every one seemingly buried in thought or only half awake. Shortly after, the wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually, till it turned into a furious storm. Top-masts were lowered, and everything done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving, without the power of turning aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we were fast, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain; nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance, that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for if we had but touched the mountain, we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel; the ship also sustained some damage. But we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large

fields of ice, which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark, the heavens covered with the blackest clouds driven by a furious wind, the roaring and the howling of the ice as it moved along, the fields shoving and dashing against each other, were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship again fast to some large field; and the second mate, a clever young man, full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off and upon such fields as approached us, endeavouring to fix a grapnel to them, but in vain, and we even lost another grapnel on this occasion.

"The storm indeed dispersed the ice, but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for when the ship got into open water, her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and consequently the blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever therefore we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable, than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every five or ten minutes, and sometimes oftener, and the longer she remained exposed to the wind, the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every stroke, we tried the pumps, to find whether we had sprung a leak; but the Lord kept His hand over us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation, we offered up fervent prayers to Him who alone is able to



THE AUREORA BOREALIS.

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save, and besought Him that, if it were His divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, He would, for the sake of His precious merits, soon take us home to Himself, nor let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

"It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every approaching ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice; all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail, with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pump a-going, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down, he immediately fell asleep.

"During the afternoon the wind abated, and towards evening it fell calm. A thick mist ensued, which, however, soon dispersed, when we found ourselves near a high rock, towards which the current was fast carrying us. We were now in great danger of suffering shipwreck among the rocks, but, by God's mercy, the good management of our captain succeeded in steering clear of them; and after sunset the heavens were free from clouds. A magnificent northern light illumined the horizon, and as we were again among floating pieces of ice, its brightness enabled us to avoid them. I retired to rest, but, after midnight, was roused by the cracking noise made by the ice against the sides of the vessel. In an instant I was on deck, and found that we were forcing our way through a quantity of floating ice, out of which we soon got again into open water. The wind also turned in our favour,

and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopedale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But, alas! arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way anew blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma. If we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them, and being instantly lost; again, if we ventured into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship would bear many more such shocks as she had received. At length, the former measure was determined on, as, in case of any mishap, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore."

After encountering a succession of further perils and disappointments for three additional weeks, the *Jemima* was brought safely into Hopedale Harbour on the 9th of August.

To the foregoing narrative the following remarks are appended by the editor of the "Periodical Accounts:"—"The captain and mate report, that though, for these three years past, they have met with an unusual quantity of ice on the coast of Labrador, yet in no year since the beginning of the Mission has it appeared so dreadfully on the increase. The colour likewise of this year's ice was different from that usually seen, and the size of the ice mountains and thickness of the fields immense, with sandstones imbedded in them. As a great part of the coast of Greenland, which for centuries has been choked up with ice, apparently immovable, has, by some revolution, been cleared, this may perhaps account for the great quantity alluded to."

In the year 1818, another vessel, a brig of 176 tons,

was built for the service of the Mission in Labrador, to which the name of the *Harmony* was again given. She proved an excellent ship, and continued in the employment of the Society for a period of thirteen years. The first voyage, in 1819, proved difficult and hazardous, and she did not reach Okak, the station first visited, till the 20th of August. The missionaries wrote: "The coast was everywhere choked up with ice, and the wind, blowing continually from the sea, and forcing it directly into every bay and inlet, it seemed impossible for the ship to approach the coast. Yet the Lord of heaven and earth commanded, and provided a passage for her through every obstacle, and we had the inexpressible joy to see her arrive without any damage."

The year 1821, memorable for the celebration of the fifty years' jubilee of Nain, the first missionary settlement formed in Labrador, was rendered additionally so by the visit of the *Clinker* sloop-of-war, commanded by Captain W. Martin. This officer having been commissioned by Sir Charles Hamilton, Governor of Newfoundland, to make a survey of the coast, and afford the missionaries of the Brethren residing upon it any assistance which their circumstances might call for, arrived at Okak in the middle of August, and thence proceeded to Nain, which he reached on the 21st of the same month, and where he gave a feast, consisting of boiled peas and biscuit, to the Eskimo congregation, as an after celebration of the jubilee. The entertainment was opened by the singing of the hymn, "Now let us praise the Lord," and concluded with "Praise God for ever," a well-known Moravian hymn, and was conducted throughout with great decorum, several short but appropriate addresses being delivered before its close. The *Clinker* was meanwhile decorated with fifty flags of different nations. From Nain to Hope-

dale she had the benefit of being accompanied and piloted by the *Harmony*, the navigation being in the highest degree intricate and dangerous. This unlooked-for visit afforded great pleasure to the missionaries and their Eskimo flocks. The demeanour of Captain Martin, in his intercourse with both, was such as became a Christian officer; and nothing occurred to disturb the peaceful and orderly course of the several congregations. The report which he made to the Governor on his return, was highly favourable to the character of the Mission and of all engaged in it, and may therefore be considered to have done a real service to the cause.

The voyages of the *Harmony* in 1826 and 1829 were rendered very difficult and dangerous by the quantity of ice which beset the coast of Labrador; in the former year, to a distance of nearly 400 miles from the land. In 1829, Captain Fraser ventured, in passing from Hope-dale to Nain, to try a new channel between the islands and the coast; and though the attempt was a somewhat hazardous one, it succeeded completely, through the blessing of God on the skill and care of the Eskimo pilots. The passage outside the islands would probably have occupied several weeks, owing to the accumulation of ice on their eastern shores. It had been intended that the ship should proceed as far as the Bay of Kangertluksoak (where Hebron is now situated), but the lateness of her arrival at Okak frustrated this design.

In 1830, the *Harmony* was accompanied by the *Oliver*, a vessel chartered by the Society for the purpose of assisting in the transport of stores to the Bay of Kangertluksoak, where it had been determined to establish a fourth settlement. The voyage proved a successful one, both ships entering the bay, and delivering their cargoes without accident, though the access was by no means

easy, and the navigation previously unknown. Her last voyage in 1831, with the *Venus* for her consort, was attended with somewhat greater hazard, but, through the mercy of God, with no serious injury to either vessel.

It being considered necessary, in prospect of the establishment of a fourth station, to provide a ship of larger dimensions for the use of the Mission, another *Harmony*, the third of the name, was built at Yarmouth during the autumn and winter of 1831 and 1832, at an expense of about £3500. Br. Taylor superintended the building, as in the case of her predecessor. She was a brig, or rather a snow, of about 230 tons burden, and proved herself well adapted to the performance of the service to which she was destined. Her first voyage, performed in the year 1832, a year remarkable as being the centenary of the Brethren's Missions, was marked by conflicts with the ice, more continuous and more alarming than had been experienced since the year 1817. The following extract of a letter from Captain Taylor to the Treasurer of the Society, describing the peculiar hazards encountered by the *Harmony* on her outward passage, will prove an interesting supplement to the particulars of Arctic adventure already given:—

“On the 6th of July (about five weeks after leaving the Thames) we first fell in with the ice, but the weather being very hazy, we stood off and on till the 11th, when it cleared up a little, and the land appeared in sight. We now steered for the shore; but the light failing us, we made the ship fast to a field of ice. We supposed that we were at this time not more than twenty-five or thirty miles distant from Hopedale. The next morning the fog returned, and was so thick that we could not see any object two ships' lengths from us. Meanwhile the ice closed about us in such dense masses, that there was

not water enough to dip a bucket into on either side of the ship. We remained in this state till the 13th about noon, when the fog partially clearing away again, we beheld, to our no small alarm, an immense iceberg aground right in our way, our course being at this time in a direction to the S.S.E. It was not till about 3 P.M. that we could at all succeed in our attempts to move the vessel; and even then our utmost exertions, continued without interruption during the space of six hours, only brought her forward about three times her own length. Our object at this time was to get round the point of the ice-field to which we were moored, and thus place it between us and the iceberg, which was towering above us to the height of nearly twice the mainmast. Our position was indeed a fearful one; and I believe most on board were ready to give up all hope of saving either the ship or their own lives. The Lord, however, was better to us than our fears; He heard and answered the supplications we offered up to Him, and sent us deliverance in a way we least expected. May we never lose the remembrance of His great mercy!

“As soon as the field of ice to which we were attached touched the berg, it veered round, and dragged us after it without injury, the distance between the ship and the berg scarcely greater than a foot. Had we not succeeded in getting round the point in the way we did, we should probably have been crushed to pieces in an instant. We continued exposed to the same kind of perils till the 22nd instant, and during the greater part of this time the frost was so intense that our ropes were almost immovable. Even the small ropes were coated with ice to the thickness of four or five inches; so that we were obliged every morning to send up some of our people to the mast-head to strike off the ice with sticks, that the ropes might pass

through the blocks. On the 23rd we succeeded, by dint of great exertion, and under press of sail, in getting clear of the ice and reaching the open water, and on the 24th arrived at Hopedale in safety."

It may here be observed, that, up to this date, embracing a period of more than sixty years, the ship had always proceeded to Labrador by way of Stromness, though, in returning home, she had generally taken her passage through the Channel. The reasons for the northward course having been so long preferred were various. In the first place, as the latitude of the Orkneys very nearly corresponds with that of Northern Labrador, the portion of the Atlantic to be traversed was somewhat smaller by this than by the southern passage, especially in the alternate years, when Okak had to be first visited. Again, the danger from hostile cruisers was less imminent by taking this course, a convoy being ordinarily provided for the Hudson's Bay and Davis Strait ships. This was a consideration of some importance in time of war, and led to its being generally preferred, also on the passage home, up to the year 1815; and lastly, it has so happened that nearly all the successive commanders of the vessel have been natives of the Orkney Islands, and the greater number of the crew likewise. It was natural, therefore, that they should prefer a course which brought them, at least twice a year, into personal contact with such of their relatives and friends as were still residing in those islands, not to mention that the annual visit of the ship tended to excite and keep alive a very warm interest in the Labrador Mission in the minds of not a few of the Christian people of Stromness and neighbouring islands, and to call forth their active and sympathising benevolence.

On the establishment of a fourth missionary settle-

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ment on the coast of Labrador, an alteration took place in the Society's practice in this particular. It being found necessary to send the ship to Hopedale first, as the most southern, and consequently, under ordinary circumstances, the most accessible of the four stations, the Channel passage was for some time preferred in going out as well as in returning. The voyage of the *Harmony* in 1832 was the first in which this course was taken.

According to the testimony of the captain, the weather that year was more severe, and the hardships experienced by himself and his crew greater than he had ever before known in the twenty-eight voyages he had made in the service of the Society.

The year following, the ship was exposed to imminent danger from a violent storm which she encountered while lying off Hebron. For some hours the captain, who with two boys happened to be the only persons on board, the remaining hands being variously occupied on shore, expected almost every moment that the ship would part from her cable and be driven upon the rocks; but, by God's mercy, she rode out the gale without sustaining any serious injury.

In 1836 the *Harmony* fell in with the ice as early as the 24th of June, after a speedy and prosperous voyage to within 200 miles of the coast of Labrador. "According to the statement of the captain, it was not merely the immense quantity of ice that rendered the navigation difficult and dangerous, nor yet the number of icebergs that crowded the narrow channels, and of which he, on one occasion, counted no fewer than seventy; but more especially the character of the frozen masses, consisting chiefly of what seamen call bottom-ice, and the violent swells by which they were frequently agitated. The undulations thereby produced exceeded, on one occasion,

100 feet in perpendicular height; a spectacle which, however sublime, could not be contemplated without the most lively sensations of alarm; for though the *Harmony* was at the time beyond the reach of the most violent agitation, the striking of the ice against the ship's side was sufficiently severe to cause the utmost apprehension for her safety. It was, in fact, only by the constant use of fenders of tow or cable junk, let down beneath the surface of the water, and interposed between the vessel and the advancing masses, that the sailors were enabled, with the Divine help, to prevent her receiving serious, and perhaps irreparable, injury from their sharp and rugged edges. For eight days subsequent to this anxious period the vessel remained completely entrenched in the ice, not a drop of water being visible on any side of her as far as the eye could reach. At length, however, the Lord sent deliverance from these accumulated perils, and opened for her a safe though toilsome passage through the ice to the coast of Labrador. On entering Hopedale Harbour, on the 4th of August, the captain learned that it had become clear of ice only two days before; a circumstance which led him to consider as peculiarly providential the many obstacles which had hitherto opposed his progress, having every reason to believe that, had the ship been obliged to contend with similar ones in the narrow and rocky channels between Hopedale and the islands, the destruction of the vessel would, humanly speaking, have been inevitable."

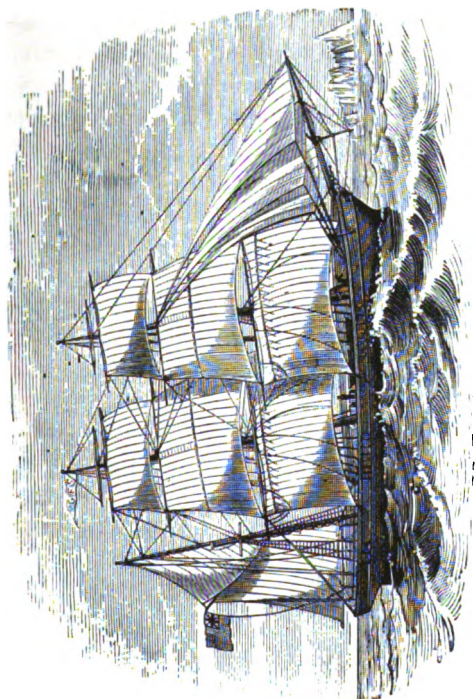
It might be wearisome further to narrate the events of the yearly voyages, though no story of Arctic navigation abounds in incidents of more thrilling adventures and wonderful deliverances. The year 1845, for instance, was a season of special danger from icebergs and ice-fields, by which the progress of the ship was greatly impeded, both

on her approach to the coast and on the passage from one station to the other. There were now four settlements established to which supplies had to be conveyed. The *Harmony* was commanded that year by Captain Sutherland, who was compelled by the quantity of ice encountered on leaving Hopedale for Nain, and by the prevailing dense fogs, to put back to the former settlement. This he had reason afterwards to consider a very providential circumstance, as it would have been scarcely possible for the ship to have weathered the storm which shortly after ensued in a channel encumbered with ice and abounding with unknown sunken rocks. Before the *Harmony* took her departure from Hebron on the 8th of September, the weather was so severe that the snow lay eighteen inches deep on her decks, and the mountains encircling the bay raised their white summits high above the surrounding vapour. The sea outside was studded with icebergs, some of them of gigantic dimensions.

In 1853 the difficulties of the voyage were even greater. Only one of the stations could be visited, the vessel being assailed by a violent storm, from the N. and N.N.W. soon after quitting Hopedale, and driven nearly 400 miles out to sea. Renewed attempts to reach the coast were frustrated by storms, but happily the European letters and stores had been landed at Hopedale, and from thence were in time forwarded by post-kayaks to the other stations.

On several occasions the *Harmony* had the satisfaction of bringing back to Europe the survivors of crews of vessels that had been wrecked at various parts of the coasts, and had found their way to the Society's stations, where they were treated with great kindness by the civilised and Christian Eskimos.

As time advanced, it was found necessary to build a larger vessel, with the advantage of every modern improve-



THE MISSIONARY SHIP "HARMONY."

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ment in construction, and this, the fourth *Harmony*,¹ was launched at Yarmouth on 24th April 1861 from the yard of Messrs Fillows & Sons. She is a barque of 250 tons register, and sailed from the Thames under the command of Captain Henry Linklater, who has been the master of the ship down to the present date. The missionary ship has ever since continued her annual voyage, with the same success and Divine blessing as in olden times. Captain Henry Linklater, a worthy successor of Captain White, who retired from the service in 1862, is a veteran now of long service, but still zealous in the good cause, and possessing the full confidence of all the friends of the Mission. He has under him always some men who acknowledge their dependence on the Lord, whom winds and waves obey, and men accustomed in seasons of difficulty and peril to seek His counsel, help, and blessing, while performing their duty in the best style of British seamen.

To the chief vessel there have been subsequently added a smaller ship, the *Cordelia*, a schooner of 160 tons, and also a steam-launch, used as a tender for the other ships, and of great use on the Labrador coasts.

In 1888 the Moravian Mission stations were visited by the Rev. R. La Trobe, the voyage being made in the *Harmony*. She left London on the 23rd June, and Stromness on the 6th July, and arrived at Hopedale August 3rd, returning to London October 26th. The whole expedition occupied 125 days, or nearly eighteen weeks. A most interesting account of the voyage, and of the affairs at the Mission stations, has been published at the Moravian Mission Agency, 32 Fetter Lane.

May God protect and prosper the Labrador Missionary ships!

LOSS OF THE 'ROYAL GEORGE.'

ON the night of August 29, 1782, an express arrived at the Admiralty, London, bringing the melancholy news of the loss of H.M. ship *Royal George*, 100 guns, with the greatest part of her crew. She had just returned from a cruise, and before going to sea again, was to undergo what sailors call a "parliament heel," viz., tilting up one side of the ship, while repairs below water-mark on the other side are being effected, thus avoiding the delay of going into dock. A gang of men from the Portsmouth dockyard were on board to assist the ship's carpenters. It was found necessary to strip off more of the sheathing than had been expected, and the heeling of the ship was partly in order to allow a water-cock to be fixed to the ship's well. While this was being done, a sudden squall threw her over still more, and the guns rolling to the lower side, she could not be righted before the water rolled in at the portholes. She quickly filled and went to the bottom.

The catastrophe happened about 10 A.M. Admiral Kempenfelt was in his cabin writing. Most of the sailors were between decks, and some hundreds of visitors were on board; some of them traders, but mostly friends of the sailors, and women and children, bidding them farewell. So sudden was the calamity, that comparatively few were saved, chiefly those who happened to be on the upper deck. It is probable that at least a thousand, perhaps eleven

hundred, perished, including most of the crew of eight hundred. The Government allowed £5 to each of the seamen who were saved, as compensation for the loss of their things, and there were only seventy-five seamen on this list.

Among the few officers who were saved was a midshipman who afterwards, as Sir Philip Charles Durham, K.C.B., became a distinguished admiral. He was one of the last of the great sea-captains of the French war, a Fifeshire man, who, after a career of distinguished service, died full of honours in 1845, at the age of eighty-two. In February 1793, when in command of the *Spitfire*, two days after the opening of the war at that time, he took the first tricolour flag that was struck to the British ensign; and by a singular coincidence, the last French colours, at the end of the long war, were hauled down on his summons at Guadaloupe in 1815. He fought at Trafalgar, and was a personal friend of Nelson and of Collingwood. Many interesting facts of his life are recorded in Colonel Fergusson's "Memoirs of Henry Erskine and his Times," Sir Philip Durham being a cousin of the Erskines. This is only one example of bye-notes connected with the loss of the *Royal George*.

In another well-known book of biography, "The Lives of the Brothers Haldane," there is an account of the terrible disaster by Robert Haldane, then serving in the navy on board the *Foudroyant*. Mr. Haldane witnessed the sinking of the vessel, and with a boat's crew was speedily at the spot, and one of the most active in picking up and saving the survivors. He estimates that there must have been nearly twelve hundred on board, and that nearly a thousand were drowned.

The *Royal George* was the oldest first-rate man-of-war in the navy. She was built at Woolwich; the keel was

laid down in 1751, and she was hauled out of dock in July 1755, it not being usual then to launch ships of so large a size. She was pierced for 100 guns, but carried 105. Anson, Boscawen, Rodney, had each commanded her, and she carried the flag of Lord Howe in the famous engagement with the French under Conflans. When Kempenfelt was appointed, he was second in command to Lord Barrington, whose squadron had the duty of protecting our shores and commerce, menaced on the one hand by the Dutch, and on the other by the French and Spanish fleets. The "grand fleet," as it was called, was stationed in the Channel off Spithead. The *Royal George* had been at Brest watching the French, and had returned to get ready for a grand expedition intended for the relief of Gibraltar.

The melancholy story of the loss of the *Royal George* derives yet a deeper interest, besides the weakening of the navy at an important crisis and the death of so many gallant seamen, from the history and character of the Admiral in command. The father of Kempenfelt was of Swedish origin. He was an officer of the British army in the reign of Queen Anne, and was believed to have sat for the character of Captain Sentry in Addison's club in the *Spectator*. His son, born at Westminster in 1718, obtained his commission as lieutenant in the navy in January 1741. In 1756 he was made master and commander, and was soon after appointed to the *Alexander*, 74 guns. At the commencement of 1779 he sat as one of the members of the court-martial for the trial of Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser. In 1782 he got the command of the *Royal George*. He was a man highly distinguished in his profession, and was also a man universally honoured as a pious and devout Christian. There yet remain proofs of this decided and devotional spirit. At Exeter in 1777

a book was printed anonymously, "Hymns and Poems, by Philotheoro," inscribed with the greatest respect to Mr. Fletcher of Madeley, as "juvenile attempts in sacred poetry." These poems were written by Admiral Kempenfelt, and they show him to have been a man of thoroughly religious character. In one of his pieces, entitled "The Escape," he describes his own conversion, in terms of which the following stanzas will give an idea:—

"Mad is the world's delusive strife,
Her joys fallacious dreams ;
All the bright scenery of life
An idle pageant seems.

O my neglected God ! at last
Awakened I return ;
For richer consolations thirst,
For higher pleasures burn.

Pursued, redeemed, by sovereign grace,
And fled from Nature's road,
My soul contemplates Jesu's face,
And glorifies her God."

And in similar strain he describes his religious experience and his desire for fuller spiritual joy and consolation. Another striking poem is entitled "The Cry of Nature and the Voice of God," setting forth the necessity of faith and repentance, and preparation for meeting the Lord. One short piece we refer to, "Lines written at Sea off Sicily, May 20, 1769," of which this is the last stanza:—

"Wondrous are these Thy works, Thou Great Supreme !
The sage's study and the poet's theme ;
In adoration let me quickly kneel,
And thank Thee for the blessings that I feel,
Praise Thee for light whereby I gladly see
These glorious works, and in their glories THEE."

Such was Kempenfelt, who went down with the *Royal*

George, of which Cowper has sung, in one of his finest lyric poems, the story of the writing of which is well worth telling. It was towards the close of the poet's life, when that settled gloom by which his declining years were so bitterly oppressed had taken hold on him, that the poem on the loss of the *Royal George* was written. The morning of that day was dreary, cold, and dull. A chilling mist which filled the air was succeeded by a drizzling rain, making all nature both cheerless and dismal. Deeply miserable, Cowper was pacing the room backwards and forwards in a state of extreme agitation and distress. He was humming to himself the air in Handel's "March in Scipio," his steps keeping time with the music, while his thoughts were, no doubt, brooding over his own hopeless wretchedness.

Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and in rushed a lady holding in her hand an open newspaper, in which she had just been reading. "Oh! Mr. Cowper," she exclaimed, greatly excited with the melancholy tidings, "have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened? The *Royal George* has gone down into the sea, with eight hundred men on board, and every soul has perished!" Cowper, wrapped up in his own reflections, appeared to take no notice of her or her story, but continued to walk to and fro, humming the air of the "March in Scipio" and keeping time to the music with his paces.

The lady concluded he was determined not to listen, and left the room. Nevertheless, Cowper, though he had manifested no sign of being impressed by the melancholy news, had been deeply affected. Though ever abounding in sympathy for others, he was at this time so absorbed in his own misery that he was for the time carried away by it. His mind was struggling for very existence, and he was himself on the verge of despair.

At that instant the bell of the church began to toll as if for a funeral. The unexpected sound, and the solemnity of the associations connected with it, wrought a sudden change in him. His heart was ready to burst ; though full to overflowing with his own misery, the words had fixed themselves in his imagination, and his grief was drawn forth for the terrible loss of which he had now heard. Eight hundred brave men suddenly perishing without a minute's warning ! not on a stormy ocean nor by the horrors of war, but in harbour, in sight of land and in time of peace. He was roused to intense excitement, and seizing a pen, he gave vent to his feelings in the lines of solemn but happy inspiration which have made the event for ever memorable :—

“Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !

Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main !

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more."

Attempts were made long afterwards to recover something from the wreck, and the divers did bring up some guns and stores, but the hope that Cowper expressed was never realised. The wreck remained where she lay at first, and a buoy long marked the spot as dangerous for vessels passing. A clearance has since been made, and nothing now remains but the sad story of the loss of the *Royal George*, recorded in naval history and in Cowper's immortal lines.

One of the seamen, James Ingram, published long afterwards a narrative of what occurred within his own knowledge. We have recovered this from an old magazine, and the account of the disaster as described by a seaman is deeply interesting. Here is the narrative of James Ingram, able seaman, who escaped from the sinking ship :—

"The *Royal George* was a ship of a hundred guns. Originally her guns had been all brass, but when she was docked at Plymouth, either in the spring of 1782 or the

year before, the brass forty-two pounders on her lower deck were taken out of her as being too heavy, and iron thirty-two pounders put there in their stead; so that after that she carried brass twenty-four pounders on her main-deck, quarter-deck, and poop; brass thirty-two pounders on her middle deck, and iron thirty-two pounders on her lower deck. She did not carry any carronades. She measured sixty-six feet from her keelson to the taffrail, and being a flag-ship, the lanterns were so big, that the men used to get into them to clean them.

"In August 1782 the *Royal George* had come to Spit-head. She was in a very complete state, with hardly any leakage, so that there was no occasion for the pumps to be touched oftener than once in every three or four days. By the 29th of August she had got six months' provisions on board, and also many tons of shot. The ship had her gallants up, the blue flag of Admiral Kempenfelt was flying at the mizzen, and the ensign was hoisted on the ensign-staff, and she was in two days to have sailed to join the grand fleet in the Mediterranean. It was ascertained that the water-cock must be taken out and a new one put in. The water-cock is something like the tap of a barrel; it is in the hold of the ship on the starboard side, and at that part of the ship called the well. By turning a thing which is inside the ship, the sea-water is let into a cistern in the hold, and it is from that pumped up to wash the deck. In some ships the water is drawn up the side in buckets, and there is no water-cock. To get out the old water-cock it was necessary to make the ship heel so much on her larboard side as to raise the outside of this water-cock above the water. This was done at about eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th of August. To do it, the whole of the guns on the larboard side were run out as far as they would go, quite to the breasts of the

guns, and the starboard guns drawn in amidships, and secured by tackles, two to every gun, one on each side. This brought the water nearly on a level with the portholes of the larboard side of the lower gun-deck. The men were working at this water-cock on the outside of the ship for near an hour, the ship remaining all on one side, as I have stated.

“At about nine o'clock A.M., or rather before, we had just finished our breakfast, and the last lighter, with rum on board, had come alongside; this vessel was a sloop of about fifty tons, and belonged to three brothers, who used to carry things on board the men-of-war. She was lashed to the larboard side of the *Royal George*, and we were piped to clear the lighter and get the rum out of her, and stow it in the hold of the *Royal George*. I was in the waist of our ship on the larboard side, bearing the rum casks over, as some of the men of the *Royal George* were on board the sloop to sling them.

“At first no danger was apprehended from the ship being on one side, although the water kept dashing in at the portholes at every wave; and there being mice in the lower part of the ship, which were disturbed by the water that dashed in, they were hunted in the water by the men, and there had been a rare game going on. However, by about nine o'clock the additional quantity of rum on board the ship, and also the quantity of sea-water which had dashed in through the portholes, brought the larboard portholes of the lower gun-deck nearly level with the sea.

“As soon as that was the case, the carpenter went on the quarter-deck to the lieutenant of the watch, to ask him to give orders to right ship, as the ship could not bear it. However, the lieutenant made him a very short answer, and the carpenter then went below. The captain's name was Waghorn. He was on board, but where he was I do

not know; however, the captains, if anything is to be done when the ship is in harbour, seldom interfere, but leave it all to the officer of the watch. The lieutenant was, if I remember right, the third lieutenant; he had not joined us long; his name I do not recollect; he was a good-sized man, between thirty and forty years of age. The men called him 'Jib-and-foresail Jack,' for if he had the watch in the night, he would be always bothering the men to alter the sails, and it was 'Up jib' and 'Down jib,' and 'Up foresail' and 'Down foresail,' every minute. However, the men considered him more of a troublesome officer than a good one; and, from a habit he had of moving his fingers about when walking the quarter-deck, the men said he was an organ-player from London, but I have no reason to know that that was the case. The Admiral was either in his cabin or in his steerage, I do not know which; and the barber, who had been to shave him, had just left. The Admiral was a man of upwards of seventy years of age; he was a tall, thin man, and stooped a good deal.

"As I have already stated, the carpenter left the quarter-deck and went below. In a very short time he came up again, and asked the lieutenant of the watch to right ship, and said again that the ship could not bear it; but the lieutenant replied, with an oath, 'Sir, if you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command.' Myself and a good many more were at the waist of the ship and at the gangways, and heard what passed, and as we knew the danger, we began to feel aggrieved; for there were some capital seamen aboard, who knew what they were about quite as well or better than the officers.

"In a very short time, in a minute or two, I should think, the lieutenant ordered the drummer to be called to

beat to right ship. The drummer was called in a moment, but the ship was just then beginning to sink. I jumped off the gangway as soon as the drummer was called. There was no time for him to beat his drum, and I don't know that he even had time to get it. I ran down to my station, and by the time I got there the men were tumbling down the hatchways, one over another, to get to their stations as quick as possible to right ship. My station was at the third gun from the head of the ship, on the starboard side of the lower gun-deck, close by where the cable passes; indeed it was just abaft the bight of the cable. I said to the lieutenant of our gun, whose name was Carrell, for every gun has a captain and lieutenant (though they are only sailors), 'Let us try to bouse our gun out without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right ship.'

"We pushed the gun, but it ran back on us, and we could not start him. The water then rushed in at nearly all the portholes of the larboard side of the lower gun-deck, and I directly said to Carrell, 'Ned, lay hold of the ring-bolt and jump out at the porthole; the ship is sinking and we shall all be drowned.' He laid hold of the ring-bolt, and jumped out at the porthole into the sea; I believe he was drowned, for I never saw him afterwards. I immediately got out at the same porthole, which was the third from the head of the ship on the starboard side of the lower gun-deck, and when I had done so, I saw the porthole as full of heads as it could cram, all trying to get out. I caught hold of the best bower anchor, which was just above me, to prevent falling back again into the porthole, and seizing hold of a woman who was trying to get out at the same porthole, I dragged her out. The ship was full of Jews, women, and people selling all sorts of things. I threw the woman from me, and saw all the heads drop back again in at the porthole; for the ship had got so much on her larboard side

that the starboard portholes were as upright as if the men had tried to get out of the top of a chimney, with nothing for their legs and feet to act upon. I threw the woman from me, and just after that moment the air that was between decks drafted out of the portholes very swiftly. It was quite a huff of wind, and it blew my hat off, for I had all my clothes on, including my hat. The ship then sunk in a moment. I tried to swim, but I could not swim a morsel, although I plunged as hard as I could, both hands and feet—the sinking of the ship drew me down so; indeed I think I must have gone down within a yard as low as the ship did. When the ship touched the bottom, the water boiled up a great deal, and then I felt that I could swim, and began to rise.

“When I was about half-way up to the top of the water, I put my right hand on the head of a man that was nearly exhausted. He wore long hair, as many of the men at that time did; he tried to grapple me, and he put his four fingers into my right shoe alongside the outer edge of my foot. I succeeded in kicking my shoe off, and putting my hand on his shoulder, I shoved him away. I then rose to the surface of the water.

“At the time the ship was sinking there was a barrel of tar on the starboard side of her deck, and that had rolled to the larboard and staved as the ship went down, and when I rose to the top of the water the tar was floating like fat on the top of a boiler. I got the tar about my hair and face, but I struck it away as well as I could, and when my head came above water I heard the cannon ashore firing for distress. I looked about me, and at the distance of eight or ten yards from me I saw the main-topsail halyard block above water; the water was about thirteen fathoms deep, and at that time the tide was coming up. I swam to the main-topsail halyard block,

got on it and sat upon it, and there I rode. The fore, main, and mizzen-tops were all above water, as were a part of the bowsprit and part of the ensign-staff with the ensign upon it.

"In going down, the main-yard of the *Royal George* caught the boom of the rum-lighter and sunk her, and there is no doubt that this made the *Royal George* more upright in the water when sunk than she otherwise would have been, as she did not lie much more on her beam ends than small vessels often do when left dry on a bank of mud.

"When I got on the main-topsail halyard block, I saw the Admiral's baker in the shrouds of the mizzen-top-mast, and directly after that the woman whom I had pulled out of the porthole came rolling by. I said to the baker, who was an Irishman named Robert Cleary, 'Bob, reach out your hand and catch hold of that woman; that is a woman I pulled out of the porthole; I daresay she is not dead.' He said, 'I daresay she is dead enough; it is of no use to catch hold of her.' I replied, 'I daresay she is not dead.' He caught hold of the woman, and hung her head over one of the ratlins of the mizzen-shrouds, but a surf came and knocked her backwards, and away she went. A captain of a frigate which was lying at Spithead came up in a boat as fast as he could. I dashed out my left hand in a direction towards the woman as a sign to him. He saw it, and saw the woman. His men left off rowing, and they pulled the woman aboard their boat, and laid her on one of the thwarts. The captain of the frigate called out to me, 'My man, I must take care of them that are in more danger than you.' I said, 'I am safely moored now, sir.' There was a seaman named Hibbs hanging by his two hands from the main-stay; his name was Abel Hibbs, but he was called

Mouny, and as he hung from the main-stay the sea washed over him every now and then as much as a yard deep over his head; and when he saw it coming he roared out. However, he was but a fool for that, for if he had kept himself quiet he would not have wasted his strength, and would have been able to take the chance of holding on so much the longer. The captain of the frigate had his boat rowed to the main-stay, but they got the stay over part of the head of the boat and were in great danger before they got Hibbs on board. The captain of the frigate then got all the men that were in the different parts of the rigging, including myself and the baker, into his boat, and took us on board the *Victory*, where the doctors recovered the woman, but she was very ill for three or four days. On board the *Victory* I saw the body of the carpenter lying on the hearth before the galley fire; some women were trying to recover him, but he was quite dead.

"The captain of the *Royal George*, who could not swim, was picked up and saved by one of our seamen. The lieutenant of the watch, I believe, was drowned. The number of persons who lost their lives I cannot state with any degree of accuracy, because of there being so many Jews, women, and other persons on board who did not belong to the ship. The complement of the ship was nominally a thousand men, but it was not full. Some of the men were ashore, and sixty marines had gone ashore that morning.

"The Government allowed five pounds each to the seamen who were on board and not drowned, for the loss of their things. I saw the list, and there were only seventy-five. A vast number of the best of the men were in the hold stowing away the rum casks; they must all have perished, and so must many of the men who were slinging the casks in the sloop. Two of the three brothers belonging to the

sloop perished, and the other was saved. I have no doubt that the men caught hold of each other, forty or fifty together, and drowned one another—those who could not swim catching hold of those who could; and there is also little doubt that as many got into the launch as could cram into her, hoping to save themselves that way, and went down in her all together.

“In a few days after the *Royal George* sank bodies would come up, thirty or forty nearly at a time. A body would rise, and come up so suddenly as to frighten any one. The watermen, there is no doubt, made a good thing of it; they took from the bodies of the men their silver buckles, money, and watches, and then made fast a rope to their heels and towed them to land.

“The water-cock ought to have been put to rights before the immense quantity of shot was put on board; but if the lieutenant of the watch had given the order to right ship a couple of minutes earlier, when the carpenter first spoke to him, nothing amiss would have happened, as three or four men at each tackle of the starboard guns would very soon have boused the guns all out and have righted the ship. At the time this happened, the *Royal George* was anchored by two anchors from the head. The wind was rather from the north-west—not much of it—only a bit of a breeze; and there was no sudden gust or puff of wind which made her heel just before she sunk; it was the weight of metal and the water which dashed in through the portholes that sunk her. Indeed, I do not recollect that she had even what is called a stitch of canvas to keep her head steady as she lay at anchor.”

Such are the words of an eye-witness to the most fatal calamity that ever happened to a British ship. It may interest the reader to know that the woman who was saved, mainly by the instrumentality of the narrator of

the above, lived for more than fifty years afterwards, and attained to nearly fourscore years of age.

The stories of shipwrecks and disasters at sea are innumerable, and every year adds to the sad and dismal record. It is only when some extraordinary event occurs, such as the total wreck of the *Victory*, Admiral Balchen, in 1744, with the loss of her whole crew of 1100 souls, on the Casket Islands in the Channel, or the foundering of the *Captain* in recent times, that the whole world is shocked by the calamity. The ships lost every year are many, with thousands of lives and vast amounts of property; yet now, after more than a century has passed, we still read with painful interest the story of the loss of the *Royal George*.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF GUY FAWKES AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

THE story of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot is known, in its main facts, to English-speaking people throughout the world. Every one knows that the design was to put down the Reformed religion and to restore the Papal power in England. The attempt to do this by armed force and foreign invasion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth had been baffled by the defeat and destruction of the Spanish Armada. In the reign of James I., the successor of Elizabeth, the attempt was renewed by English traitors in the conspiracy known in history as the Gunpowder Plot. The design was to blow up the King and the royal family, with the chief estates of the realm, when assembled at Westminster for the opening of Parliament. In the confusion caused by such a catastrophe the standard of rebellion was to be raised, and the aid of foreign troops was again to be used in carrying out the revolution. How the plot was defeated by the arrest of one of the conspirators, Guy Fawkes, on the very morning of the fatal day, is also well known.

When we say that the main facts are universally known, we must say so with some reservation. Some Roman Catholic histories and school-books deny that there was any "Popish plot" at all, and say that the events formed part of a mere political movement. In one of the most widely used manuals of modern history, under the

reign of King James VI. the Gunpowder Plot is not even mentioned. Under the pretext of not perpetuating religious animosities, and not giving offence to Catholic fellow-citizens, the service of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the wonderful deliverance has been removed from the English Book of Common Prayer, and every effort is used to make the nation forget the horrible treason of that 5th of November 1605. It is the more incumbent on all who value our Protestant religion and the blessings of civil and religious liberty to do everything they can to keep alive the memory of Guy Fawkes and of the Gunpowder Plot.

It is certain that many and various schemes were in those times discussed for promoting the Papal cause, frequent meetings being held by the leaders of the Catholics and their advisers, the Jesuits; but it is also certain that an Englishman, Robert Catesby, of Northamptonshire, was the first to suggest the diabolical design of destroying at one blow the Protestant King, the Prince of Wales, and the peers, prelates, and gentlemen opposed to the Papal party, when they assembled at the opening of Parliament in November 1605 to hear the royal speech from the throne. He took into his confidence at first only three persons, and to them imparted his secret plot—John Wright, Thomas Winter, and Thomas Percy of Scotton. John Wright was a distant connection of the Percies, and brother-in-law of Thomas Percy of Scotton, steward of the Earl of Northumberland. Thomas Percy had visited Edinburgh during Elizabeth's reign, and King James, ever crafty, and seeking to secure what influence he could, had promised, when he came to England, to "tolerate mass" if privately celebrated. This promise, if ever made, was now broken, and Percy was furious at the King's duplicity. Thomas Winter, having

occasion to be at Ostend, met there an old comrade, Guy or Guido Fawkes, to whom he disclosed the whole plot, as designed by the arch-conspirator Catesby. They returned to London together, Fawkes not only approving, but offering himself heart and soul for the carrying out the plot. Thomas Percy having been also admitted to the secret, these five, Catesby, Winter, Wright, Percy, and Fawkes, met at Catesby's lodgings in London.

Catesby said that before he opened the particulars of his scheme they must all take a solemn oath of secrecy. To this they agreed, and a few days afterwards they met at a lonely house in what were then fields beyond St. Clement's Inn. The oath was one of secrecy and of fidelity to each other, and of resolution to take no needless rest till they had carried out their design. Catesby then led his companions to an upper room in the lone house, where a Jesuit missionary, named Father Gerard, was in attendance, and they united in partaking of Holy Communion after the manner of the Roman Catholic Church, confirming by this solemn act the oath which they had taken.

When Catesby first propounded his plan of blowing up the whole of those assembled to hear the royal speech, some question was raised as to the destroying friends as well as foes in the common ruin. They resolved to submit this point, as a case of conscience, to Garnett, the principal of the Jesuits in England. The question put to Garnett was "whether, to effect a great good to the Church, the innocent might be exposed to the same doom as the guilty," and this was answered by Garnett in the affirmative. Thus fortified by the decision of so eminent a casuist, and having the unquestioned authority and sanction of the Holy Father at Rome for using force against heretical princes, even

to the putting them to death, the conspirators began their preparations. All these meetings and arrangements had been made during the year 1604.

It was necessary, in the first place, to obtain premises as near as possible to the Houses of Parliament or old St. Stephen's Chapel. No difficulty occurred in effecting this, for an empty house was found with an out-building at the back, reared against the very wall of the Parliament House. Percy, who had some official position connected with the royal household, and was obliged to live part of the year near the palace of Whitehall, not far off, hired the empty house, and there was nothing strange in his taking a house in that quarter. In this house the plotters met from time to time, and laid their plans for digging through the foundation wall of the Parliament House, under cover of the out-building. This was a work far heavier than they anticipated. The wall was prodigiously thick and strong, and they could make very small and slow progress in their mining, with imperfect tools and hands unused to such labour. No working-men could be employed, for fear of their being betrayed or suspicion being aroused. They were also obliged to work as silently as possible, and remittently, one of their number always on the watch to give notice of any being near the place, when they had to cease until notice was given that they might resume their digging. Every precaution had to be taken, even to the smuggling in stores of provisions, lest the frequent entrance of so many strange persons might attract attention to the house. So they proceeded, with little respite from their toil, up to the end of February 1605.

By this time some additional conspirators had been joined in the enterprise. There was Christopher, the younger brother of John Wright, also John Grant, a

Warwickshire man, was admitted, whose place, Norbrook, lay between Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon, described "as an accomplished but moody gentleman, whose strong mansion, walled and moated, seemed a suitable place for horses and ammunition." There was Robert Winter, elder brother of Thomas Winter, and brother-in-law of John Grant. Lastly, Thomas Bates, servant of Catesby, who was taken into the confederacy, chiefly because his master thought he had suspicion of something going on, and it was thought prudent to secure him, as they did all the others, by making them take the solemn oath of secrecy and fidelity.

One day near the end of February, while at work in their mining, they were startled by hearing a loud rumbling noise nearly over their heads and beyond the wall at which they were working. For the moment they thought they were betrayed or in some way found out. After a short time of stillness, when no renewal of the noise was heard, Fawkes, ever the most daring, volunteered to go out to reconnoitre. He soon came back with the welcome intelligence that the noise was occasioned by a man named Bright, a coal merchant, whose stores were in a cellar immediately beneath the House of Lords, and who was going to sell off his stock of coals previous to removing to some other place of business.

This appeared to these fanatical men a marked and wonderful interposition of Providence on their behalf. They were tired of this tedious and laborious work; the wall was not nearly pierced, and they had begun to doubt if access was in this way possible to the House of Parliament. Here was an opportunity! They had only to hire Bright's cellar and their labours were ended.

Percy hired this cellar, no suspicion being caused by his doing so, for the reasons stated at the time he

took the empty house. The mine was abandoned, and to the coal-cellar the conspirators began to remove thirty-six barrels of gunpowder which they had gradually been accumulating in a house at Lambeth. When all the powder was safely moved, they covered the barrels with faggots and billets of wood, to give to the cellar the ordinary appearance of a storehouse of fuel. To Fawkes was intrusted the keeping of the vaulted cellar, and he assumed the name of Johnson, giving out to neighbours that he was a servant of Percy. All was securely underneath in the month of May, and they had only to wait till the assembling of the Parliament at a later period of the year. Fawkes by this time had undertaken the main responsibility and risk of firing the powder at the proper time. Meanwhile, locking the door of the cellar, and carrying off the key, he was sent by the conspirators to Flanders, where he was well known, to procure military stores, and to intrigue with the officers abroad who were known to be disaffected to the English Government.

As the chief interest of the story of the plot principally centres round Guy Fawkes, it may be well to give here the true account of his origin and career. It is quite a mistake to suppose he was a Spaniard or an Italian—a mistake to which the Christian name of “Guido” Fawkes may have given currency. He was an Englishman, born at York, and he received the name of Guy or Guye at his baptism in the Church of St. Michael-le-Belfry on 16th April 1570. When examined before the Privy Council after his arrest in 1605, Fawkes himself testified that he was a native of York, adding that his father’s name was Edward Fawkes, gentleman, a younger brother of the family, who died about thirty years before, leaving him a small patrimony, which was soon spent.

Having this clue, we are able to trace the family and

the connections of the conspirator. The family of Fawkes of Farnley was one of the oldest and most influential among the gentry of Yorkshire. Farnley Hall is still the seat of the Fawkes family, and in Murray's Yorkshire Handbook and other guides an account is given of the treasures of antiquity and of art to be seen there, including a splendid collection of pictures by Turner.

The head of the house of Farnley in the early part of the fifteenth century was a John Fawkes, who died in 1446, leaving three sons, the youngest of whom, Henry, settled at York. His son, William Fawkes, a notary or proctor in the ecclesiastical courts, and registrar of the Exchequer, married a daughter of William Haryngton, a wealthy merchant, and Lord Mayor of York in 1526. He had four children by this marriage, two sons and two daughters; the younger son, Edward, being the father of Guy Fawkes, whose baptism is recorded in 1570. How this somewhat uncommon Christian name came into the family is not known, except that it was a favourite name in the neighbourhood of York, owing to the great popularity of Sir Guy Fairfax of Scotton, recorder of York in the reign of Edward IV., and afterwards one of the justices of the Court of King's Bench.

The widow of old William Fawkes lived to the age of eighty-five, and was buried in York Minster in 1575. In her will, dated 22nd August 1570, she leaves to her infant grandson Guy her "best whistle" and "one ould angele of gould." Edward Fawkes survived his mother only a few years; dying intestate, the whole of his real estate went to his only son, Guy, as heir-at-law.

The boy was left fatherless before his ninth birthday. That his education was not neglected we learn from an incidental remark in Strype's "Life of Sir John Cheke," where he says that Sir Thomas, eldest son of Henry Cheke,

was "bred in a school at York, where he had two memorable schoolfellows, though of very different reputations—the one, Morton, Bishop of Durham, and the other, Guy Fawkes." The school where these afterwards notable men received their education was the Free School in "Le Horse Fayre," originally founded by the royal charter of Philip and Mary, and under the protection of the Dean and Chapter of York Minster.

That the parents of Guy Fawkes, and also his grandmother, were Protestants, and members of the Church of St. Michael-le-Belfry, we have documentary proof. In 1585, when Guy was in his fifteenth year, his uncle Thomas Fawkes died, leaving the bulk of his property to his two surviving nieces, and to their brother only the following trifling bequest: "To Guy Fawkes, my nephew, my gold ring, and my bedde, and one pair of sheets with the appurtenances." Nothing is said in the will about Guy's mother, from which circumstance it is inferred that she must have been already married to her second husband, Dionis Baynbrigge, a gentleman resident at Scotton, which in the latter part of the sixteenth century was the residence of several ancient families of the Roman Catholic faith.

The Percies of Scotton were also zealous Romanists, and to that family it is supposed that Percy the conspirator belonged. His wife was a sister of two of the conspirators, John and Christopher Wright, all these being perverts through the influence of Percy himself, a pervert, and described as "an enthusiastic devotee."

These details are given in order to explain clearly how Guy Fawkes, by his residence at Scotton with his stepfather, was thrown into the society of Percy, his connection with the Wrights, and also of three others of the conspirators, Thomas, Robert and John Winter. The

Winters belonged to an old Worcestershire family, but their mother was sister of Sir William Ingeby of Ripley, whose property was near Scotton, and the Winters were often in that neighbourhood. Surrounded by such influences in his early life, we understand how Guy Fawkes was led to abandon the principles in which he had been educated at York, and to be imbued with that fanaticism which led him to take so prominent a part in the nefarious plot.

On attaining his twenty-first year, Guy Fawkes came into possession of the property left to him on the death of his father. This property, consisting of various tenements and lands in and near York, he sold, and in the following year he quitted England, first going to serve as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army in the Netherlands. He was present at the taking of Calais by the Archduke Albert in 1596. He gained the notice of Sir Thomas Stanley by his courage and skill in military affairs, and was by him intrusted with an important private mission to Madrid, where he went along with Thomas Winter. Again, in 1603, he was sent by Sir Thomas Stanley and Father Baldwin from Brussels into Spain to join Christopher Wright on his embassy to Philip II., immediately after the death of Queen Elizabeth. The object of this mission was to arrange with Philip to bring a Spanish army to Milford Haven, when a force raised by the Roman Catholics in England would join him. When the attempt to resist the accession of James I. of Scotland to the throne was frustrated, the English Catholics commenced the conspiracy of which the Gunpowder Plot was the outcome.

Returning to the course of the narrative, we have seen that Guy Fawkes, alias Johnson, the servant of Percy, had left everything prepared in the cellar under the House

of Lords. On returning to England from Flanders in the summer of 1605, he found everything just as he left it. No one had disturbed the cellar, of which he had the key in his pocket. The conspirators found that the meeting of Parliament was prorogued, first till October, and again till the 5th of November. As there had been a previous prorogation, this second putting off the time of meeting caused some anxiety to the plotters, who thought it possible that their designs had been discovered, thinking no reason apparent for the prorogation to November. One of their number, Thomas Winter, accordingly went to the House in October, and his report was that there seemed to be no sign of any uneasiness or apprehension, the ceremony being gone through with easy indifference, and the few members present being heard to converse on trifling topics as they left the House.

The delay, however, proved disastrous to the conspirators. None of them had any money except Catesby, and his funds were exhausted. It became necessary to get supplies from others. Two men of wealth and position, Sir Everard Digby and Francis Tresham, were accordingly taken into the secret. Two of Tresham's sisters were married to Catholic peers, and he was also connected by marriage with Lord Monteagle. They also thought it prudent to take one Rookwood into the plot, and a poor gentleman, Kay, the owner of the house at Lambeth where the powder had been kept, and whose talk about its removal might have raised suspicion. The mere increase of numbers was perilous as to the secret being kept, but the actual discovery of the plot was due to another cause, now to be narrated.

As the day approached, the terrible 5th of November, the conspirators had several secret consultations at a wild solitary place, a house called White Webbs, near Enfield

Chase. Everything was here settled for the events of the fatal day. Guy Fawkes was engaged to fire the mine by means of a slow-burning match, allowing him time to escape before the actual explosion, which was timed to take place after Parliament had commenced its sitting.

As the time drew near, the anxiety was renewed as to the destruction of friend and foe alike, and this consideration specially weighed on the mind of Francis Tresham, whose two sisters were married to Lord Stourton and Lord Monteagle, both Catholic peers. Tresham was earnest, at the last conference at White Webbs, that some warning should be given to these peers to keep from attending the meeting of Parliament. Percy then began to be eager to save his relation and patron the Earl of Northumberland, and Kay, the decayed gentleman of Lambeth, was equally anxious to save Lord Mordaunt, who had been his benefactor, and had given food and shelter to his wife and children. Others expressed their desire to give warning to the youthful Earl of Arundel. Catesby, the most hardened of all villains, was annoyed by these signs of what he thought weakness, and he assured them that hardly any Catholics would be present at the meeting of Parliament, seeing that they knew they could not prevent the passing of new penal laws against their religion. "But," added Catesby, "with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear to me as mine own son, they must all be blown up." So the matter was left, and they separated, to await the event fixed for the 5th of November. This last consultation took place near the end of October.

On one of those autumn evenings, Lord Monteagle was sitting at supper in his house at Hoxton, when his servant entered the room and handed a letter to him.

"Where does this come from?" asked his Lordship, seeing the letter was directed to himself, but in very indifferent handwriting, which he did not recognise. The servant could not say; all he knew was that the letter was delivered at the door of the mansion, by a stranger, he thought, though it was so dark that he could not distinctly see the man's face who brought it. "What sort of a man was he?" the master wished to know, as he held the letter in his hand unopened. "A tall man, my lord, a serving-man, belike." "Does he wait?" "No, your Lordship; he went away directly he had given me the letter." As nothing more could be gathered from the servant, Lord Monteaule opened the letter. "What folly is this?" he muttered to himself, as he glanced at a line or two of the strange epistle, and turned over the leaf and saw that it was neither signed nor dated. "Here, sir, please read it to me aloud, and save me the trouble of spelling it out," he added, handing the letter to one of the gentlemen of his household, sitting with him at table. The gentleman took it and read; and as the letter is a curiosity in its way, it is here given in its original and strange spelling, and with entire absence of capital letters and stops. Here it is:—

"mi lord out of the love i beare to some of youer friends i have a caer of youer preservacion therefor i would advyse as yowe tender youer lye to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleameant for god & man hathe concurred to punish the wickedness of this tyme & thinke not slightlye of this advertisment but retyere youre self into youre contrie wheare yowe may expect the event in safti for thoughe theare be no apparence of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament & yet they shall not seie who hurts them this council is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hope god will give yowe the grace to make good use of it to whose holy proteccion i commend yowe."

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What could be the meaning of this strange anonymous letter? Lord Monteagle's first thought was that it was a silly hoax, meant to frighten him; but then some of the expressions led him to think more seriously of what might be hidden beneath the mysterious warnings. For instance, it referred to the approaching meeting of Parliament, which had been fixed for the 5th of November, and spoke about a terrible blow that was to be given to this Parliament, from which Lord Monteagle, one of the Lords of Parliament, would be safe if he would take good advice and stay in the country. This did not look quite a joke; it was too real.

"It passes my wit to spell out its meaning," thought the puzzled nobleman; "and though I may perhaps get laughed at for my pains, I will put the letter into the hands of those who are more clever at such things than I am"—meaning the Ministers of State, with whom, though a Roman Catholic, Lord Monteagle was on friendly terms. So, though it was then late, the nobleman put the letter in his pocket, and, starting off that same evening to Westminster, showed it to as many of the members of the King's Council as he could find at their posts. These Lords of the Council thanked Monteagle for the pains he had taken and the confidence he had shown, and begged permission to keep the letter to show to the King. The truth is that the mysterious warnings it contained corresponded very closely with some hints they had received from other quarters of a desperate conspiracy which was going on, though they had as yet got no certain intelligence of it. The letter was valuable, therefore, because it gave some sort of information not only of danger to the Government, but also of the time, and place, and character of that peril.

King James was at that time forty miles away in the

country, in the pleasant neighbourhood of Royston, in Hertfordshire. It was the hunting season, and the King fancied that he was fond of this country sport, though he was so timid and awkward a rider that, to prevent his falling from his horse, a peculiarly-shaped padded saddle, which made such an event almost an impossibility, was contrived for his especial use. Being thus recreating himself the King did not return to London for several days, during which time some of the Council had pretty well spelt out the meaning of the letter, aided as they were by other secret information they no doubt continued to receive, and the inquiries they as secretly made.

According to the story generally received, it was James's wonderful sagacity and penetration that first discovered the meaning of the mysterious epistle—concluding that some sudden danger was preparing by gunpowder; and that it would be advisable, before the meeting of Parliament, to inspect all the vaults under the House. But it is proved beyond a doubt that both Cecil, the Prime Minister, and Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, had read the riddle several days previously, and had communicated it to several Lords of the Council before the subject was mentioned to the King. But as this was an opportunity of flattering James on the qualities in which he most prided himself, the courtly Ministers proclaimed to the public that all the merit of the discovery was his.

It is just possible that the King, on the matter being brought before him, thought of another fatal explosion, when his own father, Darnley, had met a violent death, and he may have feared a similar disaster might be threatened.

The fact that Lord Monteagle had received a warning letter, and had handed it over to the Government, was

soon known by the conspirators, it being communicated the very next day after to Thomas Winter by the person who had read it to his Lordship at the supper-table. And this proves that, besides the actual-plotters, there were others who not only knew or guessed that a great conspiracy was on foot, but also sympathised in the design of bringing back Popery as the established religion of England.

As soon as Winter heard of this letter, he went to his friend Catesby.

"We have a traitor among us," said he, when he had given the alarming intelligence.

"If there be one, it is Tresham. I have never been easy since he was admitted into our company, though he is my relation," said the arch-conspirator.

Three days after this, Tresham returned to town, and received a message requesting him to meet his dear friends, Catesby and Thomas Winter, at their lone house on Enfield Chase. He obeyed the summons; and then, says the historian, "they directly charged Tresham with having written the letter to Monteagle; and while they accused and he defended himself, they fixed their searching eyes on his countenance. It was clear and firm, his voice faltered not; he swore the most solemn oaths that he was ignorant of the letter, and they let him go"—little thinking, probably, how narrowly he had escaped instant death by assassination.

The first thing Catesby and Winter did, on their return to London from Enfield Chase, was to send their friend Fawkes (who had not heard of the letter) to the fatal vault to see if all were right there. On his presently reporting that he had found all things just as they had been left, they "told him of the letter, and excused themselves for having placed him in such danger without a

warning." But he showed no fear, and said he was sure no one could enter the vault without his knowledge.

Matters continued in this state, without any fresh alarm to the conspirators, until the 3rd of November, which was Sunday. Lord Monteagle's gentleman, who seems to have been a spy of the gang, warned them that "the King had seen the letter, and made great account on it." Upon this, Thomas Winter sought another interview with Tresham in Lincoln's Inn Walk. Tresham seemed in great excitement and anxiety, and said he believed they were all lost men unless they saved themselves by instant flight. But the infatuated men would not flee, nor did Tresham himself either flee or seek concealment. Catesby and others were convinced that Tresham was in communication with Lord Monteagle, and perhaps with Lord Cecil. Percy urged that they should wait to see what the following day would bring forth, before they thought of other measures. It would be time enough then to escape, if necessary, as a ship, hired with Tresham's money, lay in the Thames ready to slip her cable at a moment's notice. As to Guy Fawkes, the coolest and most daring of the whole of the conspirators, he declared that nothing would move him from his purpose; and, to prove his determination, he avowed his intention of repairing at once to the vault and keeping watch there all that night.

Of the conspirators, the larger number were in London. Sir Everard Digby and one or two others were, however, at his country seat in Rutlandshire, where he was collecting a great number of his friends, under the pretext of a grand hunting party, and preparing to act as soon as the blow was first struck. Catesby and John Wright left London on the afternoon of the 4th to join them. On the same afternoon the King's Ministers were maturing their plans

for the defeat of the plot and the arrest of as many of the conspirators as possible. They determined to do nothing to interrupt the design until the night before the assembling of Parliament. On the afternoon of Monday the Lord Chamberlain and one or two attendants went quietly to the Houses of Parliament, making their visit appear as if it were only in order to see that all arrangements were duly made for the ceremonies of the ensuing day. Lord Monteagle was one of those who accompanied the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Suffolk, in inspecting the House. Descending to the basement, they pushed open the door of the cellar formerly rented by Mr. Bright, and, on entering, found themselves in presence of a tall man standing near what seemed a huge pile of wood. "Who may you be?" said the Lord Chamberlain to Guy Fawkes, who pretended to be surprised at the sudden intrusion. But in as quiet and cool a way as possible he replied, "I am a servant of Mr. Percy, one of his gracious Majesty's pensioners, and I have care of his coals and wood." "Your master has laid in a good stock of fuel," the Lord Chamberlain replied, as he retired with apparent unconcern, but with an inward certainty that he had found out what he wanted to know, and that beneath that pile of fuel was the secret of the terrible blow which "the Parliament was to receive, and yet not see who hurts them," at which the mysterious letter had hinted.

Guy Fawkes or Johnson had behaved with great coolness, and acted the part of Percy's serving-man to perfection. He thought it well, however, to go and inform Percy of what had happened. They did not think that this was more than a casual visit, and did not believe in the danger of the position. So Percy remained in his house, and Fawkes after a little time, having changed some part of his dress, went back to the vault, prepared,

when the time came, to set fire to the train-match he had laid, and not till then to look after his personal safety.

The State Council assembled that night, and the Lord Chamberlain reported what he had seen in the vault. The remark was made that the quantity of fuel was far greater than Mr. Percy could require, and an order was given for a more thorough search being made that night. The Sheriff, Sir Thomas Knyvett, with a guard of soldiers, was ordered to be ready for the purpose.

Midnight had struck on the Abbey clock. The night was dark, and there was deep silence all around. The Sheriff and his guard remained concealed in the shade of the buildings. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, when Fawkes carefully and noiselessly opened the door, and, all unconscious of the presence of the watchers, stepped out as if to breathe the fresh air and stretch his limbs, and perhaps to see what kind of a night it was. In an instant he was seized by Sir Thomas Knyvett and the soldiers, who closed upon him. He made a desperate effort to free himself, and to make for the cellar, as he afterwards declared, with the purpose of firing the train and perishing in the ruins, now that the plot was discovered. But he was at once pinioned, and dragged away. They found him dressed and booted as if for a journey, a horse, as was afterwards found, being already saddled to carry him to the ship in the river, after he had done his deadly work.

Guy Fawkes was marched off by some of the soldiers, others remaining to complete the search of the cellar. There they found two huge hogsheads and above thirty smaller barrels of gunpowder, covered with piles of firewood and billets, and also mixed with pieces of iron, by which, as with chain-shot, the explosion would be more

deadly. The train was laid from the doorway, so that the firer might have time to escape. In a corner behind the door was a dark lantern with a light. This lantern is still to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

Three matches for firing the train were found in the villain's pocket. He had a watch, a scarce article in those days, and only carried by people of wealth and position. Thus he would know the exact time to set fire to the train. Bound hand and foot, he was kept in durance vile till the Council could again be summoned. This was in the King's presence: in fact, in his own apartments in the palace—in the royal bedchamber. After a brief examination, in which he openly avowed his purpose of blowing up the assembled Parliament, with the King and his family, the King asked how he could have the heart to plot the destruction of so many persons who had done him no harm, "and my poor children," the King added, "who would have been among the victims of your cruel treason?" "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," was the only reply, which the prisoner gave in a sullen way. Asked if he had any accomplices, he would give no answer, and the Council seeing from his insolent and almost defiant demeanour that no information could be then obtained, resolved that he should be sent to the Tower of London, which he entered by the Traitor's Gate; and that means should there be used to force confession from him. These means, according to the cruel usage of the times, implied severe torture. Fawkes resolutely refused to give the names of his accomplices. He continued firm in this silence, and appeared to be fearless; confessing, at the same time, his own part in the plot, and glorying in it, with regret that it was not successfully carried out. He had, let it be observed, previously received the sacrament and received priestly absolution, so that in his fanaticism

he felt assured that his death would only be the certain entrance into Paradise!

The discovery of these accomplices was soon made, without being extracted by the torture of the rack on Fawkes. They betrayed themselves by their wild proceedings. Some of them had taken up a position on Highgate heights, where they remained in anxious expectation of the result of the explosion. Others were already on their way to join Catesby and Rookwood and Grant at Sir Everard Digby's place in Warwickshire. The tidings of the failure of the plot and of the arrest of Guy Fawkes spread through the city and to all the country round with marvellous rapidity. The conspirators fled with hot haste, and galloping on the Great North Road like madmen, they threw their cloaks into the hedges as they hurried on, to make their ride lighter. Of course there was a hue and cry after them, and all that the fugitives thought of was to put as many miles between themselves and London as fast as possible. Some of them rode eighty miles that day, and reached the hunting-seat of Sir Everard Digby, startling those who were assembled there by their sudden arrival, and themselves pale and staggering with fatigue. There was no need to announce the failure of the plot, for those in the secret knew that they were bearers of evil tidings.

All the guests at Sir Everard Digby's were not, however, in the secret of the plot. They knew that they were invited for no mere hunting expedition, for all were gentlemen of the Roman Catholic religion, and they knew that the summons was for some political design. Perceiving the anxiety and dismay of their host, and of those who arrived in such hot haste from the south, the majority of the guests took alarm, and when the next morning dawned they had disappeared, leaving Digby, Catesby,

Percy, Rookwood, and the other plotters at Dunchurch, with a few servants and retainers.

Catesby, finding that they were deserted by their friends, suggested to his fellow-conspirators that they should proceed rapidly towards Wales, where he knew that they had many sympathisers and could raise the standard of revolt. Taking horse, they rode through Warwick, seizing there some cavalry horses, leaving in their places their own tired steeds, and hence went to Grant's house at Norbrook, where they were joined by a few retainers, and where they procured some arms. Thence they rode across Warwickshire and part of Worcestershire, towards a house belonging to one of their friends, Stephen Littleton. This farm-house was called Holbeach, where they arrived on the night of Thursday, the 7th of November. On their way they called on several Catholics to arm and follow them, but "not one man," said Sir Everard Digby, "came to take our part, though we had expected so many."

Meanwhile the alarm had spread through all the country side, and the Sheriff of Worcestershire, summoning the *posse comitatus* or armed force of the county as he went, was marching upon the house at Holbeach. Here it was evident that the last stand had to be made, for it was impossible to go on to Wales, or make escape in any way now. The conspirators resolved to defend themselves in the house and yard at Holbeach. This was the 8th of November. During that night the serving-men mostly stole away. Sir Everard Digby also went out, to bring up succours, as he said; and Stephen Littleton, who had been admitted to knowledge of the plot, got out of the house and fled through fear. Singular to say, Catesby, the contriver of "the gunpowder plot," was that night nearly killed by an explosion of powder laid out before a

fire to dry, and he was terribly injured, as well as one or two of the others. Robert Winter, filled with horror and affright at what he declared was a judgment of God, left the house soon after the explosion, and came up with Stephen Littleton in a wood hard by, where they were joined by Thomas Bates, the servant of Catesby, who also made his escape.

About noon, Sir Richard Walsh, the Sheriff, surrounded the mansion, and summoned the rebels to surrender. This they refused to do, preferring to die where they were to the horrid and shameful death to which they would be exposed after trial and conviction. Upon this the Sheriff ordered one part of his company to set fire to the house, and another to make assault on the gates of the courtyard. The scene that ensued has been often depicted by artists, and in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1892 there was a striking picture by an associate of the Academy, Ernest Crofts, entitled "The Conspirators' Last Stand." In the catalogue we read, "The Sheriff with his *posse comitatus*, after some firing into the courtyard, made good his entry by breaking down the gates. The struggle was short and fierce, and when all was over, Catesby and Percy, Jack Wright and his brother Kit, lay where they had fallen, shot to death, and the others, wounded and exhausted, were prisoners in the hands of their pursuers."

The story goes that Catesby and Thomas Winter, others say Percy, standing back to back, were shot through with two bullets from one musket. Winter was severely but not mortally wounded, for he was afterwards taken to London and tried. Catesby managed to crawl into the house, and seizing a figure of the Virgin which stood in the vestibule, clasped it to his bosom and expired. John and Christopher Wright were shot down, and Percy

died of his wounds next day. Rookwood, who had been badly injured by the explosion in the night, was seized in the house and made prisoner. Of those who had previously escaped, Sir Everard Digby was overtaken near Dudley by the hue and cry; Stephen Littleton, the owner of Holbeach, was found concealed in a house at Hagley, along with Robert Winter. Bates was arrested in Staffordshire, and Kay or Keyes, of the Lambeth house, was seized in Warwickshire; and all the survivors were taken to London, and confined in the Tower for trial. There also Tresham was taken, having never left London, where he was arrested on November the 12th, four days after the death or seizure of the other conspirators.

The details of the examination and trial of the prisoners are given in state papers and other official records. It is not necessary to dwell upon them here. There was no difficulty in bringing home the guilt to all the prisoners. There were eight on trial, for Tresham, to save his own life, was willing to turn informer, and told all he knew.

The demeanour of the others was various, but generally they avowed their purpose and expressed regret at the failure of the enterprise. They believed, on the strength of the Papal teaching, that it was a service to God to rid the world of heretics, and that the end justified any means used for their destruction. The Church of Rome has never repudiated the right to suppress what it deems heresy by fire and sword, if only it had the power.

The men who planned and plotted against the reformed faith in those old times are in our day being canonised in Rome, while we in England are too much forgetful of God's merciful protection and providential deliverances. The old form of thanksgiving, removed from the Book of Common Prayer, had a special collect in remembrance of the deliverance from "the gunpowder treason," and

another collect expressed thanksgiving for the new deliverance of the Church and nation on the anniversary of the same day, the 5th of November, in 1688, by the happy arrival of King William III., when England was again in peril through Popish machinations. May God still be our protector!

Returning to the trial and the execution of the conspirators; sentence of death was pronounced according to the barbarous mode of executing traitors then in use, and the whole eight underwent this sentence, carried out on two separate days, the 30th and 31st of January 1606. It must be remembered that there was nothing special in the treatment of these malefactors. Legal processes and punishments were all cruel and barbarous in those times. All persons guilty of treason and rebellion were thus treated, whatever their creed might be. It was not as Papists, but as traitors of deepest dye, that these men suffered. Their sufferings were short and slight compared with what were common in other lands in those times. In the days of the Inquisition the most horrible and prolonged tortures were inflicted, not for crimes, but simply for professing Christian truth against Popish errors.

Of the scenes of those days we have an account in a curious and quaint tract, written evidently by an eyewitness, and published soon after the executions. The title-page runs thus: "A brief discourse upon the arraignment and execution of the eight traitors, Digby, the two Winters, Grant, Rookwood, Keyes, Bates, and Johnson *alias* Faulkes; four of whom were executed in Paules-Church-yard, in London, upon Thursday, January 30; the other four, in the old Palace yard, in Westminster, over against the Parliament House, upon Friday the next following."

In the earlier part of this tract, the writer gives a description of the appearance of the men, and of their conduct at the trial. He tells how in their imprisonment in the Tower "they seemed to feel no part of fear, either by the wrath of God, the doom of justice, or the shame of sin; but lived, as it were, with seared consciences, senseless of grace." When they came from the Tower to Westminster (by the river), "before they came into the Hall, they made some half-hour's stay or more in the Star Chamber; whither being brought, and remaining till the court was all ready to hear them, and according to the law give judgment to them, it was strange to note their carriage, even on their very countenances; some hanging down the head, as if their hearts were full of doggedness, and others forcing a stern look, as if they could fear death, never seeming to pray except it were by the dozen on their beads, and taking tobacco as if hanging were no trouble to them; saying little but in commendation of their conceited religion, craving mercy of neither God nor the King for their offences."

"Now being come into the Hall, and at the bar standing to answer their indictments, they all pleaded not guilty; but were all found guilty."

The description of the executions at St. Paul's Church Yard, and at Westminster, is painful to read. Guy Fawkes was among the four who were drawn on hurdles from the Tower to Westminster. He was the last to ascend the scaffold. "Last of all came Fawkes, *alias* Johnson, who would have set fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but yet with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck with the fall. He made no long speech, but after a sort seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind

of forgiveness of the King and the State, for his bloody intent; and then with his crosses and his idle ceremony, made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders that the land was ended of so wicked a villain."

A NIGHT ON COTOPAXI.

OF all the volcanoes of the world, the most beautiful, as well as one of the grandest, is the giant cone of Cotopaxi in the Andes. It is a volcano of perpetual activity, and has been so ever since it had a name in history. There are loftier mountains, which have once been active, and there are active volcanoes with larger craters, yielding greater quantities of lava and more tremendous in their eruptions, but the summit of Cotopaxi, so far as is known, has the greatest absolute elevation above the level of the sea, and is in constant and continuous action. Some volcanic mountains there are in the same region, such as Cayembe, a grand snow-clad mountain, almost under the equator, but they are dormant, if not extinct. Cotopaxi has been a scene of busy activity ever since it was known, with occasional paroxysms of unusual energy, but never wholly quiet or at rest.

La Condamine, in his book of American travels, relates that in 1743 flames rose at least two thousand feet above the top of the mountain. He was anxious to attempt an ascent, but as no one would accompany him, he had to abandon the project. Humboldt, at the beginning of this century, was also desirous to make the ascent, but came to the conclusion that it was not possible to reach the brink of the crater. The earliest successful ascent was made by Dr. W. Reiss of Berlin on November 27, 1872. Dr. Stübel of Dresden in 1873, and Dr. Wolf of Ecuador

in 1877 also reached the summit; and lastly, Max von Thielmann in 1878, a notice of whose journey appeared in the *Alpine Journal* of that autumn. None of these travellers stayed very long on the summit, and none of them explored more than the outside of the crater; their narratives also presenting considerable differences in respect to the height of the mountain as well as in matters of detail. It was the ambition of Mr. Edward Whymper, while in Ecuador, to make more observation, and if possible to pass a whole night on the summit. This he accomplished in February 1881, remaining on the summit during twenty-six hours, from mid-day of the 18th until 2 P.M. of the 19th, and of the experiences of that night on Cotopaxi he has given a full account in his book of "Travels among the Andes."

They started from Machachi for Cotopaxi on February 14, 1881. The party consisted of Mr. E. Whymper and the Carrels, Jean Antoine and Louis, Mr. Perring, the interpreter, six natives of Machachi as porters, three arrieros or muleteers with nine mules, and taking with them two sheep. It was the intention to make straight for the mountain, but a violent storm drove them for refuge into Pedregal, a little hamlet consisting of a farm and a few cottages. In a ruined chapel there they remained for the night. On the morning of the 15th the journey was renewed, and after passing much rough ground, laborious for the beasts of burden, they halted a little before 4 P.M. They had unexpectedly hit on the very place where Von Thielmann had stopped, as they found there a bottle containing the record of his journey. It was not a very eligible camping-ground, lacking the two necessities of water and wood; but the one was obtained by half the party going upwards in search of snow, and the others descended a long way in quest of

scrub, the leader remaining in camp, cook, journalist, and cattle-tender. The height at which the camp was pitched, we should have mentioned, was 15,136 feet above the sea. One of the sheep had been slaughtered, and choice portions had been cut and placed in pots and kettles to be stewed, a good feed having been promised to all the foragers on their return. The hours of their absence proved miserable ones to the camp-watcher. The fire could not be made to burn up, and when it did at last light up by dint of blowing, the surviving sheep took to its heels, and was only recovered after a long chase, and dragged back to the tent. Meanwhile the great pot had boiled over, and turning over into the volcanic ash, nearly extinguished the fire, and caused the whole of the mutton to be covered with gritty slime. The amateur cook had not been successful, but did his best to make the mess presentable before the return of the men.

The night of the 15th-16th passed without excitement, but in the morning it seemed advisable to improve the shelter for the people, and to sort them off, for there were too many mouths to feed. The Machachi men were told that they might all go home, or might stop if they pleased, a silvered cross being offered in addition to their pay as an inducement. The oldest of the lot and two others, after reverently kissing the cross, said they would stay; the others returned down the mountain to their homes.

The weather of the 17th was much the same as on the day before, but little was seen of the summit of the crater. The noises heard from the interior on the previous day had ceased, but about seven in the morning, the summit of the cone being for a few minutes visible, vast clouds of steam were seen continuously issuing, rolling up over the edge of the crater, and drifting

away towards the north. Storms of hail frequently came on; and both here and afterwards when encamped higher up, flashes of lightning appeared in uncomfortable if not dangerous proximity, conveying the impression that the atmosphere was saturated with electricity.

The preparations for a move to the summit were now completed. The tent was left standing and well provisioned, in case they had to make a precipitate retreat. The morning of the 18th was unusually fine, and the upper part of the cone was free from clouds during several hours. Jean Antoine Carrel was started off with two natives at 5.20 A.M., all the others following at about 6 A.M., catching up the advance party when they were about 17,000 feet above the sea. Fine views were obtained of several lofty mountains, especially of Antisana (19,335), bearing N.E. by E., at about twenty-eight miles' distance, and Cayembe (19,186), which Mr. Whympster well examined with his telescope, in anticipation of a future visit and ascent. The position of Cotopaxi itself is about forty-three geographical miles south of the equator, and thirty geographical miles south-east of the city of Quito.

As yet there had been very little of hard labour in climbing. The ascent was gradual, along a ridge sloping down from the crater towards a lower mountain, Rumiñahui. The lower camp was about 8600 feet from the nearest part of the crater, and in this distance they rose 4500 feet. Isolated snow-patches commenced at about 15,450 feet, and a little higher they were able to follow snow uninterruptedly right up to the slope upon which it was proposed next to encamp. In order to ensure regularity in the march, all were roped in line, a process which the natives did not fully comprehend; and they wondered still more at the use of the axe in cutting steps in the snow to facilitate progress. Glaciers were

observed on each side of the track, but they were so rough, and so much covered with ash, that their shape or limits could not be well recognised.

At 11 A.M. they arrived at the foot of the great slope of ash upon the western side of the summit, which extends right up to the edge of the crater, and this part proved the steepest and most laborious. It was estimated to be 700 feet high and 1100 feet long. It consisted of the volcanic ashes and dust constantly being ejected, and was piled up at the maximum angle that the slope admitted. The baggage was deposited at the bottom of the slope until the ascent was completed, which took nearly an hour. But for occasional streaks of ice, which gave some stability to the mass, the ash would have slipped down in large quantities at every step.

On reaching the western edge of the summit rim about noon, the crater was seen to be nearly filled with smoke and steam, drifting about and obscuring the view. The opposite side of the crater could scarcely be descried, and the bottom was quite concealed. As the vapours were wafted hither and thither, some general idea could be gained of the shape of the crater, though not, as a whole, seen until night-time.

Not long after their arrival, a loud roar gave assurance that the volcano (the animal, as Carrel called it) was alive. It had been settled beforehand that if an eruption suddenly occurred, every one was to shift for himself and "bolt," without regard to the belongings. When the roar was heard, *suave qui peut*, or "*It's time to be off*," was the expression written on every face; but before a word could be spoken they found themselves enveloped in a cloud of steam, not in the least uncomfortably hot, and so all concluded to remain where they were.

Mr. Whympere having resolved to encamp near the

summit, the question was as to the most suitable and safe place. After long search, the top of the lip or rim of the crater being avoided, on account of exposure to wind or the liability to harm from lightning, it was decided to make a platform for the tent upon the ash itself. This was an operation involving much time and toil, for the ash acquired no coherence by being beaten or trampled down, and the more that was raked off to enlarge the platform, the more slipped down from above. It was only by scooping channels to draw off the descending ash and fetching blocks of lava from below that at length a sufficient platform was obtained, while larger blocks were carried up, to which the ropes were attached. A rope was then rigged out from the tent up to the nearest point of the crater as a sort of handrail for more easily getting to the top, from which the camp was 250 feet distant. This being done, all were sent down to the lower camp except Whympier and the two Carrels.

Scarcely had these preparations been made when a violent gale of wind arose, and for an hour it was doubtful whether the abode could weather the storm. The squall passed, however, and the wind troubled them no more. Then came another cause for anxiety. A strong smell of india-rubber was perceived, and it was found that the floor of the tent was melting. The thermometer marked 110° Fahr. In the middle of the tent it stood at $72^{\circ} 5'$, and at the outer side of the tent only 50° . On the outside of the tent the cold was intense, being 13° Fahr. at the lowest register, four feet from the ground, and four feet from the tent on its windward side. All having plenty of wraps and clothing, no serious inconvenience was experienced; nor did the stay for a prolonged time at great elevation cause distress. During the ascent there had been per-

ceived a strong desire to sit down, as if impatient of continued exertion, and the breathing was somewhat difficult, the mouth open to inhale freely. But on the whole, there was no recurrence of any of the acute symptoms, except slight headache. In the ascent of Chimborazo there had been more distress from oppression and from feverishness, although soon passing off. Nothing was experienced of any discomfort through the night on Cotopaxi. The remainder of the adventures of that night we must tell in the very words of Mr. Whymper, permission being given for the extracts from his book.

"When night fairly set in, we went all to view the interior of the crater. We could hear the deadened roar of the steam-blasts as they escaped from time to time. One long rope had been fixed both to guide us in the darkness and to lessen the chance of disturbing the equilibrium of the slope of ash. Grasping it, I made my way upwards, prepared for something dramatic, for a strong glow on the under sides of the steam-clouds showed that there was fire below. Crawling and groveling as the lip was approached, I bent eagerly forward to peer into the unknown, with Carrel behind, gripping my legs.

"The vapours no longer concealed any part of the vast crater, though they were there, drifting about as before. We saw an amphitheatre 2300 feet in diameter from north to south, and 1650 across from east to west, with a rugged and irregular crest, notched and cracked, surrounded by cliffs, by perpendicular and even overhanging precipices, mixed with steep slopes, some bearing snow, and others apparently encrusted with sulphur. Cavernous recesses belched forth smoke; the sides of cracks and chasms no more than half-way down shone with ruddy

light; and so it continued on all sides right down to the bottom, precipice alternating with slope, and the fiery fissures becoming more and more numerous as the bottom was approached. At the bottom, probably 1200 feet below us, and towards the centre, there was a rudely circular spot, about one-tenth of the diameter of the crater, the pipe of the volcano, its channel of communication with lower regions, filled with incandescent if not molten lava, glowing and burning; with flames travelling to and fro over its surface, and scintillations scattering as from a wood-fire, lighted by tongues of flickering flame which issued from the cracks in the surrounding slopes.

"At intervals of about half-an-hour the volcano regularly blew off steam. It rose in jets with great violence from the bottom of the crater, and boiled over the lip, continually enveloping us. The noise on these occasions resembled that which we hear when a large ocean-steamer is blowing off steam. It appeared to be pure, and we saw nothing thrown out, yet in the morning the tent was almost black with matter which had been ejected. These intermittent and violent escapes of comparatively small quantities of steam proceeded with great regularity during our stay on the summit, but I cannot suppose they are continuously happening. . . . I conjecture that the fluid molten lava is as if confining steam in fissures, and the steam, struggling to burst out, issues in these explosive bursts, establishing for an interval a free vent. Then the closing-up process is renewed, till another turn of outburst. If the vent were entirely closed, the volcano would be unusually tragical."

The quantity of steam that bursts forth must sometimes be enormous. One morning in April, when Mr.

Whympers was encamped at the height of 14,766 feet on Cayembe, at a distance of about sixty miles to the N.N.E., just after daybreak they saw Cotopaxi pouring out a prodigious volume of steam, which boiled up a few hundred feet above the rim of its crater, and then, being caught up by a south-easterly wind, was borne towards the north-east, almost up to Cayembe. "The bottom of this cloud was about 5000 feet above us; it rose at least a mile high and spread over a width of several miles; and as it was travelling a little to the east of us, we had a perfect and unimpeded view of it. I estimate that on this occasion we saw a continuous body of not less than sixty cubic miles of cloud formed from steam. If this vast volume, instead of issuing from a free vent, had found its passage barred, itself imprisoned, Cotopaxi on that morning might have been effaced, and the whole continent might have quivered under an explosion rivalling or surpassing the mighty catastrophe of Krakatoe.

"We were up again before daylight on the 19th, and then measured 600 feet on the western side of the crater, and took angles to give an idea of its dimensions. I photographed it, and made final observations of the mercurial barometer to determine its altitude. From the mean of the whole, its summit appears to be 19,613 feet above the sea.

"The time to descend had now arrived, and at 11.30 A.M. our Ecuadorans should have remounted to assist in carrying our baggage down again. The weather, however, was abominable, and they preferred to leave the work to us. After depositing our more bulky stores at the foot of the great slope of ash, we tramped down to the first camp. The feet of Louis Carrel were still in a very tender state, and he could not take part in the racing,

but Jean Antoine and I went down as hard as we could, and descended the 4300 feet in 110 minutes. Two days more elapsed before animals could be brought from Machachi for the retreat, and it was late on the 21st before we got clear of Cotopaxi. The night was dark and the path invisible; but guided by the bells we gained the hamlet, and encamped once more in the chapel of Pedregal."

LOSS OF THE SHIP '*ABEONA*' BY FIRE.

THE following narrative was written by the late Rev. Edward Irving, and refers to an event occurring at the time when he was assistant to the Rev. Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow.

One night when returning to my own lodgings from the house of a friend with whom I had sat late at supper, I was passing along the darkest part, commonly called the *How*, of the Gallowgate. In the midst of the deep silence I heard a heavy footstep approaching me. We passed close to each other, when instantly the man stopped short, named my name, and took hold of my hand.

Somewhat startled, but nothing alarmed, I said, "Who are you, my friend, and where are you going at this hour of the night?"

He answered, "I am James —, and I am going to the Broomielaw to catch the first steamer in the morning to take me down to the *Abeona*, which sails to-morrow for the Cape."

This brought at once to my recollection one of our parishioners, whom, along with the elder of his district, I had visited some few days before, to converse and pray with him and his wife before their departure as settlers for Algoa Bay, in South Africa.

"Well, James," said I, "and is this the last of you that I am to see in this world?"

"I fear it, sir," said James, "for my wife is already at the Broomielaw, and I have just settled all our little matters and parted with my friends, and we sail to-morrow. But oh! sir, I am glad to see you, and count it good luck that you should be the last man in the parish to shake me by the hand and bid God bless me."

"Well, James," I said, "God grant it may be so; fear His name, be kind to your wife, be honest and true, and fear no evil."

And so, after lingering a while as loth to part, and having no interruption at that quiet dark hour, we took our several ways, little knowing what should fall out before we met again.

Towards the end of the same week I had occasion to visit a friend and brother minister at the mouth of the Clyde. While the steamboat waited to get out and take in passengers at Greenock, whom should I see standing upon the quay, with a little child in each hand, but my friend James.

The instant I recognised him I stepped out, and right glad we were to meet again.

"I did not expect to have seen you again, James, when we parted that dark night in the *How* of the Gallowgate."

"The ship has been detained," said he, "waiting for passengers who were to meet us here from different parts of the country; but we sail the next tide."

"And whose children are these?" for I knew he had no children of his own.

"They are," said he, "amongst the youngest of a very large family from the Townhead of Glasgow, who are going out along with us. There are eight of them, besides their father and mother. It is a great charge; and while their mother and my wife are gone into the town to purchase some small articles before we sail, I have taken the charge of them."

"Poor dear children," I said, and took them in my arms, and gave them some little money, which their mother might lay out for their comfort.

"Poor things," said James, "they little know what is before them."

And never spake he a truer word ; for there was before them, in a few weeks, the loss of father and mother, and brother and sister. Oh ! it grieves me still, whenever I think upon it, to remember what I have seen in all parts of Scotland, and what I saw that day upon the quay at Greenock, the heavy-hearted emigrants loitering about with such cheerless looks, with all the little store of their cottages lying in confusion around them. I question whether aught can make up to their country the loss of such a peasantry as I have seen depart by shiploads from her shores.

At the interval of many months, on a Sabbath night, after preaching to the people, when they were all dismissed and scattered on their several ways, as I was coming from the session-house, I observed a man standing by the wall of the church, as it were, to speak to me. He stopped me, and taking my hand, said, "Oh ! how glad I am to see you again, sir. Much, much has passed since we parted."

In a moment I recollected my old friend, whom, since the accounts had arrived that the ship *Abeona* was burnt at sea, I never expected to meet again. I answered, "If you are glad to see me, how much gladder should I be to see you, James, in the land of the living and the place of hope : and your wife ?"

"Ah ! sir, she is no more ;" and he was proceeding to tell me the tale of his calamity and his wife's tragic end, when I interrupted him by saying—

"Be of good comfort, James ; but this is both too long

and too sore a matter for a street conversation. Come with me to my lodgings, and take some refreshment, and then you will tell me at your leisure. It is the best night in the week for conversing of such an awful providence, and no time so fit as now, when we have been worshipping together in His house."

So we went our way.

As we walked together through one or two streets which lay between the church and my abode, I asked him when he had arrived, and what he had been doing since he came home.

"I came only yesterday," said he, "and went directly to Mr. Fraser the elder's, to tell him what had befallen me; and now, sir, I thought it better not to say anything to you till the duties of the Sabbath were over, lest you might have been discomposed by what I have to tell you."

I made no reply; but thought within myself, what a noble tribute this is to the office of a Scottish elder, and to the character of that man of God, the elder of the district in which James and his wife had lived, that a forlorn, castaway, shipwrecked man should first seek shelter and consolation in his house! Whilst these reflections were passing through my mind, we had arrived at my humble lodgings, when James, after refreshing himself with some food, proceeded with his narrative, which I shall relate as nearly in his own words as I can remember, after an interval of nine or ten years; and certainly to his particulars I shall not venture to add anything.

"We sailed," said James, "the very next tide after you parted with me and the little children upon the quay at Greenock. Although I am not superstitious, I wish my wife and the rest of the Barrys had been there to receive

your blessing as well as me; for, sir, they perished in that awful night, while I and their two little children were preserved. When we had got clear of the narrow seas and looked our last farewells to the land of our fathers, we had fine weather and favourable winds, and were making great speed on our voyage. Our sickness had worn off, we had got reconciled to our narrow quarters, and were proceeding full of cheerfulness and hope. After breakfast it was our custom to meet upon the deck and talk together of our home and friends, and lay plans for the management of our little colony when we should be landed at Algoa Bay. The sailors were very kind, and communicative of all they knew concerning foreign parts; and the children running about the deck gave an innocent liveliness to the whole scene. Our wives, after they had sorted our cabins, would come and bring their work in their hand, and everything wore a pleasant and even joyful aspect."

"Little do we know, James," said I, "what is before us; in the midst of life we are in death. It is a kind providence which hath hidden from us the future; and that is a good word, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' You will excuse my interrupting you, but I cannot repress my emotion; and you know it is my office to interpret and improve the events of Divine providence. Now, proceed with your story, and be as circumstantial as you can, for I wish to know it all."

"Well, sir," continued he, "when we were got a third of the way on our voyage, and were now in the midst of the wide Atlantic, many days' sail from any land, one morning, when the full complement of our people, passengers and all, were upon the deck, enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh sea, our ears were stunned and our hearts appalled with the wild and fearful cry of 'Fire in the spirit-room!' It appeared that our mate, most innocently but inad-

vertently (poor fellow! he afterwards sacrificed himself to the shame and grief of it), had taken a candle into the spirit-room, and let it drop out of his hand into an open cask of rum, which instantly blazed up and caught the surrounding matters. No tongue can tell the wild dismay which arose throughout the people at this fearful cry, and at the sight of the flames bursting out in the after part of the ship. Women ran to and fro seeking their children, wives their husbands, fathers collecting their families, and friends looking for their friends; and the seamen, naturally so steady and obedient in all trials, wanted in the captain a man of sufficient presence of mind and of resource for such a moment. He seemed himself to have been panic-struck; and the mate, poor fellow, was utterly unmanned by the sense of what he had done, and ready almost to destroy himself. This, added to the wild cries of the women and the screams of the children, the crowded decks, and the hurrying hither and hither, drove the captain to the hasty resolution of abandoning the ship altogether, and taking to the boats. It was a sore pity, sir, for had we been under proper direction, I was persuaded at the time, and am still, that we might have got the fire under; we were so many hands, that we could have kept all the buckets on board in continual play, passing like streams of water from the ship's edge to the seat of the fire. But there was no one to take the guidance, and all went to confusion amongst our hands; the fire gained upon us, and the distraction became more and more outrageous.

"Yet some of us were possessed of presence of mind, and myself among the rest, with Barry the father of the children, who when he saw the captain and the others drawing away with the boats, ventured to remonstrate against the cruelty of forsaking the ship, with so many

living souls in her,—men, women, and children—to perish between fire and water. But our remonstrances availed nothing. We then insisted that the long-boat, which was lying on the booms along the deck, should be hoisted out, and as many saved as possible. But even this was refused, under the influence of a panic-fear that there was not time for getting her afloat. Indeed, sir, fear and panic seemed to possess those who ought to have been the guardians of our lives. One man, indeed, was of a stouter and more generous spirit, but he had been the author of the calamity, and was overwhelmed with the feelings of the evil he had done; he scorned to save his life after having been the means of bringing so many lives into jeopardy, and, as it turned out, to an untimely end. This generous-minded but rash man remained amongst us, and coolly waited that destruction which he had brought upon so many.”

“I have often observed, James, that in the calamitous events of Divine providence, men suffer more from the effect of their excited passions than from the accident itself, and it is always so when there are many people gathered together into one place. I am glad that you were able to show the calmness of a Christian’s faith at such a trying time.”

“Truly, reverend sir, I had need of all my faith, and of all the wholesome instructions which I have heard from your mouth, when my poor wife was hanging about me, and Barry’s wife and his eight children were at our side. When we saw that our captain and the seamen were no better than the heathens with whom Paul sailed, and were about to flee out of the ship, we stood and entreated them that they would at least take some of us aboard, and save whom they could. They listened to us (for, to do the men justice, it was not want of humanity so much as

the absence of all government and direction which led them astray), and they offered to take as many as the boats could carry. Instantly we gave place to the family of the Barrys, of whom there were ten, father and mother and eight children. The father took his place by the side of the ship, and the mother handed the children to him; and I could not but observe the force of natural affection, leading her to begin with the youngest, then the next, and so ascending upwards till she came to the eldest daughter just arrived at the maturity of womanhood. The boats not being able to contain more, pushed off, and left us to our fate. For a moment we seemed to forget our misery in the safety of these children: the father, and the mother, and the daughter seemed now content to perish."

"James, you make me weep. Was it even so, that at such a moment fraternal affection stood so true, and that these two children, whom I kissed and blessed upon the quay at Greenock were thus wondrously preserved? I will not forget this, James; I will preach it to the people. Now I pray you to recall every circumstance connected with that direful event; I feel it to be so very instructive."

"Indeed, sir," continued the narrator to his listening friend and pastor, "indeed, sir, it comforts my heart to tell my tale to one who has so much patience and pity. I will relate everything with which I can charge my memory."

"When we were left to ourselves, those of us who had most presence of mind and self-command, myself among the number (for I was a little practised about boats in my youth), set ourselves to hoist out the long-boat, believing that if we could succeed, the greater part of us might yet be saved. We got up a tackle, strained every nerve, and exhausted every contrivance, as men contending between life and death; and we had suc-

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ceeded so far as to raise her to the very level of the gunwale, when, to our inexpressible horror, the fire took the ropes connected with the tackle, and down it came, disappointing our hopes, and sealing the fate of all who had not escaped in the boats."

"Except yourself, James; and how were you delivered? I am impatient to hear. It seems as if all hopes were gone, and yet I now see you. By what wonderful providence did you escape?"

"Wait a bit, sir; I will come to that. About this time darkness had set in, and we could no longer descry the boats. We were left to the contemplation of the miserable end that awaited us. The fire was gaining fast and forcing us towards the fore part of the ship, where we stood crowded together like sheep penned for the slaughter. When I look back, and bring to my mind the image of the scene—the flaming ship on which we stood, the red glare of light upon our horror-struck countenances, the sea gleaming and glistening with our death-fires, and yawning to receive the burning pile and the doomed victims, I wonder at the presence of mind which was given to me at that hour, and the means I was able to take for my own and my wife's preservation. I took her by the hand, and having spoken some few words to comfort her and to explain the plan which I had conceived, I placed her in the fore-chains of the ship, the farthest possible from the fire.

"Before it became dark, I had observed several pieces of wreck floating about; to reach one of these and carry my wife to it seemed to afford the only possible chance, however slender, of escape. In this mind, having placed her in safety, I betook myself to swimming, and after a time reached what I desired. With this slender

succour I returned, and having got my wife upon it the best way I could, I wrought it out of the wake of the burning ship, until we seemed beyond the reach of the conflagration. Had I now rested content, and attempted no more for her safety, I should have had no reflection upon my mind concerning my poor wife—we should have lived or perished together; but I did it for the best, though I lost by it one who was dearer to me than my own life.”

“I am very sorry for you, James. These tears and your present agitation show me what I knew already, that you both loved your wife, and would have perished for her; but it was otherwise ordered of God, and it is our part to be resigned to His decree. Compose yourself and proceed.”

“The piece of wreck on which she was seated was not able to bear us both up; and I felt that unless some more support could be procured, my strength must soon fail, and both of us must perish. To procure this was now my care, and having instructed my wife to preserve her mind composed and to keep her seat steadily on the piece of wood, I betook myself again to the open sea in search of more wreck. This time I was not so fortunate as before, and after wearying myself in vain, I sought to return to my poor wife. But whether she had drifted away from the place where I left her, or, agitated by the terrors of the seas and the screams that came through the darkness from the burning ship, she may have lost her steadiness, and in moving had been upset, it is too certain that I saw her no more. I called her name aloud with all my strength, but no answer broke the silence. Thus deprived of her whom my soul loved, I was ready to fold my hands in despair and resign myself to the mercy of my Creator;

but a hope still lingered that I might yet find her on the waters, and, breathing a prayer for strength, I continued my battle for life.

"The night was calm, and the smooth sea favoured my swimming, and I sometimes felt as if I had received strength beyond my own, for I never thought I could have sustained myself so long. While I was thus, without any direction of any kind, bearing myself up amidst the dark waters, careful only to keep at a distance from the burning ship and the sounds of misery and despair floating towards me, yet straining my ears and eyes to hear or see anything which might lead me to her whom I blamed myself for leaving, I heard what seemed the sound of a ripple, as upon the side of something floating in the water. Following the sound, I swam towards the place, thinking it might be the piece of wreck on which I had left my wife, or some other object on which I might rest my weary limbs. What was my surprise when, coming close beside it, I found it was the ship's boat deeply laden with people. I was worn out, and laying my hand on the side of the boat, I prayed and implored them, by the love of God, to take me in and save my life. With difficulty they made room for me, and thus was I preserved from a watery grave.

"Of my poor wife I never heard or saw anything again. I fear she perished during the night, for though I besought all to keep a diligent look-out for anything that might be seen floating, we saw nothing all that weary night but the burning ship, where so many of our friends and fellow-creatures were waiting their end.

"Oh sir, it was a fearful sight to witness, as by the light of the flames we could notice the distraction of the people and hear their miserable cries. We observed that, as the fire approached, they drew themselves as far from

it as possible, crowding to the ship's fore-castle; and many were seen clinging and lashing themselves to the bowsprit, in the faint hope that it might perhaps be disengaged from the burning mass, or be extinguished in the water, so as to give a last chance of escape. Some bolder spirits, growing impatient of the slow and protracted end, were seen to plunge headlong into the ocean, but the greater part clung to the wreck, out of the strong instinct of self-preservation, and perhaps retaining faint hopes that even yet the fire might exhaust itself, and leave wreck enough to support them till some friendly vessel might appear. But it was otherwise determined by Providence. Shortly after midnight the vessel was observed to make a heavy lurch forward. There arose almost at the same instant one of the most terrific screams I ever heard; then a deep plunge, and the ship and all vanished from our sight. All was dark and silent as death. Oh! I shall never forget that scream of sudden horror which came from the burning ship as the people were about to descend quick into the deep, nor the groan of anguish and dismay with which it was answered from the boat, in which I was so miraculously preserved."

"Stop, James; pause a little that I may recover myself. What a fearful and sudden end of many of our townsmen, and you left almost alone of the many emigrants to tell the tale! I could say much about this, and about the causes that led so many of our fellow-countrymen having to leave their own land. But I refrain, because I am so anxious to hear the conclusion of your narrative, and what befell you in the boat that night."

"The boat, sir, was so crowded that there was barely room to sit in any way, and no room at all to work her, even if we had the means. In such haste were the men to shove off, lest they should be overcrowded and sunk,

that they were without oars or compass, and, what was worse, without a morsel of food, and only one small cask of water, which had been lying by accident in the bottom of the boat. For my part, I believe there was a great providence in it; for during such a night of excitement and of horror none seemed to feel any hunger. Some of us were parched with thirst, and the little cask was almost empty by the break of day.

"Never was a company of the Almighty's creatures in a more helpless condition: without food to eat, without water to drink, without room to turn ourselves, or power to attend to the wants of nature, heart-broken many for the loss of nearest and dearest friends, we lay helpless on the wide ocean, at the mercy of the first wind that might arise to agitate the bosom of the deep. There we sat, looking into each others' faces, and reading our anxiety in each others' looks. Few words were spoken. Every eye wandered far and wide over the waters, and was strained in the hope of discovering the appearance of some friendly sail.

"Hour after hour passed, and gloomy silence prevailed. Hunger began to assail us, and famine stared us in the face. At length, after long waiting and watching, about mid-day one of the seamen called out, 'A SAIL!' The word brought new light on every countenance and new hope into every heart. A shout of joy and thankfulness soon burst forth from all in the boat, as every eye was fixed on the distant ship. Then followed a time of heart-rending anxiety whether the ship would observe us or not. For long the seamen hung in doubt, but at last, by a sudden change in her course, all were convinced that we had been observed, and that she was bearing down upon us. Then the joy was increased when we clearly saw that they were shaping their course our way.

Friend spoke to friend in congratulation; our mouths were opened, and we praised God, and felt as if a second time we were delivered from death. But conceive our horror and indignation when we saw the vessel, now almost within hail, all at once change her course and bear away, as if on purpose to avoid us. The excitement was now intense; never were men so tossed between hope and despair, joy and grief; and I doubt not that, if others were exercised like me, many a prayer rose to God that the stranger would pity our calamity. The prayer was heard; for after a good while the ship was seen again to stand about and to bear down upon us as before.

"The reason of this double change of purpose we learned after we were taken on board the ship which rescued us. The captain having come near enough to perceive that we were a large company of wretched men, without anything but our lives, began to hesitate, and to ask himself whether his provisions would last with such a large increase of mouths to feed; and being a man of cold heart and a proud spirit, he gave the command to bear away and steer another course. But his seamen, communing among themselves, and gathering courage from their unanimity, refused to work the ship unless the captain would go to our relief. They even offered to give up half their rations and allowance for our use if he would consent. Thus entreated, and under compulsion, the captain was fain to comply; and to this generous resolution of a Portuguese crew, to this strong reaction of natural feeling against calculating duty, it is, under God, that we owe our lives.

"It was a Portuguese ship, bound to Lisbon from some of their settlements in South America, which, in her course over the wide Atlantic, was directed by a gracious Providence to deliver so many of us from a fearful death.

Being taken on board, we had many hardships to endure. We were forced to stay on deck all day, exposed to the sun's heat, and to lie all night without covering, under the dews, and damp and cold. We were often trampled upon by the imperious captain, which our free blood could ill brook; and when one murmured aloud, he drew his cutlass and with a blow laid open his cheek; yet we were thankful that he escaped with his life.

"But all our troubles came to an end when we arrived at Lisbon, and the news of our disaster reached our Consul there. The British merchants and residents took us to the Factory, and provided for us as if we had been of their brethren and kindred.

"After they had refreshed and restored us with good and comfortable living, they clothed us with everything that our wants required, and proceeded, with great wisdom and kindness, to put us in the way of supporting ourselves. For those who were seamen by profession they procured ships, and to those of us who wished to return home they furnished a free passage, and gave to each a small sum of money to help us on to our friends. The young women were taken into service, and many of the lads got employment in the Factory, while the little children were sent home to their own country. And so, sir, these two little children, whom you parted with in my hand on the quay at Greenock, return again in my hand to their native land, after having lost father and mother and being themselves wonderfully preserved. Great, very great, was the kindness of these British merchants at Lisbon, and it was shown even to the harsh and cruel captain, who, but for his honest-hearted crew, would have left us to perish in the midst of the wide ocean. To him they presented a golden bowl, with an inscription upon it commemorative of the preservation of

so many of their countrymen, whereof he had been the unwilling and unworthy instrument."

This was the tale told to me on that Sabbath night after the evening service, sitting by the fireside. Whether it is correct in all its details I cannot say, for I never compared it with the written and published accounts of the loss of the *Abeona*. I may in the telling of it have given it the colour of my own mind, but I have not consciously added or altered anything. When we had offered our thanksgivings together, and prayed for ourselves and all who had been instrumental in his preservation, James went his way to another part of the country, and I saw him not again. I learned that, after more than a year, he took to himself another wife, and once more set out from Greenock as a settler in South Africa, where I trust he could still tell the wonderful tale of his deliverance, and acknowledge the bountiful Providence which had preserved him.

The citizens of Glasgow, than whom a more generous and hospitable people live not in Scotland or any other land, instantly promoted a subscription for the sufferers from the wreck of the *Abeona*, and left the administration of it to a man whom I will not characterise otherwise than that he has always to me been the beau ideal of a worthy magistrate and citizen. Some weeks after the calamity was noised abroad, I chanced to be a guest at his hospitable table, and was honoured by him to read, in the hearing of the ladies before they went to the drawing-room, two letters which he felt to be honourable to womanhood. They were from a worthy lady, the wife of a naval officer who lived on the coast of Kent, entreating that one of the two orphans of the Barry family should be sent to her, that she might bring up the little one as her own child. The letter

contained all the arrangements for their meeting in London, drawn up with a mother's care. But our worthy magistrate, while he admired the generosity of the letter, felt it to be his duty to ascertain the identity of the person before giving up his charge. This prudent delay brought a second letter from the earnest woman, who obtained her wish, being found in all respects worthy of the charge. The other child I afterwards saw at a country village not far from Glasgow, beside the manufacturing works of that noble-minded and generous citizen; and of them I have heard nothing since. He who is the Father of the orphan will be a father to them, and to all who put their trust in Him.

Such is the narrative of the loss of the *Abeona* as told by the Rev. Edward Irving. It has been in print before, but has been seen and can be known by few. In the *Life of Edward Irving* by Mrs. Oliphant we are told that it appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* as long ago as 1828, and that it is the only descriptive paper ever written by the great preacher, excepting a "Tale of the Times of the Martyrs," written for his countryman, Allan Cunningham, some years before, and which will be found in an annual called the "Anniversary," of which only one volume ever appeared. We may well share Mrs. Oliphant's surprise that Irving found time for writing his narrative of "The Loss of the *Abeona*" at the very height of his labours and his popularity in London. We are sure that many will be gratified by reading a story of the sea, so minute and so graphic, by a man so celebrated as Edward Irving.

THE WRECK OF H.M.S. 'WAGER,'

WITH ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTERS AND TRIALS
OF HER CREW.

THE wreck of the *Wager*, one of the ships of Anson's squadron in his memorable expedition, is a story of stirring interest. Anson himself did not know what had become of her till he got back to England, years afterwards. He then learned that the *Wager* had been cast away, a total wreck, upon a desolate island on the coast of Patagonia. The tidings first became known in England by the publication of a statement by Mr. Bulkeley, one of the warrant-officers, who had left Wager Island (as it was called after the wreck), and who, after many difficulties, reached England with a portion of the crew.

Bulkeley, and the men led by him, made their escape in the long-boat, passing through the Straits of Magellan, and leaving Captain Cheap, the commander of the ship, on the island. The captain's resolve was to make his way through the great continent of South America to regain his native land, and this he ultimately effected, with a few of the survivors of the wreck, among whom was the Honourable John Byron, a midshipman of the fleet. In the year 1768, twenty-two years after his safe return to England, Byron (who was grandfather of the poet) first published his "Narrative," at the request of many friends. The title-page shows how, besides the relation of the

wreck, an account is given of "the great distresses suffered by himself and his companions on the coast of Patagonia from the year 1740 till their arrival in England, 1746; with a description of St. Iago, the capital of Chili, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants."

In his preface, Mr. Byron, in referring to the departure of Bulkeley and the majority of the crew, remarks, "It is but justice even to this ungovernable herd to explain, that though they appeared to be mutineers, they were not actually such in the eye of the law; for till a subsequent Act (passed by the influence of Lord Anson when at the Admiralty), the pay of a ship's crew ceased immediately upon her wreck, and consequently the officers' authority and command then ceased.

The narrative is throughout so full of excitement and interest, that an abstract of it may well be given. The book itself is rare, and now almost forgotten.

The *Wager*, though rated as one of His Majesty's ships, was an old Indiaman, fitted out as a man-of-war for the occasion of Anson's expedition. Having plenty of storage capacity, she was now made to serve as a store-ship, and was deeply laden with all kinds of careening gear, military and other stores for the use of the other ships; and what is more, crowded with bale goods and encumbered with merchandise. A ship of this quality and condition was ill-fitted for working with ease and readiness, such as would be necessary in the services she was to take part in, as well as for safety in the heavy seas she was certain to encounter.

Then as to the crew, it consisted of men pressed, after return from long voyages, to be sent on a distant and hazardous service. The land forces on board were merely a poor detachment of infirm and decrepid invalids from Chelsea Hospital, desponding under the apprehensions of

a long voyage. No wonder that Captain Kidd, under whose command the ship sailed, should have from the first shown little heart for his work. He very soon fell into ill-health, and died early in the voyage.

At his death he was succeeded by Captain Cheap, who kept company with the squadron till it had almost gained the southernmost mouth of the Straits le Maire; but the time of disaster was not far distant. By a great roll of a heavy sea the mizzen-mast was carried away, all the chain-plates to windward being broken. Soon after, hard gales at west coming on with prodigious swell, a heavy sea broke in upon the ship, which stove the boats and did other damage. These accidents were the more disheartening as the carpenter was at the time on board another ship of the squadron, the *Gloucester*, and detained there by the incessant tempestuous weather. In a few days he returned, and supplied the loss of the mizzen-mast by a lower studding-sail boom; but this expedient, together with the patching up of the rigging, gave only a poor temporary relief. It was soon found necessary to cut away the best bower anchor to ease the foremast, the shrouds and chain-plates of which were all broken, and the ship was in all parts in a most crazy condition.

Thus shattered and disabled, and having by this time lost sight of the squadron, there was the additional mortification of finding themselves bearing for the land on a lee-shore, having thus far persevered in the course they held from an error in conjecture; for the weather was unfavourable for observation, and there were then no charts of that part of the coast. The officers of the ship represented the danger to the captain, but he was unwilling to depart from the orders of the Commodore, who had charged him to make straight for Socoro, near the first place to be attacked, Baldivia, the capture of which could

not be effected in the absence of the ship which carried the chief part of the ordnance and military stores. The knowledge of the great importance of giving so early and unexpected a blow to the Spaniards determined the captain to make the shortest way to the point in view, and the rigid adherence to orders, from which he felt himself in no case at liberty to depart, begot in him a stubborn defiance of all difficulties and took away from him those apprehensions which so justly influenced his officers, who, from ignorance of the orders, had nothing present to their minds at the moment but the threatening dangers of a lee-shore. So Captain Cheap held his course for Socoro, heedless of the perils of being entangled with the land stretching to the westward.

Off that island the Commodore, with the utmost hazard, cruised more than a fortnight, and along the coast in its neighbourhood, expecting the arrival of the *Wager* according to the orders given after a council of war held on board the *Centurion*. Why the *Wager* was unable to get to Socoro has now to be told.

For some time there had been signs of proximity to land, from the appearance of seaweed and of birds, which are usual indications of nearing the coast. At length a distant and dim view was obtained of an eminence, which was conjectured to be one of the mountains of the Cordilleras. If Captain Cheap was persuaded of the nearness of danger, it was now too late to avert disaster. At this juncture the straps of the fore-jeer blocks breaking, down came the foreyard; and the greatest part of the men being disabled through fatigue and sickness, it was some time before it could be got up again. The few hands who were employed in this business now plainly saw the land on the larboard beam, bearing N.W., upon which the ship was bearing. Orders were then given

immediately by the captain to sway the foreyard up and set the foresail; which done, they wore ship with her head to the southward, in the endeavour to crowd her off from the land. But it was too late. The weather, from being exceedingly tempestuous, was now blowing a perfect hurricane and right in upon shore. The efforts of the few sailors still fit for duty—not above a dozen hands of all the crew—were entirely fruitless.

Night came on dreadful beyond description. Attempts were made to throw out the topsails to claw off the shore, but these were instantly blown from the yards. About four o'clock in the morning the ship struck. The shock was not unlike the blow of a heavy sea, such as had often in previous storms been experienced, but they were quickly undeceived by the ship again striking, more violently than the first time, and the shock laid her upon her beam ends, the sea making a fair breach over her. Every person that now could stir was presently on deck, and some were alert in this emergency who had not showed their faces upon deck for above two months before. Several poor wretches, prostrated in the last stage of scurvy, and who could not get out of their hammocks, were immediately drowned.

In this terrible situation the ship lay for some little time, speedy death for all seeming imminent, as nothing could be seen but breakers all around. However, a mountain sea hove the ship from the reef on which she lay; but she presently struck again and broke her tiller. The scenes at this critical time were fearful to witness. Those who had been reduced by long sickness became now, as it were, bereaved of all sense or power of motion, and were bandied to and fro by the jerks and rolls of the ship like so many lifeless logs. Several seemed bereft of reason, and one poor maniac, in the ravings brought on by despair, was stalking about flourishing a cutlass over his

head, and threatening to cut down every one he came near, till his companions knocked him down senseless for their own safety. Another was rushing to throw himself over the rails of the quarter-deck into the sea, but was prevented by being also knocked down by some one near.

At the same time there were not wanting those who maintained a calmness of spirit and courage truly heroic. The man at the helm, though both rudder and tiller were gone, like a British sailor of the best type, kept his station; and being asked by one of the officers if the ship would steer or not, first took his time to make trial of the wheel, and then answered with as much respect and coolness as if the ship had been in the greatest safety, and immediately after applied himself to his duty with his usual serenity, persuaded that it did not become him to desert it as long as the ship kept together.

This man's name is not recorded; but that of the mate, Jones, we know, and his conduct makes it a pleasure to repeat it with honour. At the time of the most imminent danger, Mr. Jones not only showed himself undaunted, but strove to inspire the men with the same resolution. "Don't let us be disheartened, my lads," he said; "did you never see a ship among breakers before? Let us try to push her through them. Come, lend a hand; here is a sheet and here is a brace, lay hold; I don't doubt but we may stick her yet near enough to the land to save our lives." This cheery word had so good an effect, that many who were before half-dead made new efforts, and went to work in right earnest. Mr. Jones said afterwards that he spoke thus to keep up the spirits of the men as long as possible, though he thought there was little hope then of a single man being saved. Jones got safe to land, and an equally wonderful escape he had years after-

wards when the *Lichfield* man-of-war was wrecked on the coast of Barbary. He survived to tell the story of both these disastrous wrecks; and it is by the character and the traditions of such men that the true and noble spirit of British sailors is maintained.

With great exertions, prompted by the officers and the mate, the ship was run in between an opening of the breakers, where providentially she stuck fast between two great ledges of rock, that to windward giving some shelter from the violence of the sea. Immediately the main and fore mast went; but the ship kept bending in such a manner that none thought it could hold together for any time.

So the night passed till day broke. The weather, that had been extremely thick, cleared for a few minutes, and gave a glimpse of land not far distant. The struggle for saving their lives now stirred the whole crew. To get the patched-up boats out was a work of some time. Many jumped into the first that was ready—so many that they very narrowly escaped being swamped before reaching the shore. The captain, who had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder the day before by a fall, as he was going forward to get the foreyard swayed up, was pressed to go on shore, but declared he would be the last to leave the ship. Whatever errors of judgment Captain Cheap may have made, he showed the utmost gallantry, and gave his orders with the same coolness during that season of danger as through the previous part of the voyage.

The scenes on the ship were now in strange contrast to the time when hope seemed all but lost. Many who had been on their knees crying for mercy, now that the pressing danger seemed over, began to break open every chest and box within reach. Some stove in the heads

of casks of brandy and wine as they were borne up the hatchways, and got so drunk that several were drowned on board, and their bodies floated about the decks for some days after. Most of the officers saved not a rag but what was upon their backs. The boatswain and some of the people swore they would not leave the ship so long as there was any liquor to be got at; upon which Captain Cheap suffered himself to be helped out of his cot, put into the boat, and carried on shore.

At this point of the narrative we must quote the words of Lieutenant Byron describing his own feelings on being saved from the shipwreck and the gloomy prospects before them on shore. "It is natural to think," says Byron, "that to men thus on the point of perishing by shipwreck, the getting to land was the highest attainment of their wishes. Undoubtedly it was a desirable event; yet, all things considered, our condition was but little mended by the change. Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself. On one side the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea, presented us with the most dreary prospect; on the other, the land did not wear a more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of cultivation, we could hope to receive little other benefit than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. It must be confessed this was a great and merciful deliverance from immediate destruction; but then we had wet, cold, and hunger to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of these evils. Exerting ourselves, however, though faint, benumbed, and almost helpless, to find some wretched covert against the extreme inclemency of the weather, we discovered an Indian hut at a small distance from the beach, within a wood, in which as many as possible, without distinction, crowded

themselves, the night coming on exceedingly tempestuous and rainy. But here our situation was such as to exclude all rest and refreshment by sleep from most of us; for besides that we pressed upon one another extremely, we were not without alarm and apprehension of being attacked by the Indians, from a discovery we made of some of their lances and other arms in the hut; and our uncertainty of their strength and disposition gave alarm to our imagination and kept us in continual anxiety."

In the miserable hovel where the night was passed a lieutenant of invalids died before morning, and of those who, for want of room in the hut, took shelter under a great tree, two more perished by the severity of that cold and rainy night. In the morning the pangs of hunger were felt. Most of the company had fasted eight-and-forty hours, some of them more; it was time, therefore, to inquire what store of provisions had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others. There had been brought from the wreck no more than two or three pounds of biscuit-dust in a bag; and all the success of those who ventured abroad, the weather being still exceedingly bad, was to kill one seagull and pick some wild celery. These were put into a pot with a large quantity of water, and made into a kind of soup, of which all partook as far as it would go; but very soon violent retching, sickness, and swooning, with other symptoms of poisoning appeared. At first they thought that the herbs had caused the illness, but on further inquiry it turned out that the biscuit-dust had been put into an old tobacco bag, the contents of which not being entirely taken out, remained mixed with the biscuit-dust, and proved a strong emetic.

In all, about a hundred and forty had got to shore, but

some few still remained in the wreck, detained either by their state of drunkenness or in hope of pillage. The boatswain was among them. An officer went in the yawl to see the state of matters, and to endeavour to prevail on them to join the others on shore, but finding them mutinous and in the greatest disorder, he was obliged to desist from his purpose and to return without them.

Though very desirous, and their necessities requiring that some survey should be taken of the land on which they had been thrown, yet much caution had to be exercised. It was possible that the Indian savages were only retired for a little distance, and might be on the watch so as to attack when they were divided; so no distant excursions were made from the hut. As far as some of the exploring parties ventured to go, the land was found very morassy and unpromising. The spot occupied was a bay formed by hilly promontories; that to the north so steep that in order to ascend it steps had to be in some parts laboriously cut. There was no getting round the point, the bottom of the steep hill being washed by the sea. This height was named by them Mount Misery. It proved a useful height afterwards for taking some observations when the weather permitted.

The southern promontory by which the bay was bounded was not so inaccessible. Beyond it some of the men reached another bay, where they found pieces of the wreck driven ashore, but no kind of provisions; nor did they meet with any shellfish, which they searched for. Returning to the others, all had to subsist on the plant which they called wild celery throughout that day.

The ensuing night proved exceedingly tempestuous, and the sea running very high, threatened those on board with immediate destruction by the parting of the wreck. They

were then as solicitous to get ashore as they had before been obstinate in refusing the assistance sent to them. Finding that the boat did not at once come again for their rescue, and without considering how impracticable a thing it was to send it for them in such a sea, they in their rage fired one of the quarter-deck guns at the hut, the ball passing close over the covering of it, and being plainly heard by the captain and those within at the time. Another attempt was therefore made to bring these madmen to land, but the violence of the sea rendered the attempt unavailing. The delay seemed to exasperate and madden them the more, for they fell to knocking to pieces everything in the way, breaking open chests and cabins for plunder that could be of no use to them. So intent were they on this wanton marauding, that one man had evidently been murdered in their quarrels about the division of the spoil, or for the sake of the share that fell to him, for he was found afterwards with all the marks of a strangled corpse.

One thing of rather alarming import was that the mutinous part of the crew were careful to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, in order to be able to assert their exemption from the control of the officers and of the better-disposed men. The captain was quite alive to this new peril; so, as soon as these men reached the shore, he and Lieutenant Hamilton of the marines, with a few trusty men, took possession of the arms, to be used for better purposes. Among the mutineers now landed was the boatswain, who, as already mentioned, was a ringleader of them, instead of exerting his proper authority to keep the others within bounds as much as possible. At this moment he cut a most comical figure, for he had dressed himself up in laced clothes and other finery. The captain was so indignant at this impudence

that he felled the rascal to the ground by a blow well laid on by his cane. The greatest number of the crew who witnessed this scene could not refrain from laughter at the whimsical appearance these drunken fellows made, who, having rifled the chests of the officers' best suits, had put them on over their greasy trousers and dirty checked shirts. Of all this finery they were soon stripped, as they had before been obliged to give up the arms they had taken possession of.

The incessant rains and the continued cold weather rendered it impossible to subsist long without shelter; and the hut being far too small to receive the whole company, it was necessary to fall upon some expedient without delay to enlarge the accommodation. Accordingly, the carpenter, the gunner, and others who could handle tools, turning the cutter keel upwards and fixing it upon props, made no despicable habitation. The next thing was to look after some better supply of food. They managed to provide themselves with some sea-fowl, and found limpets, mussels, and other shellfish in plenty, but this sort of search was marred, for those who had any feeling, by the frequent sight of the bodies of drowned people thrown up among the rocks, usually in horribly mangled condition, by the violent surf that drove them in upon the coast. These horrors were overcome by the distresses of the famished people, who were even glad of the opportunity of killing and making a meal of the gallinazos or carrion-crows of that country, though they knew they must have fed on these carcases. Frequent visits were also made to the wreck, but with little advantage, the only portion above water being the quarter-deck and part of the fore-castle, and it was only by the aid of hooks fastened to long poles that anything could be reached, and this with the repulsive occurrence of dead bodies floating between decks,

which incommoded the search. All that could be obtained from these various sources was brought to a store-tent which Captain Cheap ordered to be made, to be dealt out in careful measure, and this repository the officers undertook to guard at night against depredation, dividing this necessary task equally among them. Yet, in spite of their vigilance, robberies were not infrequent, the tent being accessible in more than one place. The daily task of roving after food, and of watching it at night, proved terribly wearing, but it was essential for the common safety to maintain this duty, and to punish severely any offenders caught in the act of thieving from the common store. It may be observed that on the 14th of May the wreck took place, and it was not till the 25th that the provisions were regularly doled out from the store-tent.

The place where the settlement near Mount Misery stood was about ninety leagues northward of the Straits of Magellan, in latitude of between 47° and 48° south. The Cordillera mountains could be plainly seen in clear weather in the distance. By two lagoons on the north and south stretching towards these mountains, it was conjectured that it was an island where the wreck took place, but whether an island or on the mainland could not as yet be determined, so completely had all been occupied in scraping together a miserable subsistence, and providing shelter against the cold and the wet. The climate and the season were also unfavourable to adventurous explorers, and the coast as far as the eye could stretch seaward presented a scene of such dismal breakers as would discourage the most daring from making attempts in small boats. Nor was there any promise to be got from the view which the top of Mount Misery afforded; any distant prospect was intercepted by still higher hills and lofty woods. The only hope was looked for from

sending one of the ship's boats on a voyage of discovery. The long-boat was still on board the wreck, and was probably not damaged beyond the power of repair. A number of hands were therefore despatched to cut the gunwale of the ship, in order to get her out.

Whilst employed in this business, there appeared three canoes of Indians rounding the point from the southern lagoons and slowly approaching. It was some time before they could be induced to come near, but by the friendly language of signs, and by showing some bale goods, which they accepted with satisfaction, they suffered themselves to be conducted to the captain, who also gratified them by some presents. All these seemed novelties to them, and their wonder was extreme when shown a looking-glass, the usual pantomime among savages being repeated, when each beholder could not conceive it was his own face that was represented, but went round to the back of the mirror to find out who was there.

It was evident from their genuine surprise and from their whole behaviour, as well as from their not having one thing in their possession which could be derived from white people, that they had never seen such. They were themselves very swarthy, short of stature, and with long black coarse hair hanging over their faces. Their only clothing consisted of a girdle of some beast's skin about their waists, and something like a tippet woven from feathers over their shoulders.

"On their departure," says Byron, "the same evening that they came, they left with us only some mussels, but to our delight and astonishment they reappeared two days after, bringing with them three sheep. Whence they could procure these animals in a part of the world so distant from any Spanish settlement, cut off from all communication with the Spaniards, as it seemed, by an inaccessible

and desert country, is difficult to conceive. Certain it is that no such creatures were met with afterwards by the survivors of the wreck till they got into civilised settlements. It must have been by some strange accident that the sheep came into their possession, but what that was nothing could be learned from them, and the thing was a mystery to the last. At this interview they bartered by signs with them for two of their dogs, which were roasted and eaten soon after. In a few days they made a third visit, bringing their wives and children with them, and stayed in the neighbourhood for some days, when they finally left and disappeared."

The weather growing more settled, though excessively cold, more regular visits were paid to the wreck, from which were obtained various articles of provision and liquor; these were deposited in the store-tent. Ill-humour and discontent, however, from this time increased, partly from the difficulties of procuring sufficient for subsistence, and from the little prospect there was of amendment in the condition of affairs. This disaffection showed itself in some by a separation of settlement and habitation; in others, by plans mooted for leaving the captain entirely and starting on expeditions on their own account. A party of these having built a punt, and converted the heel of one of the ship's masts into a canoe, sailed away up one of the lagoons and never were heard of more. Another set went off into the woods, but finding it impracticable to proceed far on discovering that an island, and not the mainland as they imagined, was the place of their sojourn, came back after a while, but declared their purpose to get to the main as soon as they could prepare craft fit for the passage.

The loss of the men who disappeared in the canoe did not cause much regret, for they were some of the most

desperate and ill-conditioned of the whole crew. One in particular, there was good reason to believe, had committed two murders, first on the body of the man found strangled on board, and another on the body of a man discovered among some bushes on Mount Misery, stabbed in several places and shockingly mangled.

This diminution of the numbers was succeeded by an unfortunate occurrence, which was most affecting in its end, and caused much excitement for a time. Mr. Cozens, midshipman, a young man who had previously been well conducted and a general favourite, had unfortunately obtained access to liquor, and was repeatedly found excited with drink. On the first occasion he was put under confinement by the captain for being drunk and giving him abusive language. Shortly after his release he had a dispute with the surgeon, and came to blows, which made the captain greatly incensed against him. Some little time after, at the hour of serving provisions, Mr. Cozens quarrelled with the purser, and some words arising between them, the purser told him he was come to mutiny, and in the heat of the moment fired a pistol and narrowly missed him. The captain, hearing the report of the pistol, and perhaps also having heard the purser's words that Cozens had come to mutiny, ran out of his hut with a cocked pistol in his hand, and without asking any questions immediately shot him through the head. Whatever blame was due to Cozens for his violent conduct, that of the captain was rash and hasty. If Cozens was wanting in that respect and observance due from a petty officer to his commander, the latter was still more unadvised in the method he took for enforcing his authority, of which he was always sensitively jealous, and which he saw daily declining and ready to be trampled upon. His mistaken apprehension of studied purpose of mutiny in Mr. Cozens

was the sole motive of this rash action, and it was so far from answering the end he proposed by it, that the men, who were before much dissatisfied and uneasy, were now thrown almost into open sedition and revolt. The report of fire-arms brought almost all the people to the spot, and when they saw poor Cozens weltering in his blood on the ground before them, there was a feeling of exasperation that seemed ready to break out in retributive violence. Before anything, however, could be done the captain addressed the assembled crowd, saying it was his determination to maintain his command and authority over them as usual, which, he said, still remained in as much force as ever, and then ordered them all to return to their respective tents. With this order they fortunately complied, and their feelings only expressed themselves in deep sympathy and regret for poor Cozens, whose recent faults they forgot, and only thought of his former inoffensive and good-natured conduct, for which he had been generally beloved. The storm thus blew over, but left a deep feeling of resentment and discontent among most of the people.

The painful impressions caused by these events were gradually lessened by the anxieties now pressing for seeking deliverance from this place of desolation. The main hope was fixed on the long-boat, that had been safely brought from the wreck, and this it was resolved should be new modelled, so as to have room for all who were inclined to go off in her, and to put her in a condition to bear the stormy seas that would have to be encountered. She was therefore hauled up, placed upon blocks, and sawn in two in order to lengthen her about twelve feet by the keel. Under the carpenter's orders many were set busily to work in fitting and shaping timber. The larger number had still to occupy them-

selves with procuring subsistence. The stormy weather had broken up more of the wreck, and set free many of the packages, the examination of which, as they lay scattered on the beach, occupied many searchers.

About this time the Indians appeared again in the offing in several canoes, bringing their wives and children, about fifty persons in all. They seemed very friendly, and set about building wigwams, as if they intended to stay for some time. Their presence would have been very serviceable in helping towards their subsistence, but the behaviour of some of the seamen towards the Indian women gave such offence that they very shortly took their departure, and they never expected to see them again.

The carpenter's work with the long-boat was now so well advanced, with the help of tools and other articles retrieved from the wreck, that plans were already formed for escaping by its means. Mr. Bulkeley, one of the warrant officers, took the leading part in these schemes. Having seen some one reading the book of "Sir John Narborough's Voyages," belonging to Captain Cheap, Bulkeley borrowed it, and, after consultation with some of his companions, they concluded to make their way towards home by the Straits of Magellan. The plan was laid before the captain, but he strongly opposed it, his design being still to go northwards, with the hope of seizing some hostile ship, and thereby succeeding in rejoining the Commodore. The men with Bulkeley were not dissuaded, but continued firm in their purpose to get off in the long-boat, disregarding the difficulties and hazards of a voyage that appeared to others quite impracticable.

During the time that these matters were being discussed, the boat not yet ready for putting out to sea, the distress

of the people for food was intense, and led to many strange devices and daring adventures. Mr. Byron tells how he had for some time occupied a small hut built by himself, having for companion a poor Indian dog, which had grown greatly attached and faithful to him. One day when at home in the hut a band of starving fellows came to the door, and said their necessity was such that they must eat this dog or starve! Byron said all he could to dissuade them, but their plea was so urgent that, without regarding what he said, they seized the dog and carried it off. Sad to say, the poor master's condition was such that he could not resist partaking of the repast when a piece was offered to him. Roast-dog is a delicacy with the Chinese, but there must have been dire extremity when English officers and seamen could touch such food!

Captain Cheap's plan was, if possible, to get to the island of Chiloe, the most southern settlement under Spanish rule on the western coast of America, about the 43rd degree of south latitude. If he found any vessel there, he proposed to board her immediately and cut her out. He thought there would be little difficulty in doing this if only he could get round with the two boats. The time seemed to have arrived for leaving the island and making for Chiloe. The days were now at their longest, it being nearly midsummer in these parts, though there did not appear to be much difference, this year at least, in the season so far as weather went. The day being tolerable on the 15th of December, it seemed a good opportunity to run across the bay. Captain Cheap wished first to make an observation from the top of Mount Misery, asking two or three to accompany him. On looking through his perspective glass, he said that the sea ran very high without, and wished to delay till there was smooth water, but

the others would not hear of this, and urged him to embark. So both boats were speedily launched, and everything got on board as quickly as possible. Captain Cheap, the surgeon, and Mr. Byron were in the barge with nine men; Lieutenant Hamilton and Mr. Campbell were in the yawl with six men. Byron steered the barge, and Campbell the yawl.

They had not been out above two hours at sea before the wind shifted more to the westward and began to blow very hard, and the sea ran extremely high, so that they could no longer keep their heads towards the cape or point of land which they designed to reach. This cape they had seen, in one of the intervals of clear weather, from Mount Misery, and it seemed to be distant about twenty or thirty leagues. They were obliged to bear away right before the wind. Though the yawl was not far from the barge, she could be seen only now and then upon the top of a mountainous sea. In both boats the men were obliged to sit as close as possible to receive the seas on their backs to prevent their filling the boats, as was every moment dreaded. They were obliged to throw everything overboard to lighten the boats, all the remainder of the beef, and even the grapnel, to prevent sinking, night coming on, and they were fast running on a lee-shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner. In this critical situation, on nearing the shore, expecting to be beaten to pieces by the first breaker, the men in the barge perceived a small opening between the rocks and a narrow passage which brought them into a harbour as calm and smooth as a mill-pond. To their great joy they found that the yawl had got into the same refuge before them, and they joined in thankfulness for so unexpected a deliverance.

Here they secured the boats and ascended a rock. It

rained excessively all the first part of the night and was extremely cold. Drenched with the sea and the rain, with not a dry thread about any of them, and no wood to be found for making a fire, the night was spent in a miserable way, without any shelter, and shivering in their wet clothes. Sleep was impossible from cold and from hunger, for they had flung overboard their provisions, and nothing was found upon the rocky coast which could be eaten.

Next morning they pulled out of the cove, but could make little way, from the great sea outside. After tugging all day, at night they got among small islets, and landing on one of them, found it to be a mere swamp. The second night was passed as miserably as the first; but on the following day they had better luck, for the surgeon shot a goose, and materials being found for a good fire, a meal was obtained, with the help of some seaweed. Here they had to remain three days longer, the weather being so boisterous that they could not put out. The wind moderating, another start was made, and finding to the northward an opening to a large bay, they explored it, but had to return without finding anything to alleviate their hunger. Next night they put into a little cove, which, from the large quantity of redwood found there, they called Redwood Cove. Leaving this place in the morning, a fresh south wind carried them a considerable distance to the northward. Towards evening they came to a pretty large island. Putting ashore there, they found it clothed with magnificent trees of prodigious height and as straight as pine trees, the leaves resembling myrtle leaves, but somewhat larger. Some of the trees were so tall and straight that they looked as if they could be made the mainmast of a first-rate man-of-war. The shore was strewed with drift-wood like cedar, making

a brisk fire, near which they slept; but the wood splintered and snapped in burning, so that when they awoke in the morning after a sound sleep they found their clothes singed in many places from the sparks that had been flying about.

This kind of voyaging continued through many successive days, and even weeks, always tending northward, but with slow and uncertain progress. Christmas day and New Year's day had long passed, but the particular days of their occurrence was not known, for any certain reckoning of time had been lost amidst the constant anxieties and distresses. To attempt any detailed record of the progress would be wearisome, so great was the sameness of the events. Sometimes they were delayed for days by the tempestuous weather and rough seas; at other times they were able to make some way, but with much labour, and almost always in extremity of hunger. A greater calamity occurred at one of the places where a halt was made. All hands went ashore to search for some sustenance, excepting two in each boat, left as boat-keepers. Darkness coming on, and a great sea tumbling in upon the shore, the yawl was carried out, and canted bottom upwards. One of the men in her, William Rose, a quarter-master, was drowned, and the other, thrown ashore again by the surf, was with difficulty saved. The barge had also a very narrow escape at the same time.

The yawl being lost, and there being too many for the barge to carry, it was necessary to leave four men behind. These were all marines. They were so depressed and disheartened with the distresses and dangers they had already passed through that they made little or no objection to the determination about leaving them. The captain gave these poor fellows arms and ammunition, and some other necessaries. When the barge left them,

they stood upon the beach, giving three cheers, and calling out, "God bless you," and "God bless the King." It was a touching scene, and the others felt sad when they saw them setting out on their forlorn hope, helping one another over a hideous track of barren rocks. Inland from the shore the way was impassable from the dense wood and the swamps. It is probable that they all met with a miserable end, but what else could be done in that time of necessity, when it was not possible to take them in the barge without the certainty of all being then lost?

For two or three days after this the weather was so tempestuous that no advance could be made, and those in the barge were glad to return to Marine Bay, as the place was named where the marines had been put on shore. The captain, having the responsibility of the safety of all, did not feel it wrong to have abandoned these men, as the crowding of more than sixteen in so small a boat must have led to the certain death of all; but some of the others felt compunction about the desertion of their comrades, and were quite ready to risk their own lives by allowing the four men to rejoin them. They felt this so strongly that the captain connived at the diligent search now made after these men, so as to bring them back to the boat. The search, however, was in vain; nothing was found by which they could be traced, except a musket on the beach. The depression among the men was so great that they declared their desire to return the whole way to Wager Island and Mount Misery rather than face new toils and dangers. In the old place they had at least managed to maintain a poor existence.

While this feeling was gaining strength, the appearance of a considerable number of seals in the bay diverted them from these gloomy thoughts. By several parties ranging along shore some seals were killed, and laid in

the boat for sea-stock. Mr. Hamilton had a curious adventure with a large seal or sea-lion. He had fired a brace of balls into him, when the animal turned upon him open-mouthed. Fixing his bayonet, he thrust it down the brute's throat, with a good part of the barrel of the gun, which the animal bit in two with as much ease as if it had been a bit of stick. Notwithstanding the wounds it had received, it got clear off.

A more remarkable incident occurred to the surgeon, who was at the moment rambling about alone. He came upon a large hole, which seemed to lead to some cave or repository within the rocks. There were signs of the hole and the passage having been cleared by labour, and not being a merely natural cave. At first he was afraid to venture in, doubting what reception he might receive if any tenant was within; but curiosity getting the better of his fears, he determined to go in, which he had to do creeping on his hands and knees, the entrance being too low for entering otherwise. After proceeding a considerable distance, he arrived at a spacious chamber, with light from a hole at the top. In the midst of this chamber was a kind of bier made of sticks laid crossways, supported by props of about five feet in height. Upon this bier five or six bodies were extended, which appeared to have been deposited there a long time, but being quite dry they had suffered no decay. Whether the drying was effected by art, or was due to the dryness of the air in the cave, could not be guessed; nor did the surgeon give much time to minute examination. He speedily crawled out as he came in, and told what he had seen to the first party that he met, some of whom had the curiosity to go in likewise. On another platform they saw another range of corpses underneath the central bier. It was probably the burying-place of an Indian cacique or chief and his retainers.

but there were no traces in the neighbourhood of any Indian settlement, such as old wigwams or places where fires had been made. From the stormy nature of the coast and the swampy soil of the land, it is likely that this region is very little frequented.

Mr. Byron in his narrative describes the great despondency which weighed all of them down, and might have tempted them to lay aside all further efforts; "but," he adds, "we were supported by that invisible Power who can make the most untoward circumstances subservient to His gracious purposes."

Montrose Island was the best and pleasantest spot yet seen in that part of the world. There was nothing eatable, however, found in the forest except some berries, somewhat like gooseberries in flavour, but black, and growing on bushes much taller than our gooseberries. Trying these cautiously, they proved safe as well as palatable, and were thus corrective of the seal-meat, which had become almost repulsive from its high condition. On the whole, Montrose Island was the least wretched place they had stayed at, and one of the men, who said it was at least as good a place as Wager Island to end his days on, wished to remain, but he was compelled by the others to go off with them.

Before they had been out long a storm arose, and the mist was so thick that no land could be descried, and they were at a loss which way to steer; but the sea was heard breaking at a very little distance, upon hearing which the sheet was hauled aft promptly, and the breakers were weathered by scarcely a boat's length. At the same time a sea was shipped that nearly filled the boat, and several of the men were thrown down to the bottom by the shock, and half drowned before they could get up again. The captain and every one else had given themselves up for

lost, and this was certainly one of the most extraordinary escapes during the expedition.

However, they got that evening into Redwood Cove, and stayed there for a day or two till driven by sheer starvation to put to sea again, there being apparently the choice of death by hunger or by drowning. Three or four days after they reached their old station, Wager Island, having eaten nothing for days together but seaweed and tangle, and consequently in a weaker and worse state than when they started from the island two months before. Little indeed had been gained by the expedition, except it were that they had become more reconciled and resigned to their pitiful condition, without absolutely losing all hope.

The long-boat being at length finished, a party was selected to make the first exploring expedition off the coast to the southward. The party consisted of Mr. Bulkeley, Mr. Jones, the purser, and Mr. Byron, and ten seamen. The first night they put into a good harbour a few leagues to the southward of Wager Island. The next two days were stormy, and they were obliged to take shelter in an inlet, which proved the entrance to a fine bay, where the barge was secure. There was heavy rain, and nothing found for subsistence, so a bell-tent which had been brought with them was pitched in the wood near the place where the boat lay. As this did not give shelter to all, four of the people went on to occupy the frame of an old Indian wigwam, which had been noticed in walking that way upon their first landing. A screen to windward was made with seaweed, and a fire being lighted, hope was entertained of getting some sleep to stave off hunger. An odd incident alarmed the whole company. One of the men was disturbed by the sniffing or blowing of a large animal, and on opening

his eyes, by the glimmering of the fire he perceived that a huge beast was standing over him. He had presence of mind to seize a brand from the fire, and to hit the intruder on the nose, at the same time giving a shout that aroused the others. The beast had made off quickly, and at daylight they saw the footprints, tracing them in the direction of the bell-tent, where they afterwards learned that a visit had been paid by the same mysterious stranger. It was most probably a great seal or sea-lion, but they saw or heard no more of it.

It was found impracticable to make further exploration, on account of the roughness of the sea and the tempestuous weather, so they were glad to return to Wager Island. Here they found that six canoes of Indians had revisited the place, bringing some provisions, and they had also proved useful by showing their method of using their dogs to help to drive fish toward the corner of any pond or creek of water from which they could more easily take them. There were still serious disputes and cabals prevailing among the ship's company; about twenty of the stoutest fellows especially having possession of a separate tent, where they passed their time in a riotous manner, and expressing no good-will towards the captain and others who would have restrained them. They still tried to persuade the captain to go in the long-boat to the southward by the Straits of Magellan, and he was as firm as before in refusing. Then the malcontents began to stipulate that they should be released from the authority of the captain, and allowed to follow their own plans of seeking safety. When he would hear of no compromise, they proceeded to open revolt, and resolved to compel the captain to accompany them. They made use of the unfortunate affair of Mr. Cozens to justify their seizing the captain and putting him under arrest in order

to bring him to his trial in England. The boat was ready for sailing, and all the men embarked who were resolved to leave, except Captain Pemberton with a party of marines, who were drawn up on the beach to conduct Captain Cheap on board.

Mr. Bulkeley, however, interfered to prevent this indignity, and the men, thinking probably that they would have less restraint and more food, insisted on the captain being left to his own choice as to going or not. Accordingly Captain Cheap, Mr. Hamilton of the marines, and the surgeon were left behind.

There were eighty-one in all when they left the island, fifty-nine in the long-boat, twelve in the cutter, and ten in the barge. At the time of the shipwreck the muster was at first 145, but had been reduced, chiefly by starvation and illness, to 100. About twenty men, therefore, were left now on the island. It was the intention to put into some sheltered place every evening, as the boats could not keep those boisterous seas for a long time. The stock of provisions also could not have held out many days without getting new supplies on shore, and this would depend upon the success of their guns and industry among the rocks at each halting-place. The start was made as soon as Captain Pemberton and his men were on board. They came to anchor the first night in a sandy bay on the south side of the lagoon. Next day, the sea being very rough, they remained in shelter, and as it was thought desirable to send back the barge for some spare canvas, Mr. Byron took care to be one of those who went on this errand. On declaring his intention of remaining with Captain Cheap, all in the barge declared they had the same wish. On arriving, Captain Cheap gave them a cordial welcome and was pleased to see them return with the barge.

As the most troublesome and unruly of the men had

gone away with the long-boat, the captain, relieved from the disturbances and menaces of an unmanageable crew, had more freedom to think out the plan he had entertained of going northward. He had long conferences with Mr. Hamilton and the surgeon, who undertook to bring the matter before the others, for there were still divisions, several malcontents living apart in a hut of their own. These men readily agreed to rejoin their commander, and being brought to him, promised to obey discipline and to do all in their power to carry out the design.

The boats remaining for taking all these people, now numbering twenty all told, were only the barge and yawl, two very crazy bottoms. The yawl was in wretched condition, and the barge was also in much need of repair after the bad weather she had gone through. The carpenter had gone, and they had to use the little skill that they had gained in helping him at his work.

The reappearance of some of the Indians raised a certain amount of hope, but as they found there was little to get in return for what they could give, their stay was short. Two or three of the men, even among the reduced number, caused fresh trouble. Three of them were caught stealing from the little common stock of flour; two of them were apprehended, the third made his escape to the woods. Theft under such circumstances was deemed so heinous an offence that the captain ordered the delinquents to be severely flogged, and then banished to an island at some distance. One of them escaped before the sentence of banishment was carried out; the other was left on the island alone to shift for himself, those who took him there patching up a bit of a hut and kindling a fire for him, although not under orders to do more than put him ashore. Two or three days after, the captain relented, and sent the barge with some food, and to bring him

back, but he was found dead and stiff, just where he had been left. What became of the others who took to the woods was never heard.

So little success had followed frequent visits to the wreck, of which only the hull remained, that they had ceased to expect further relief from that quarter. But one day the weather was so calm and beautiful, a thing very unusual hitherto, that a trip was made to the wreck, when the men were rewarded for their pains by having the good fortune to hook up from the hull three casks of beef, which were brought safe to shore. It was a providential supply, for all were reduced to the last degree of weakness by the scarcity of food. The provision was equally shared among all, and proved most serviceable in checking sickness, which had been mainly due to the famine of previous weeks, and in giving strength for their exertions in preparing for departure. The seal were usually taken by these Indians by throwing their lances at the eyes of the animal when it rises to breathe or to look about it, and in this kind of hunting great dexterity is shown. Of the food thus procured the white men were allowed to get a scanty portion, but the kindness of the women did not diminish, for they managed to put in their way such scraps as they could secrete from their husbands.

It might be about the middle of March 1744 that the Indians embarked, taking with them the surviving five Englishmen, but separating them so as only one was in each of their canoes. Mr. Byron and Mr. Campbell had to work at the oar; Mr. Hamilton could not row; Captain Cheap was allowed to be passive; while poor Elliot, the surgeon, lay at the bottom of the canoe he was in, more dead than alive. He died on the second day, when they had put into shore on account of the bad weather. A

hole was scraped in the sand, and so he was buried in the best way that could be done under the sad circumstances. At first, and for a long time, Elliot had been the strongest and most active of the officers, but the immense fatigue and the prolonged starvation proved too much for him. His success in foraging, while the ammunition lasted, proved the saving of the others many a time, for he was a first-rate shot, and always ready to go out in search of provisions for the company.

The Indians did not improve on further acquaintance. They were a savage set in mind and temper as well as in their habits and ways. The cacique, who professed to be a Christian, as having been baptized by a Spanish priest, was as brutal a fellow as the others. One day when returning from fishing he handed a basket of sea-eggs to his boy, who had run out in the surf to meet his father and mother. The basket being too heavy, the little fellow let it fall, upon which the brute of a father jumped out of the canoe, and in his rage dashed the boy on the stones with such violence that he died soon after. The mother was inconsolable for a time, but the father showed little concern about it.

For several days the journey continued, with excessive toil in rowing, and occasionally in portage or carrying, when passing across a neck of land would have saved a long distance in coasting. In carrying the canoes across the neck of land at this time every one had something to bear, Captain Cheap alone being spared the burden. He had himself to be assisted, or he never would have survived the march, the worst as yet encountered. Mr. Byron, with the two Indians in whose canoe he was, remained to carry over the last things from the side they were on. He had a heavy piece of canvas belonging to Captain Cheap, in which was wrapped some putrid seal

given by some of the Indians. It was a grievous load for Mr. Byron to bear on his head, over ways sometimes rough with rocks, and at others mere swamp and quagmire. There were also many broken stumps of bushes and trees, so that his bare feet, without shoes or stockings, were frequently torn and wounded. He fell down under the load, and having with difficulty risen again, he felt that it could only be by leaving the load behind that he could rejoin his companions, which he did not accomplish for several hours. On arriving, Captain Cheap's first question was about his bale of canvas, and he was extremely angry on hearing of its being left, though he saw the miserable condition of the bearer. After resting a while Mr. Byron went back at least five miles to the place, which he found by having marked one or two of the trees near. He returned just in time to deliver his load to the Indians, who were embarking in their canoes on a great lake, which seemed on the other side to wash the very base of the Cordillera mountains. When he attempted to embark he was pushed back, and made to understand he was to await the arrival of some other Indians who were expected at the place.

Left alone and helpless, poor Mr. Byron, after straining to see the boats as long as they were in sight, turned into a wood, and, worn out with fatigue, fell fast asleep. Early in the morning, on awakening, he heard voices not far off, and seeing a wigwam, he went towards it, and tried to enter, but receiving two or three kicks on his head and face he retired, and stayed at a distance till an old woman peeped out, and made signs for him to approach. On getting inside the wigwam, he found it occupied by three men and two women. These Indians being perfect strangers to him, he did not know where they were going; and indeed this seemed a matter of indifference

to him, his state being so miserable that he was content only to be with them so as to get enough to sustain his life.

By signs he contrived to find out that they were going to the northward, and this was made plain when they went out, all but the sick man, and putting together the pieces of the canoe which lay near the wigwam, they embarked, taking him with them, and setting him to the oar. They crossed the lake to the mouth of a very rapid river, where they put ashore for the night. It was a wretched time for Mr. Byron, for they would not allow him to enter the wigwam which they made, and he had to stay out in the cold.

For several days and nights the same misery was endured, the harsh treatment by the Indians being continued, and death by starvation always seeming imminent. It was a relief when one day, at low water, they landed at a place where they expected to find shellfish, and here plenty of limpets were gathered.

Mr. Byron took some of them on board, and was eating them when one of the Indians saw him throwing the shells into the sea. He instantly rose in a terrible passion, beating and abusing Mr. Byron, who would have been thrown into the sea after the shells but for the interference of the old woman.

He concluded that there must be some superstition about throwing the shells overboard, ignorance of which nearly cost his life. On landing upon an island he concluded that his surmise was right, for he noticed that the Indians brought all their shells ashore, and laid them down above high-water mark. Going into a wood near, Mr. Byron gathered from a tree a bunch of berries, which looked very tempting, but one of the Indians snatched them out of his hand, and threw them away with looks of

disgust, thus intimating that the berries were poisonous. Thus the same people saved his life who a few hours before were going to take it from him for throwing away a shell!

Two days after this the Indians came up to where the other canoes were with Mr. Byron's companions. The canoe belonging to the guide being very large and needing several rowers, in this Byron and Campbell, with Emanuel, the chief's servant, were made to work, the chief with his wife and Captain Cheap sitting as much at their ease as they could. At night, after toiling all day like galley-slaves, they were made to get ashore to search for shellfish; and by the fatigue and scant food they were now reduced almost to the appearance of skeletons, and covered only with a few rags.

Many other strange adventures occurred with Indians, but they would be too tedious to relate. It was found that one of the Indians, a chief or cacique, was of the tribe of the Chonos, living not far from Chiloe. He could talk a few words of Spanish; and so one of the company also knowing a little of the language, made him understand that they were anxious to reach the nearest Spanish settlements. The only inducement to offer the Indians was a promise that they should have the barge and such other things as they still possessed. The barge could not be given because some of the sailors afterwards went away with it, and were heard of no more.

We must pass by the new series of adventures after reaching the comparatively civilised parts under the government of Spain. At Castro, the first place, where they were handed over to the Spanish authorities, they were met by three or four officers and a number of soldiers, all with their *spados* or swords drawn. They surrounded the three poor feeble Englishmen, as if they were the

most formidable foes. They were conducted to a shed at the summit of a hill, thatched at the top but open on every side to the cold blast, and left to lie on the ground. The next place they were taken to was Chaco island, where they were rather better treated, being lodged at a monastery, where the fathers were civil to them, sentinels always being at the doors. At last they reached St. Jago, which is ninety miles from Valparaiso, and is the capital of Chili.

There were at the time several ships from Lima delivering their cargoes, droves of mules going up almost daily to St. Jago with the goods. They would be five days on the road; about a hundred mules in the drove, each laden with two heavy bales. The Government arranged for one of the master-carriers to take charge of the prisoners. On arriving at St. Jago the carrier delivered them to the captain of the guard at the gate of the palace of the President. By him they were introduced to the President, Don Joseph Manso, who received them very civilly, and sent them to the house where Captain Cheap and Lieutenant Hamilton were lodged. It was the house of a Scotch physician, Dr. Patrick Geddes (Geddes probably), or, as he was here called, Don Patricio Geddes. He had long resided in the city, and was much honoured for his character as well as respected for his professional skill. As soon as he had heard of the arrival of English prisoners in that country, he had asked the President to be allowed to have them to lodge at his house. Had they been his own brothers they could not have been treated with greater kindness. He would hear of no apology on account of the expense in their living.

A few days afterwards the President sent an invitation to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Byron to dinner to meet Admiral Pizarro and all his Spanish officers. They could not

refuse, though vexed that they had not clothes fit to appear in such company. Next day a Spanish officer belonging to Pizzaro's fleet, Don Manuel de Gintor, came and made the generous offer of two thousand dollars. He did this in pure generosity, having no view of ever being repaid. They accepted only six hundred dollars, and insisted on Don Manuel receiving from them a draft for that sum upon the English Consul at Lisbon. They could now purchase clothes made after the Spanish fashion, and being allowed to go out on parole, they could see the town and divert themselves with its sights and amusements.

Through Dr. Geddes, who was known to every one, many hospitable invitations came to the English prisoners, both in the city and, what they liked better, to the country for visits of several days at a time. One of the most pleasant of these places was the villa of a French gentleman, Don Joseph Dunnose, who had married a wealthy lady at St. Jago. There were also some old Spanish families who had settled in the country. The most painful thing in the social life of the place is the passionate fondness for the cruel and dangerous sport of the bull-fights, which are here more imposing than at any city in the old country. The bulls are the wildest that can be obtained from the forests and mountains, and their horns are never tipped, as is usual in Lisbon and other rings, so that fatal scenes are not uncommon, though the chief matadors have wonderful skill and daring. Masquerades are also favourite amusements.

Not a few prisoners who had been taken by Anson and been for some time on board the *Centurion* were met, and all spoke warmly of the kind and generous treatment that they obtained from the English commander. They had previously formed their only idea of Englishmen from

the rough privateers and buccaneers, who always handled their prisoners with much cruelty.

After a while Mr. Campbell got so entangled with Roman Catholic friends that he avowed his change of religion and left their company. At the end of two years spent in this place of happy idleness, the President sent for them and said that a French ship from Lima bound to Spain had put into Valparaiso, and that they should embark in her. So leave was taken of the good Dr. Geddes and other friends in St. Jago, mules and a guide being provided for the journey to Valparaiso. In taking leave of the President their thanks were warmly expressed, for he had behaved generously, and had allowed to Captain Cheap six reals, and to the others four reals, for maintenance during their detention.

The journey was pleasant and without incident. The very first person met in Valparaiso was a soldier who had been very kind to them when imprisoned in the fort at Castro. Mr. Byron made him a little present, which, as it came quite unexpected, made him the more happy.

On the 20th December 1744 they embarked on board the *Lys* frigate, belonging to St. Malo, a ship of 420 tons, sixteen guns, and sixty men. She had several passengers on board, among whom were Don George Juan and Don Antonio Ulloa, who had been several years in Peru, with the design of measuring some degrees of the meridian near the equator. They were first bound to Conception in order to join three other French ships likewise bound home. Southerly winds prevailing on the coast, they had to stand off far to the westward, making the island of Juan Fernandez. The Bay of Conception was not reached till January 6, 1745, where they met the other French ships. The voyage was prolonged on account of the steady trade winds, the distance from Valparaiso to

Conception being only sixty leagues, so that it was advisable to stand off more than double that distance from the land to reach the port desired.

At Conception they had leisure to make observations on the natural history of the neighbourhood as well as the customs and habits of the people, and of these and other matters Mr. Byron has given an account in his narrative. The ship's people were busy most of the time in killing and salting cattle as stock during the long voyage. They did not sail till the 27th of January, and about eight days after the ship sprang so dangerous a leak that it was necessary for safety, in the heavily laden state of the vessel, to return to Valparaiso for repairs.

It was the 1st of March before they put to sea again, and then the weather proved so unfavourable, especially in getting near Cape Horn, that with difficulty they got round the point, and at great hazard from gales and storms of snow. After rounding the Cape the progress northward was extremely slow. On the 27th May they crossed the line, when finding the water was grown short, and that it would be impossible to reach Europe without fresh supply, it was resolved to bear away for Martinico. On the 29th, in the morning, Tobago was reached, and thence the course was shaped for Martinico, but on the 1st July, when they expected to sight it according to the reckonings, they were disappointed. Uncertain as to where they had drifted, they stood to the northward to gain the latitude of Porto Rico, which they made on the 4th July. It was resolved to go between Porto Rico and St. Domingo from Cape François, and that night they lay to. In the morning Captain Cheap came to Mr. Byron, who was walking the quarter-deck, and said he had just seen a beef barrel go by the ship, that it looked as if it had been recently thrown overboard, and he would venture any

wager that an English cruiser would be seen before long. Half-an-hour afterwards two sail were seen to leeward from the quarter-deck, for the Spaniards and French in those days kept no look-out from the mast-head. The two ships proved to be English men-of-war, a two-decker and a twenty-gun brig. There was great excitement and alarm on board. The French officers were busily filling their pockets with whatever was valuable of their effects, and some of them asked the English passengers to take charge of their gold or keep it rather than that it should fall into the hands of strangers. It proved a false alarm, for in the morning nothing could be seen of the ships even from the mast-head, and thus a rich prize was lost by the Englishmen not continuing the chase longer. There were nearly two million dollars on board the ship, besides a valuable cargo. On the 8th of July they came to anchor in Port François harbour.

There had not been a single death during this long voyage, but at Port François many were taken ill and three or four died. Towards the end of August a French squadron of five men-of-war came in, commanded by M. L'Etanducré, who was to convoy merchantmen to France. Neither he nor his officers took any notice of Captain Cheap, and were even rude on several occasions to the others. A midshipman one day jumped into their boat when ashore, and ordered the people to take him on board the ship of M. L'Etanducré, leaving the Englishmen to wait on the beach for two hours before the boat returned. On the 6th of September the men-of-war set sail with fifty merchantmen. On the 8th a Jamaica privateer hove in sight, evidently with the design of picking up one or two of the merchant ships in the night if possible. Two of the swiftest French ships were sent to chase her off. She appeared to take no notice till they were pretty near,

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when the privateer put on sail and was out of sight very speedily. This happened repeatedly, and led the French commander to issue very strict orders to all the captains in the convoy to keep together, by which the privateer was disappointed of making any capture. On the 27th of October they sighted Cape Ortigal, and on the 31st came to anchor in Brest Road.

The *Lys* having so valuable a cargo on board, was towed into the harbour on the morning after arriving, and lashed alongside one of their men-of-war. The money was soon landed, and the officers and men were glad to get on shore after so long absence from their native land. Only two or three men were left on board to look after the ship. The three Englishmen had no leave to go on shore, and were left in cold and darkness, and they might have starved had not some of the officers had the kind thoughtfulness to send some victuals during the days they were on board. This continued seven or eight days; no officer was living near Captain Cheap.

One morning a kind of row-galley came alongside with a number of English prisoners from two privateers that the French had taken. With these prisoners they were carried in the same boat four leagues up the river to Landerlaw. Here they were allowed out on parole, and they lived for three months in lodgings, when an order came for the Spanish Government to allow them to return to England by the first opportunity.

Hearing that there was a Dutch ship at Morlaix, they travelled by road to that place, and agreed with the Dutch skipper to land them at Dover, paying him beforehand. It was a long uncomfortable passage, but on the ninth day Dover was sighted, and the Dutchman was reminded of his promise to land them there. He said he would, but instead of that, in the morning they saw that

they were off the French coast. Fortunately an English man-of-war appeared to windward, and sending an officer on board, they were told that the boat came from the *Squirrel*, commanded by Captain Masterson. Returning with the boat, and telling the circumstances to Captain Masterson, he sent one of the cutters he had to land them at Dover, where they arrived that afternoon.

Captain Cheap was so knocked up when he got there, that he could proceed no farther that night. Next morning he still found himself so much fatigued that he could ride no longer, so it was agreed that he and Mr. Hamilton should take a post-chaise, and Mr. Byron should ride to London. But here an unlucky hindrance occurred. On sharing the little money left, there was barely enough to pay for horses, without a farthing for eating a bit on the road, or even for paying the turnpikes! Mr. Byron resolved to risk the journey, and was obliged to defraud the toll-men by riding through the gates as hard as he could, not paying the least heed to the calls to stop him. The fasting he bore as best he could. On reaching the Borough, he took a coach and drove to Marlborough Street, where his friends lived when he left England. The house he found shut up. Not at first knowing where to go next, or how to pay the coachman, he luckily remembered a draper's shop not far off where the family used to deal. Making himself known, they paid the coachman, and from them he learned that his sister had married Lord Carlisle, and was at that time living in Soho Square. The conclusion must be told in Mr. Byron's own words. "I immediately walked to the house and knocked at the door; but the porter not liking my figure, which was half French, half Spanish, with the addition of a large pair of boots covered with dirt, he was going to shut the door in my face, but I prevailed with him to let me come in.

I need not acquaint my readers with what surprise and joy my sister received me. She immediately furnished me with money to appear like the rest of my countrymen ; till that time I could not properly be said to have finished all the extraordinary scenes which a series of unfortunate adventures had kept me in for the space of five years and upwards."

Since writing the foregoing brief abstract of Byron's book, I have noticed in the "Autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk" an interesting reference about Captain Cheap. He records an incident of which he was witness when in London in 1745. It was in the British Coffee-house. Here is what he says:—

"Captain David Cheap (a Scotchman of the Rossie family in Fife), who was on Anson's voyage, and had been wrecked on the coast of Chili, and was detained there by the Spaniards, had arrived in London, and frequented this coffee-house. Being a man of sense and knowledge, he was employed by Lord Anson to look out for a proper person to write his voyage, the chaplain, whose journal furnished the chief materials, being unequal to the task. Captain Cheap had a predilection for his countrymen, and having heard of Guthrie, the writer of the *Westminster Journal*, he had come down to the coffee-house that evening to inquire about him, and if he was pleased with what he heard, would have him introduced. Not long after Cheap had sat down and called for coffee, Guthrie arrived, dressed in lace clothes and talking loud to everybody, and soon fell a-wrangling with a gentleman about tragedy and comedy and the unities, &c., and laid down the law of the drama in a peremptory manner, supporting his arguments with cursing and swearing. I saw Cheap was astonished, when, rising and going to the bar,

he asked who this was, and finding it to be Guthrie, whom he had come down to inquire about, he paid his coffee and shrunk off in silence.

"I knew him well afterwards, and asked him one day if he remembered the incident. He told me it was true that he came there with the intention of talking with Guthrie on the subject, but was so much disgusted with his vapouring manner that he thought no more of him.

"I met Captain Cheap in Scotland two years after this, when he came to visit his relations; I met him at his half-brother's, George Cheap, collector of customs at Prestonpans, and in summer at goat-whey quarters, where I lived with him for three weeks, and became very confidential with him. He had a sound and sagacious understanding and an intrepid mind, and had great injustice done to him in Byron's 'Narrative,' which Major Hamilton, who was one of the unfortunate people in the *Wager*, told me was in many things false or exaggerated.

"One instance I remember, which is this. Byron says Cheap was so selfish that he had concealed four pounds of seal in the lining of his coat, to abstract from his company for his own use. He no doubt had the piece of seal, and Captain Hamilton saw him secrete it; but when they had got clear of the cazique who plundered them of all he could, the captain, producing his seal, said to his companions, 'That devil wanted to reduce me to his own terms by famine, but I outplotted him; with this piece of seal, we could have held out twenty-four hours longer.'

"Another trait of his character Captain Hamilton told me, which was, that when they arrived in Chili, to the number of eleven, who had adhered to Cheap, and who were truly, for hunger and nakedness, worse than the lowest beggars, and were delighted with the arrival of

a Spanish officer from the Governor, who presented Cheap with a petition, which he said he behoved to sign, otherwise they could not be taken under the protection of the Spanish governor;—Cheap, having glanced at this paper, threw it indignantly on the ground, and said sternly to the officer that he would not sign such a paper, for the officers of the King of England could die of hunger but they disdained to beg. Hamilton and Byron and the others fell into despair, for they believed that the captain was gone mad, and that they were all undone. But it had quite a contrary effect, for the officer now treated him with unbounded respect, and going hastily to the governor, returned with a blank sheet of paper, and desired Captain Cheap to dictate or to write his request in his own way.

“Hamilton added that Byron and he being then very young, about sixteen or seventeen, they frequently thought they were ruined by the captain’s behaviour, which was often mysterious and always arrogant and high; but that in the sequel they found that he had always acted under the guidance of a sagacious foresight. This was marking him of a character fit for command, which was the conclusion I drew from my intercourse with him in Scotland. On my inquiring of Hamilton what had made Byron so severe in his ‘Narrative,’ he said he believed it was that the captain one day had called him a ‘puppy’ when he was petulant. He entirely cleared Cheap from any blame for shooting Cozens, into which he was led by unavoidable circumstances, and which completely re-established his authority.”

THE AMERICAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

THE "underground railway" is a phrase familiar to all readers of Anti-Slavery books in America. Who invented the name is not known, but it aptly characterised the secret communications by means of which multitudes of slaves were enabled to escape from cruel bondage. From the remotest regions of the Southern Slave States there were always fugitives, alone or in bands, making their way through swamps and thickets, field and flood, towards a land of freedom. How the tidings reached them of safety in a foreign northern region we cannot tell, but the idea was widely spread, and the irrepressible love of liberty caused every hazard to be braved in starting on the perilous journey. Battling with fatigue and fever, with hunger and thirst, and full of fear and anxiety, they pressed onward. Enraged pursuers were ever on their track, with savage bloodhounds, to bring them back to their owners, and armed with deadly weapons to kill them if they refused to return. Usually the runaways concealed themselves in forests through the day, and travelled painfully by night, directing their course by the North Star, which to them was the star of freedom. Many were captured, and not a few shot down, but the survivors were full of joy and thankfulness when at last they reached the soil of Canada. The incidents described in the autobiography of the Rev. Josiah Henson, the

original prototype of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom," was what was in former days continually witnessed.

"It was the 28th of October 1830," says Henson, "in the morning, when my feet first touched the Canada shore. I threw myself on the ground, rolled in the sand, seized handfuls of it and kissed them, and danced around, till, in the eyes of several who were present, I passed for a madman. 'He's some crazy fellow,' said a Colonel Warren, who happened to be there. 'Oh, no, master! Don't you know? I'm free.' 'Well, I never knew freedom make a man roll in the sand in such a fashion,' was the Colonel's reply. Still I could not control myself. I hugged and kissed my wife and children, and went on as before till the first exuberant feeling of joy was over."

The whole story of Josiah Henson's escape is deeply interesting (published at the *Christian Age* Office, edited by John Lobb). A few incidents told by him may well serve to introduce the account of the underground railroad.

Henson was born in slavery, and remained a slave for forty-two years. When a mere child he was led to the auction mart, torn from his mother, and consigned to as hopeless and miserable a career as ever surrounded child life. By remarkable events he was restored to his mother, and he grew up to be a strong active lad and a powerful intelligent man. He was once flogged within an inch of his life for attempting to learn to read, and never afterwards till he escaped from slavery did he venture to meddle with books. He saw and experienced plenty of the cruelty and wrongs of that slavery which John Wesley had called "the sum of all human villainy;" but he had heard when yet young the story of the Gospel, and was a real Christian. With great fidelity he sought to serve the masters who robbed him of the dearest right of

manhood. Employed in positions of trust, he had seen a good deal of the outside world, and the fact that his children were growing up slaves determined him to seek freedom for himself and for them. He had been "called," while a slave or bond-servant; but the voice of Nature and the Word of God taught him that if he could become free he was to "use it rather;" and he resolved to be free. His escape from slavery, with his timid wife and poor children, was a terrible task on human trial and endurance; but he persevered with the help of God, and after a life of wonderful variety of incident, this slave was in his old age an honoured guest of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. The incidents of romance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to the popularity of which the Anti-Slavery feeling owed so much, were all founded on facts of real life, and Josiah Henson knew under their own names the chief personages in Mrs. Stowe's narrative.

Returning to the narrative of his own escape, he had reached the broad river Ohio. "It was a dark, moonless night about the middle of September. We got into a little skiff, in which I had induced a fellow-slave to set us across the river. It was an anxious moment; we sat still as death. In the middle of the stream the good fellow said to me—

"It will be the end of me if this is ever found out; but you won't be brought back alive, will you?"

"Not if I can help it," I replied; and I thought of the pistols and knife I had bought some time before from a poor white.

"And if they are too many for you and you get seized, you'll never tell my part in this business?"

"Not if I'm shot through like a sieve."

"That's all," he said, "and God help you."

"Heaven reward him," says Henson in his book. "He,

too, has since followed in my steps ; and many a time in a land of freedom have we talked over that dark night on the river.

“In due time we landed on the Indiana shore. A hearty grateful farewell was spoken, such as none but companions in danger can utter, and I heard the oars of the skiff propelling him home. There I stood in the darkness, my dear ones with me, and the dim unknown future before us. But there was little time for reflection. Before daylight should come on we must put as many miles behind us as possible, and be safely hidden in the woods.

“We had no friends to look to for assistance, for the population in that section of the country was then bitterly hostile to the fugitive. If discovered, we should be seized and lodged in jail. In God was our only hope. Fervently did I pray to Him, as we trudged on cautiously and stealthily, as fast as the darkness and the feebleness of my wife and boys would allow. To her indeed I was compelled to talk sternly at times ; she trembled like a leaf, and even then implored me to return.

“For a fortnight we pressed steadily on, keeping to the road during the night, hiding whenever a chance vehicle or horseman was heard, and during the day burying ourselves in the woods. Our provisions were rapidly giving out. Two days before reaching Cincinnati they were utterly exhausted. All night long the children cried with hunger, and my poor wife loaded me with reproaches for bringing them into such misery. It was a bitter thing to hear them cry, and God knows I needed encouragement myself. My limbs were weary, and my back and shoulders sore with the burden I carried. A fearful dread of detection ever pursued me, and I would start out of my sleep in terror, my heart beating against my ribs, expecting to find the dogs and slave-hunters after me.

Had I been alone, I would have borne starvation, even to exhaustion, before I would have ventured within sight of a house in quest of food. But now something must be done; it was necessary to run the risk of exposure by daylight upon the road.

"The only way to proceed was to adopt a bold course. Accordingly, I left our hiding-place, took to the road, and turned towards the south, to lull any suspicion that might be roused were I to be seen going the other way. Before long I came to a house. A furious dog rushed out at me, and his master following to quiet him, I asked if he would sell me a little bread and meat. He was a surly fellow. 'No, I have nothing for niggers!' At the next house I succeeded no better at first. The man of the house met me in the same style; but his wife, hearing our conversation, said to her husband, 'How can you treat any human being so? If a dog was hungry I would give him something to eat.' She then added, 'We have children, and who knows but they may some day need the help of a friend.' The man laughed, and told her that 'if she took care of niggers, he wouldn't.' She asked me to come in, loaded a plate with venison and bread, and when I laid it in my handkerchief and put a quarter of a dollar on the table, she quietly took it up and put it in my handkerchief with an additional quantity of venison. I felt the hot tears roll down my cheeks as she said, 'God bless you,' and I hurried away to bless my starving wife and little ones.

"A little after eating the venison, which was quite salt, the children became very thirsty, and groaned and sighed so that I went off stealthily, breaking the bushes to keep my path, to find water. I found a little rill, and drank a large draught: I tried to carry some in my hat, but, alas! it leaked. Finally, I took off both my shoes, which

luckily had no holes in them, rinsed them well, and filling them with water, took it to my family. They drank it with great delight. I have since sat at splendidly furnished tables in Canada, the United States, and England, but never did I see any human beings relish anything more than my poor famishing little ones did that refreshing draught out of their father's old shoes. That night we made a long run, and two days afterwards we reached Cincinnati.

"Before entering the town, I hid my wife and children in the woods, and then walked on alone in search of friends, whose address I had. Finding them, they welcomed me warmly, and just after dusk my wife and children were brought in, and we were hospitably cheered and refreshed. Two weeks of exposure to incessant fatigue, anxiety, rain, chill and exposure, made it indescribably sweet to enjoy once more the comfort of rest and shelter."

Mr. Henson does not say who these friends were, but we shall hear more about them by and by. He speaks of the harsh and bitter words used against the devoted and kind people who were banded together to succour and bid God-speed to the hunted fugitive, men who, through pity to the suffering, voluntarily exposed themselves to hatred, fines, imprisonment. "If there be a God," says Henson, "who will have mercy on the merciful, great will be their reward on the great day when men shall be judged before the Divine Master; crowds of the outcasts and forsaken of earth will gather round them, and in joyful tones bear witness, 'We were hungry and ye gave us meat, thirsty and ye gave us drink, naked and ye clothed us, sick and ye visited us.' And He who has declared that 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me,' will accept the attestation and hail them with His welcome, 'Come, ye

blessed of my Father.' Their glory shall be proclaimed from the house-tops; and may that 'peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away, dwell within their hearts.'

"Among some of these good Samaritans our lot was now cast. Carefully they provided for our welfare, until our strength was recruited, and then they set us thirty miles on our way by waggon."

In sad contrast to the good deeds of these Christian philanthropists were the public acts of statesmen and politicians of the Northern States who are honoured in the pages of history! A succession of base and miserable enactments, passed by the Legislatures and by Congress, strove by compromise to please and satisfy the Southern States, the supporters of slavery. To preserve the Union at all hazards was the plea of these men, but the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act was an offence against the common instincts of humanity. To compel men to restore to slavery the fugitive slaves, under all manner of penalties, was an act tolerated for a season by mere politicians, but it nerved the hearts of all good men to fresh exertions in the cause of liberty, and the Abolitionists became stronger than ever. When the fearful calamity of the civil war came, all who could see the hand of God in history rightly judged that the retribution came alike to the Southerners as the abettors of slavery, and to the Northern men as the guilty accomplices in the crime. On the lowest estimate more than a million of lives were lost during the war by battle and by disease, and scenes of untold mourning and misery throughout the whole land darkened the last years of slavery.

After leaving Cincinnati, Henson and his family resumed their journey under the old conditions, travelling

by night and resting by day till they reached Scioto, where they were told they would strike the military road of General Hull, made in the last war with Great Britain, and on which they were assured they could travel without interference during daylight. The road was easily found, marked by large elms and sycamore trees at the beginning, and they at first proceeded with great spirit. Nobody had told them that it went through the Wilderness, and Henson had not provided food, expecting to come to some habitation when they could be supplied. But after travelling a whole day without seeing one house, they lay down at night hungry and weary enough. Wolves were howling around, and though too cowardly to approach, they terrified poor Mrs. Henson and the children. Next morning, after sharing some fragments of dried beef, which hardly satisfied their hunger, and much increased their thirst, they started for a second day's tramp through the Wilderness. The road was rough, and the underbush tore their clothes and impeded their advance, while occasionally trees that had been blown down blocked the path. Faint with fatigue and hunger, and hopeless of help, they were almost in despair. They spoke little, but steadily struggled on. Henson had two of the youngest children on his back, and the wife with the other two climbed over the fallen trees and forced themselves through the briers. The poor mother fainted, and it seemed as if she was never to recover. But after a while she so far revived as to make an effort to proceed. Henson cheered then with hopes which he says he then hardly ventured to share himself. Starvation in the wilderness seemed to be the doom that stared him and his in the face. But "man's extremity proved God's opportunity," as he devoutly recorded in his journal of after-days. In the afternoon they fell in with some

wandering Indians, carrying packs on their shoulders, who, coming suddenly upon the negro group, were astonished at first, but in the end proved kind and sympathetic helpers. They supplied their needs on seeing their enfeebled state, and after feeding them bountifully, gave them a comfortable wigwam for their night's rest. Next day the journey was resumed, after learning from the Indians that they were only about twenty-four miles from the lake. They sent some of their young men to point out the place where they were to turn off, and parted with as much kindness as possible. The way was still difficult, streams having to be crossed as well as thickets to be penetrated. They had to pass one night more in the woods, and on the forenoon of the next day came out upon the wide treeless plain which lies south and west of Sandusky city. The houses of the village were plainly seen.

About a mile from the lake, Henson again hid his wife and children in the bushes and pushed forward. He was attracted by a house between which and a small coasting vessel a number of men were passing and repassing with great activity. Promptly deciding to approach them, he drew near, and scarcely had come within hailing distance when the captain of the schooner cried out—

"Hullo, there, man! do you want work?"

"Yes, sir," he shouted.

"Come along then, come along; I'll give you a shilling an hour. Must get off with this wind."

As Henson drew near the captain said, "You can't work; you're crippled."

"Can't I?" said Henson, and in a minute had hold of a bag of corn, and followed the gang in emptying it into the hold. He took his place in the line of labourers

next a coloured man, and soon exchanged words with him.

"How far is it to Canada?" said Henson. He gave him a peculiar look, and in a minute Henson saw that he knew all.

"Want to go to Canada? Come along with us. Our captain is a fine fellow. We're going to Buffalo."

"Buffalo! how far is that from Canada?"

"Don't yer know, man? It's just across the river."

Henson now opened his mind frankly to him, and told him about his wife and children.

"I'll speak to the captain," said he. He did so, and in a moment the captain took him aside and said—

"The Doctor says you want to go to Buffalo with your family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why not go with me?" was his frank reply. "Doctor tells me you've got a family."

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you stop?"

"About a mile back."

"How long have yer been here?"

"No time," Henson answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"Come, my good fellow," said the captain, "tell us all about it. You're running away, ain't you?"

Henson saw he was a friend, and opened his heart to him.

"How long will it be till you are ready?"

"I'll be here in half-an-hour, sir."

"Well," said the captain, "go along and get them."

Off he started; but before he had run fifty feet he called out, "Stop! you go on getting the grain in; when we get off, I'll lay-to over opposite that island, and send

a boat back. There's a lot of regular nigger-catchers in the town below, and they might suspect if you brought your people out of the bush in daylight."

He did work away with a will. Soon two or three hundred bushels of corn were aboard, the hatches fastened down, the anchor raised, and the sail hoisted.

"I watched the vessel," says Henson, "with intense interest as she left her moorings. Away she went before the free breeze. Already she seemed beyond the spot at which the captain said he would lay-to, and still she flew along. My heart sank within me; so near deliverance, and again to have my hopes blasted! I felt as if they had been making sport of my misery. The sun had sunk to rest, and the purple and gold were quickly fading into grey. Suddenly, however, as I gazed with a weary heart, the vessel swung round into the wind, the sails flapped, and she stood motionless. A moment more, and a boat was lowered from her stern, and with a steady stroke made for the point at which I stood. I felt that my hour of release had come. On she came, and in ten minutes she rode up handsomely on to the beach.

"My coloured friend and two sailors jumped out, and we started at once for my wife and children. To my horror, they were gone from the place where I left them. Overpowered with fear, I supposed they had been discovered and carried off. There was no time to lose, and the men told me I would have to go alone. Just at the point of despair, however, I stumbled on one of the children. My wife, it seemed, alarmed at my long absence, had given up all for lost, and supposed I had fallen into the hands of the enemy. When she heard my voice, mingled with those of the others, she thought my captors were leading me back to make me discover my family, and in the extremity of her terror she had tried to hide herself.

I had hard work to satisfy her ; our long habits of concealment and anxiety had rendered her suspicious of every one, and her agitation was so great that for a time she was incapable of understanding what I said, and went on in a sort of paroxysm of distress and fear. This, however, was soon over, and the kindness of my companions did much to facilitate the matter.

“And now we were off for the boat. It required little time to embark our luggage, one convenience, at least, of having nothing. The men bent their backs with a will, and headed steadily for a light hung from the vessel’s mast. I was praising God in my soul. Three hearty cheers welcomed us as we reached the schooner, and never till my dying day shall I forget the shout of the captain,—he was a Scotchman—‘Coom up on deck, and clop your wings and crawl like a cock ; you’re a free nigger, as sure as you’re a live mon !’

“Round went the vessel, the wind filled her sails, the water seethed and hissed past her sides. Man and nature, and above all, I felt, the God of man and nature, who breathes love into the heart and maketh the wind His ministers, were with us. My happiness that night rose at times to positive pain. Unnerved by so sudden a change from destitution and danger to such kindness and blessed security, I wept like a child.”

The next evening they reached Buffalo, but too late to cross the river that night. They slept on board, and next morning the captain, when he saw Henson, pointing to a group of trees in the distance, said, “You see these trees ? They grow on free soil, and when your feet touch that you’re a man. I want to see you go and be a freeman. I’m poor myself, and have nothing to give you. I only sail the boat for wages, but I’ll see you across.”

"Here, Green," he said to a ferryman, "what will you take this man and his family over for; he's got no money?"

"Three shillings."

He then took a dollar out of his pocket and gave it to Henson. "Never shall I forget the spirit in which he spoke. Putting his hand on my head he said, 'Be a good fellow, won't you?'"

"I felt streams of emotion," says poor Henson, running down in electric courses from head to foot.

"Yes," said I, 'I'll use my freedom well; I'll give my soul to God.'

The captain stood waving his hat as they pushed off for the opposite shore. "God bless him! God bless him eternally. Amen!"

Then followed the scene on first touching free soil, as already narrated. We have quoted the case of Josiah Henson as an example of one out of the multitudes who found freedom even during the dark period of the Fugitive Slave Act. And now we must say more about the noble American Christians who, amidst the crimes and the blunders of politicians, so fearfully punished by the just judgments of Heaven, helped the poor negroes in their escape by the Underground Railway.

A Quaker, Levi Coffin, was at the head of this movement. In a volume of autobiographical "Reminiscences" this good Friend has given a full account of the labours of himself and his devoted wife, Catherine Coffin, and their helpers in the special service of assisting fugitive slaves. More than three thousand three hundred bondsmen and bondswomen were rescued by these good people, besides the numerous slaves who made their escape without their aid, in the dark time before Lincoln's celebrated proclamation made an end of the whole accursed system.

Levi Coffin may be fairly called the president or chairman of the Underground Railway.

From childhood he had been deeply touched with what he saw and knew of the cruel oppression of the coloured race. It was only after his marriage and settlement at Newport, in the State of Indiana, that he resolved to risk property, reputation, and even life, in the cause of freedom. For he knew the personal danger to which he would expose himself. He had previously set up a Sunday-school for coloured people, but this he had been compelled to relinquish, through the opposition and savage threats of the slave-owning and slavery-supporting part of the community. This did not lead him to desist from efforts to help the oppressed, even though he had to evade the iniquitous enactments of Congress in the steps he now took. He found that there were many persons in Newport who felt as he did, anxious to help the coloured people, but timid and cautious, dreading the cruel persecution to which any display of kind feeling would expose them. With a man like Levi Coffin as a leader, they were inspired with fresh courage and determined to act with him in his well-considered designs.

Newport soon became known as one of the chief depots, or stations, as we call them, of the Underground Railway. Not a few well-wishers of the negro were heard expressing anxiety and giving words of warning. But he had counted the cost, and committing to God all his affairs, he resolved in His name to undertake what he regarded as a sacred duty. Injury to his property and business, threats of personal violence, every method was used to check his efforts, but none of these things moved him.

Heavy expenses had to be incurred as the business of the Underground Railway increased. Often large parties of fugitives had to be kept and supported till the time

arrived for sending them forward to one or other of the "depots" to the north. It was necessary to have a team of horses and a waggon always ready. Occasionally several waggons had to be procured. The journeys were always at night, often through bad roads or by ways seldom travelled. Every precaution had to be taken, as professional slave-hunters were usually on the track, and sometimes ahead of the slaves, or in ambush to seize them. Levi had also his scouts and watchers, and there were several routes towards certain depots, so that if hunters were known to pass one way, the passengers were forwarded by another road.

The depot at Newport had become extensively known to the friends of the slaves at different points on the Ohio River, where fugitives generally crowded, and to those northward on the various routes leading to Canada. A perfect understanding was maintained between those who kept the depots in all these places. Three principal lines from the South converged at the house of Levi Coffin, one from Cincinnati, one from Madison, and one from Jeffersonville, Indiana. The roads were always in running order, the connections good, the conductors active and zealous, and there was never a lack of passengers. Seldom a week passed without arrivals by this mysterious road. "We found it necessary to be always prepared to receive such company," says Levi Coffin, "and properly to care for them. We knew not what night, or what hour of the night, we should be roused from slumber by a gentle rap at the door. There was no railway whistle or sounding bell on the Underground train, nor did it make any unnecessary noise. I have often been awakened by the signal, and sprang out of bed in the dark to open the door. Outside in the cold or rain there would be a two-horse waggon loaded with fugitives, perhaps the greater

number women and children. I would invite them in a low tone to come in, and they would follow me into the darkened house without a word, for we knew not who might be watching and listening. When they were all safely inside and the door fastened, I would cover the windows, strike a light, and build a good fire. By this time my wife would be up and preparing victuals for them, and in a short time the cold and hungry fugitives would be made comfortable. I would accompany the conductor of the train to the stable and care for the horses, that had, perhaps, been driven twenty-five or thirty miles that night, through the cold and rain. The fugitives would rest on pallets before the fire the remainder of the night. Frequently waggon-loads of passengers from the different lines have met at our house, having no previous knowledge of each other. The companions varied in number, from two or three fugitives to seventeen. This work was kept up during the time we lived at Newport, a period of more than twenty years. The numbers varied, but the annual average was more than one hundred. They generally came destitute of much clothing, and often barefooted. An assortment of clothes was always kept ready, and money must be raised to buy shoes and purchase materials to make garments for women and children. The young ladies in the neighbourhood organised a sewing-society, and met at our house frequently to make clothes for the fugitives. Sometimes they had to remain for several days till these were made. Many had come from great distances, and had travelled for months by night, and hiding in canebrakes or thickets, especially in cloudy weather, when the north star could not be seen. Even when they reached a free State, their fear and anxiety continued, knowing that slaves were liable to be recaptured, and taken back after crossing the Ohio."

Many of the fugitives arrived sick and exhausted from fatigue and exposure. A good physician, Dr. Henry H. Way, was unremitting in his kind attention to every patient, and his hearty unpaid care restored health to many an almost perishing slave. On several occasions he had tedious and troublesome cases. Two young men were even brought to the house with feet frost-bitten severely, and were compelled to remain for three months before they were able to resume their journey. In the spring they started for Canada, loth to part from their shelter, and full of gratitude for the kindness and care which had saved their limbs and their life. Next autumn one of them returned, and offered to work to repay in some measure what had been done for him. He was told that there was no charge, and no repayment was ever looked for, but if he thought he would be safe at Newport, he might remain through the winter at good wages. He thankfully accepted the offer, and proved a faithful devoted servant. He attended night-school, and, advanced in learning, returned to Canada a happy free man in the spring.

Many of the fugitives came from far-off States, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana—in fact, from all parts of the South. Although the number was so large at last, not one, so far as was known, was recaptured and taken back to slavery. Providence seemed to favour the efforts for the poor slaves, and to crown them with success.

On several occasions, when it was ascertained that the pursuers were on the alert and in strength, messengers were sent to bring back the fugitive slaves, and in the house they remained in safe concealment until the blood-hounds in human shape had lost the trail and given up the pursuit. These hired ruffians from the South knew

well enough that Levi Coffin's house was a place of refuge ; but they also knew, and the people of the town of Newport all knew, that if they ventured to commit any trespass by entering his premises, or in any way went beyond the letter of the law of the State, they would be arrested and prosecuted. Many of the citizens would have stood by Levi Coffin in such a trial. Besides, the law required that a writ should be obtained before searching any house, and proof good at law must be produced that a coloured man was the property of the claimant before he could be removed. They knew that they themselves would get into trouble by attempting anything illegal, and their employers would be involved in serious expenses through any indiscretion. Often warned not to interfere with Levi Coffin's business, they came to regard him as a successful thwarter of their pursuits and a powerful protector of the fugitives, and could only gnash their teeth in impotent rage. To resort to any personal violence would have been vain, as by this time the whole of the citizens were proud of him, except the few who were concerned with the slave interest, or the worst characters among the "politicians" of the place.

At the beginning of his active work his business affairs had somewhat suffered, customers leaving him on account of his Anti-Slavery sentiments ; but they soon began again to deal with him, and many others came, so that his influence and means of usefulness were largely increased. A notable proof of the confidence of his fellow-townsmen was that he was elected a director in the Richmond branch of the State Bank, and re-elected for six or seven years by the stockholders to represent their district. If any one wanted accommodation from the Bank, much depended on the director for the district where the applicant lived. His word or influence would generally decide the matter.

The knowledge of this seemed to hold a check on some of the leading Pro-Slavery men of the neighbourhood. Wishing to retain his good-will, they did not openly oppose the work of the Underground Railway. Threatening letters sometimes came from distant towns, announcing the approach of strong bodies of armed men to burn his premises, if not the whole town of Newport; but no heed was taken of these cowardly threats. They merely committed to the Lord their cause, to be their defence and support, with the stronger faith and earnestness.

In 1847 Levi Coffin removed from Newport to Cincinnati, and there he continued the same beneficent work. The vigilance of the Slave interest and the boldness of the slave-hunters in this city demanded greater efforts and care than at Newport. The expenses were also greater, both for clothing and for hiring waggons for the railway. The price of a two-horse team for a journey was generally ten dollars, and several were sometimes required at once. The teams were always supplied by a German who kept a livery stable, and who sympathised with the good work. No question was ever asked by him or his attendants. The money was generally given to a second person to hand to the coloured man who brought the team. There were several trusty coloured men, who owned no property, and who could lose nothing in case of prosecution, and who acted as drivers, well understanding the Underground Railway business. In some cases strong active young white men volunteered to drive. If they could not reach the next depot till daylight, the freight was scattered among friends in the neighbourhood, to remain concealed till the next night. It required pluck and tact to arrange such matters, and get the fugitives safe to their stopping-place. While they were resting and sleeping, their friends provided suitable waggons and drivers for another thirty

miles' journey, the Cincinnati drivers, after feeding their horses, and resting a few hours, returning home with their waggon and teams.

The house at Cincinnati was large, and well adapted for receiving numerous fugitives, several of whom might be concealed for days in upper chambers without any suspicion being aroused. Mrs. Coffin used often to carry up food in a clothes-basket, with some freshly ironed garment on the top to make it look like a basketful of clean clothes. Fugitives were not allowed to eat in the kitchen, for fear of detection.

We might fill pages with incidents of the continuous labours and services of the good people, but enough has been said to show the work of the Underground Railway. The story of many of the fugitives was full of romantic interest. Among the fugitives aided by Levi Coffin and his wife was Eliza Harris, who makes so memorable a figure in Mrs. Stowe's celebrated book. She was a character taken from real life, the name in this instance being unchanged. Eliza escaped from her pursuers by darting from her retreat, with her child in her arms, and crossed the Ohio by passing from one block of ice to another, while the broken pieces were drifting down the river.

When at length the civil war had closed and the chains of slavery were broken, Levi Coffin worked harder than ever for the poor freedmen. He devoted his time and energy to the society formed for ameliorating the condition of the long downtrodden coloured race. He visited England, collecting money, and awakening much popular enthusiasm by his speeches and addresses, no point being more effective than the simple narrative of his own labours when president of the Underground Railway.

A WIFE LOST AND FOUND.

THE VOYAGE OF MADAME GODIN ON THE AMAZON RIVER.

COUNT MAUREPAS, Minister of State under Louis XV., was a man of much energy and enterprise, but too restless in quest of new affairs. Having considerable influence with the King, he is supposed to have advised the war in North America which proved so disastrous to France. A more useful expedition he planned for South America when he sent M. de la Condamine, of the French Academy of Sciences, on a scientific exploration in 1756, accompanied by M. Bouguer and M. Godin. Of De la Condamine we hear much in the records of historical geography, but of Godin we know little, except in connection with the wonderful voyage made by his wife on the River Amazon.

M. Godin was married, and settled with his family at Quito on the Andes. Having some business to transact in Cayenne, he left his wife at Quito, intending to come back for her as soon as possible, in order finally to transfer his household to Cayenne, where he was going to reside. Several years passed before he was able to put his promise into execution. At length he started for Quito, but fell ill when on the journey, about thirty leagues from Cayenne. On his sick-bed he gave charge to a man named Tristan d'Orcafaval to continue the journey in his place and to bring to him his wife.

Tristan set out from Oyapok on January 24, 1766. He was to leave with the Superior of the Mission of

Laguna, the headquarters of the Spanish missions, letters for Riobamba, and then to await replies. Arrived at Lorette, the first Spanish settlement, at that time newly formed, the Portuguese vessel stopped according to his instructions, and having put Tristan ashore, returned to Tavatinga, the last Portuguese settlement, to await the arrival of Madame Godin. Tristan, instead of going himself to Laguna, intrusted the packet of letters to a Spanish missionary who was returning to Quito—that is to say, in order to save himself five or six days' journey, he sent M. Godin's letters five hundred miles beyond the Cordilleras of the Andes. While they were making this round he traded with the Portuguese Missions. Madame Godin vaguely understood what was happening. She knew that a Portuguese ship was to take her to Cayenne, and that letters addressed to her had been sent by a Jesuit. Her brother, who was one of the confraternity of St. Augustine, tried hard to recover the letters, but the packet was not to be found; the Jesuit who had received it from Tristan pretended to have sent it to some one else, and the latter to a third, who excused himself in the same manner.

Deprived of the instructions of her husband, Madame Godin did not know what to do, for some thought the Portuguese galley must have arrived at Lorette, while others maintained it was impossible. In her perplexity Madame Godin decided to send to the Mission her negro Joachim, whose intelligence and fidelity she well knew. The negro started, accompanied by several Indians, but was stopped on the way and compelled to return to his mistress, who sent him again, but with additional precautions. Joachim was sent to Lorette, where he saw Tristan, who confirmed all that had been reported to Madame Godin.

She therefore determined to set out, sold what she could of her furniture, and left the rest with her brother-in-law, as well as her house at Riobamba, her estates, and her garden. Three years had elapsed between the arrival of Tristan at Lorette and the departure of Madame Godin. The search for the lost packet of letters, the two journeys made by the negro, and, lastly, the preparations for her own departure, had taken all this time. Thus it was not until the 1st of October 1769 that Madame Godin set out from Riobamba, forty leagues south of Quito.

A so-called French doctor who was going to Panama or Portobello, seeking some means of getting to Europe by way of Havannah, St. Domingo, or Martinique, learnt at Guyaquil of the approaching departure of a French lady by the river Amazon. Immediately changing his plan, he went to Riobamba and asked Madame Godin to give him a passage. She at first replied that she had no power to grant this. The doctor thereupon betook himself to the brothers of the lady, and obtained from her through them the favour he wished. Madame Godin left Riobamba with her family, her servants, the French doctor, and her two brothers, one of whom was going to Rome, the other to Spain. M. de Grandmaison, her father, went on before in order that his daughter's journey might not be hindered for want of necessary equipments. As he knew she was accompanied by seven or eight people, he felt no uneasiness, and pushed on to the Portuguese Mission.

The little company was to embark at Canelos, on the river Babonada, which joins the Pastala, a tributary of the Amazon; but Canelos had been abandoned by its inhabitants, who had all gone into the woods on account of the ravages made amongst them by the small-pox.

The journey from Riobamba to Canelos is extremely difficult; it is only possible to make it on foot. Madame Godin had hired thirty Indian porters, as much for the convenience of herself and her companions as for the transport of the baggage. Arrived at Canelos, they all deserted their posts, either because they feared being made to embark, or because they dreaded contagion. Madame Godin had made the mistake of paying them in advance. Only two Indians were to be found in the village, and these had no boat. They promised Madame Godin to make one, and to conduct her to the Mission at Andvas, twelve days' journey down the Babonada river, a distance, say, of a hundred and forty or fifty miles. Again she was foolish enough to pay the two Indians beforehand; two days after they disappeared, and the travellers were obliged to re-embark without a guide.

The day after the departure of the two Indians passed without accident; the next day towards noon they encountered a canoe moored in a little port close to a hut. Here was an Indian recovering from illness, who agreed to accompany them and to steer. The third day the doctor's hat fell into the water; the unlucky Indian, trying to regain it, fell in himself, and, carried away by the current, had not strength to reach the bank, and was drowned before any assistance could be given him. The canoe, no longer guided, soon filled with water. Those on board hastily pushed it ashore, and landing, constructed a hut or shelter.

They were only five or six days' journey from Andvas. The doctor offered to go there. He set off with the negro Joachim, and was careful to take his belongings. He promised that before fifteen days were over the others would have a canoe and some Indians. Instead of fifteen days, Madame Godin waited twenty-five, and then losing

hope, those who remained with her made a raft, and placing thereon a few provisions and necessaries, they abandoned themselves to the river. The raft, poorly constructed, as might be expected by people totally unaccustomed to the work, struck against the trunk of a tree and was overturned. The necessaries were lost and everybody fell into the water. The river, fortunately, was neither wide nor deep; no one perished. Madame Godin sank more than once, but was eventually saved by her brothers.

When they had recovered from this fright, they resolved to follow the course of the river on foot. This was a rash undertaking; it would have been a hundred times wiser to have tried the raft again. In general, the rivers in this part of America are bordered by a wild tangle of trees and shrubs, through which daylight can only be won by means of the hatchet and much loss of time. The travellers returned to their raft, took what remained of the provisions, and started once more on their way. Very soon they perceived that in following the windings of the river they lengthened their journey; to avoid doing this, they entered the wood, and in two or three days were quite lost.

Worn-out with fatigue, wanting food, their feet wounded with walking and torn by thorns, tormented by a burning thirst, with nothing to quench it but such wild fruit as they could meet with, they were compelled to rest. A fatal rest it proved, precursor of death! Not one of them could rise to help the others, and all expired within three or four days except Madame Godin. Possibly they may have taken what was poisonous, in their distress from hunger and thirst.

She, mercifully preserved, remained long unconscious, about forty-eight hours, according to her own reckoning.

When she came to herself she felt nothing but intense thirst. She tried to rise. The longing to drink gave her strength. She was without shoes and with ragged raiment; she took her brother's shoes and put on their clothing, and after a long and weary journey found herself on the banks of the Babonada. She thought she had walked for eight days, but it was probably a shorter time, for in her feeble state it is hardly likely she could have supported hunger and thirst so long.

The remembrance of the frightful scene she had witnessed, the horrors of solitude, the silence and darkness of the nights, the constant dread of death, made such an impression upon her that her hair grew white.

The second day of her wanderings she found water; later she was able to gather some wild fruit; she also picked up eggs of a greenish colour; she did not know what they were, but they strengthened her more than the fruit. They were the eggs of a bird common in these districts, and called partridges by the Spaniards.

It was marvellous that this delicately nurtured woman could endure trials which completely overcame her brothers and the rest of her companions; but more wonderful still that, in a country abounding in panthers and several kinds of venomous serpents, she had not once been exposed to the attacks of these enemies.

Madame Godin passed the night on the banks of the river. Next day at dawn she heard a noise close by. Her first impulse was to plunge into the wood; but reflecting that nothing worse than she had already experienced could happen to her, she advanced in the direction of the sound, and saw two Indians pushing a canoe into the water; she advanced, and they seeing her, also approached. They were two inhabitants of Canelos who had fled from the epidemic with their wives, and who came from a

hut which they had some distance off. She implored them to take her to the Mission at Andvas. The Indians were going there, so it was easily managed.

A great revolution had just taken place at the Spanish Mission. An unexpected order from the Court at Madrid ordered the expulsion and arrest of all the Jesuits; they had been sent to the Papal States, and replaced in their missions by secular priests. The one at Andvas was hard, coarse, and avaricious. Madame Godin, not knowing how to show her gratitude to the Indians, remembered two gold chains she had saved and wore on her neck. She gave one to each of her liberators. The priest, even in her presence, seized the two chains, and gave the Indians three or four ells of a coarse kind of cotton which is made in the country.

Next day Madame Godin set out for Laguna. An Indian woman made her a cotton petticoat, for which she sent generous payment on reaching Laguna. This petticoat, and the shoes that belonged to her brother, she had always kept since his death.

The French doctor, more occupied with his own affairs than with the promise he had made to send help to Madame Godin, had only paid a flying visit to Andvas, and immediately gone on to Omaguas. The negro Joachim, irritated at this act of ingratitude, reascended the river without loss of time. Arrived at the place where he had left his mistress and her brothers, he followed their track in the woods with the Indians until he encountered the corpses, which were now not to be recognised. Persuaded that all had perished, he returned to the hut, gathered together what had been left, and regained the road to Andvas, which he reached some days before his mistress. As he did not doubt that she was dead, he went in search of the doctor at Omaguas, to whom he

intrusted all the property he had found. The doctor was quite aware that M. de Grandmaison had arrived at Lorette, and there awaited his children with the greatest eagerness, and that being informed of the arrival of the servant, he had desired Tristan to find him. But neither the doctor nor Tristan would satisfy this natural desire; and the former on his own authority sent the negro back to Quito. The faithful servant obeyed, and was thus lost to his mistress. He never imagined that she was still living, and at Laguna, where she had arrived with the Indians.

She was very well received by the new Superior of the Missions, who did everything he could during her stay of six weeks to re-establish her shattered health and make her forget her sorrows. The Superior sent at once to the authorities at Omaguas. The doctor could not avoid going to Laguna, and he brought to Madame Godin four silver plates and a few other things, saying all the rest were spoilt. "But such articles as jewels and gold bracelets and snuff-boxes do not spoil," replied Madame Godin; "if you had restored to me my servant, I should have heard from him what became of the valuable property left in the hut. To whom else can I apply? You are the cause of all my misfortunes and terrible losses. Go, sir, take your own course; I can have nothing more to do with you."

There are people who do not know how to blush, or to feel the humiliation of a deserved reproach. The doctor was persistent; and Madame Godin, who had already shown herself of a too confiding nature, influenced by the entreaties of the Superior, who represented that if she abandoned the unfortunate doctor there was no saying what would become of him, consented to allow him to remain with her.

The Superior had written to M. de Grandmaison that his daughter was out of danger and sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, and had advised him to send Tristan in order that he might accompany her on board the Portuguese vessel. Before the departure of Madame Godin the Superior represented to her that she had only as yet performed a small part of the journey; that she was about to expose herself to new dangers, and that if she wished to return to Riobamba, he would have her conducted there safely. Madame Godin rejected this proposal at once; she replied that she had left Riobamba expressly to rejoin her husband; that God had preserved her from the dangers to which the others had succumbed, and that she would consider it ungrateful to the Providence which had protected her, if she did not follow up the advantage gained by the help sent by Heaven through the two Indians of Andvas.

As Tristan did not arrive, the Superior, after several futile attempts, furnished a canoe with orders to proceed straightway to the Portuguese ship. The governor of Omaguas, advised of these proceedings, sent another canoe to meet the first with refreshments. The Portuguese captain Rebello, having also received intimation of the speedy arrival of the lady he had been so long expecting, sent an Indian boat laden with provisions. The Portuguese met her at the village of Pavas. She was received on board their ship at Lorette, and from this place to Oyapok, that is to say, a distance of nearly a thousand leagues, the captain loaded her with the kindest attentions. Two canoes were sent on ahead with fish and game, and every care was taken that nothing should be wanting for her comfort.

The vessel continued its way as far as the fortress of Curupa, about sixty leagues beyond Para. M. de Martel,

in command of the garrison there, arrived next day to conduct Madame Godin to Oyapok. At the mouth of the river, where the current was strong, the galley lost one of its anchors. A boat was sent on for assistance. M. Godin, who chanced to be at Oyapok when the boat arrived, went to meet his wife in his own galley; he reached the ship on the fourth day; and thus after twenty years of absence and of mutual disappointments, reverses, and alarms, the re-united couple were enabled to embrace each other and to mingle their tears and their thanksgivings.

M. Godin and his wife took leave of M. de Martel and the other Portuguese officers, from whom they had received so many marks of friendship, at Cape Orange. They afterwards returned to Oyapok, and thence to Cayenne. It was not until the entire recovery of Madame Godin, three years after their arrival at Cayenne, that M. Godin embarked for Rochelle, where he arrived on 20th June 1773, after a voyage of sixty-five days.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW FLINDERS, R.N.

IN the history of the early days of our Australasian colonies there is no name more worthy of honourable remembrance than Matthew Flinders. He it was who, in his "Account of a Voyage of Discovery to Terra Australis," first suggested the name of *Australia* as the designation of the whole island-continent which now forms so important a part of the British Empire. In that work he gave a summary of the discoveries of the various voyagers and explorers before the time of Captain Cook, who hoisted the British flag, and took possession, in the name of King George III., of what he called New South Wales. In earlier days "New Holland" was the more familiar term, the Dutch having so named the vast island, and having left remembrance of their voyages in such names as Van Diemen's Land and Tasmania, as the Spaniards had previously done in calling Torres Straits after Louis de Torres, one of their discoverers in the seventeenth century. But the Dutch did not find a larger Java in New Holland, and retired to their own Spice Islands, their latest explorers reporting to the Dutch East India Company that "these coasts are barren, with shallow water, peopled by poor and brutal natives, and of little use to the Company." This was the tenor of the reports of all voyagers before Captain Cook, although there were notable men among them, as Woodes Rogers, Dampier, and several French navigators.

The story of Cook's voyages is too well known to be

more than mentioned here. Although he made wonderful discoveries in the South Seas, his usual sagacity and good fortune failed him where his records might have proved the most important. He passed without examination Port Jackson and the magnificent bay where Sydney now stands; nor did he explore the great bay of Port Phillip, which was to be the site of the most flourishing colony in the British dominions; nor did he ascertain that Van Diemen's Land was an island, and not a part of the larger island of New South Wales. Botany Bay, so named from the number of new plants seen by Banks and Solander, the naturalists of the expedition, was not a happy choice for the first convict settlement, which was the chief practical object of Cook visiting these shores. The removal to Port Jackson, as more suitable, was very speedily resolved upon. But we must not dwell on the earliest days of colonial settlement, nor refer in detail to the dark period of convict colonies. We must confine our present remarks to the career of one who was the greatest of the earlier Australian explorers, and the pioneer of a healthier emigration from the old country.

Matthew Flinders, born March 16, 1774, was son of a medical man in practice at Donington in Lincolnshire. From early childhood he manifested a taste for discovery and research. Once he was missed from home, and, after a search of some hours, he was found in a field far from the town, tracing a brook, "to see," as he said, "where it came from." His little pockets were stuffed with pebbles and plants and all sorts of curiosities. His father had designed him for his own profession, but this was not to his taste. To go to sea and visit foreign lands was his passion. He had no higher education than that afforded by the grammar-school of a neighbouring town, where he acquired the usual knowledge of Latin and

Greek, at the same time teaching himself trigonometry and navigation.

The "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" fired his imagination. A relative who saw the youth's tastes mentioned him to Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Pasley. He was invited to the Captain's house, that it might be seen whether he was worth making into a sailor, with the result that he was at once placed on the quarter-deck of his own ship, the *Scipio*, enrolled as a "volunteer." When Captain Bligh was sent to take plants of the bread-fruit tree from the South Seas to the West Indies, young Flinders was appointed midshipman in Bligh's ship, the *Providence*, on the recommendation of Captain Pasley. In this voyage he proved most useful, always ready to assist in the construction of charts or in taking astronomical observations; and to him was intrusted the care of the chronometers, no slight charge for so juvenile a navigator.

On his return to England in 1793, he rejoined his old commander in the *Bellerophon*, and took part in Lord Howe's famous action of June 1, 1794. Of his conduct in this action a characteristic anecdote is recorded. When Lord Howe broke the French line on that memorable day, the *Bellerophon* was the second from the Admiral's flag-ship, the *Queen Charlotte*. While they were passing under the stern of a huge three-decker, young Flinders noticed that several of the *Bellerophon's* guns had been left shotted and primed while the men had been called away to other duties. Seizing a lighted match, he quickly fired as many of the deserted guns as would bear on the Frenchman. This brought Commodore Pasley to the spot, and seizing the midshipman by the collar, he sternly said, "How dare you do this, youngster, without my orders?" To which he coolly replied that

“he had heard the general order to fire away as fast as possible, and he thought he had a fine opportunity to have a good shot at 'em.” What could the Commodore say? Flinders afterwards drew diagrams of the position of the fleets at three different periods of the day, showing his skill as a draughtsman, after having manifested fearless and prompt action, qualities conspicuous in him throughout his life.

From the *Bellerophon* he followed one of its officers, appointed to the command of the *Reliance*, ordered to convey Governor Hunter to New South Wales. This voyage, offering prospects of new scenes and the discovery of unknown places, was much more to the taste of young Flinders than mere fighting, though he did not shrink from war in defence of king and country. In the *Reliance* he made the acquaintance of George Bass, Surgeon, R.N., a man like-minded with himself, and associated with him in some of the most important services of after years. Bass had brought out in the *Reliance* a little boat of about eight feet keel and five feet beam, which from its diminutive size was called the *Tom Thumb*.

Within a month after the arrival of the *Reliance* in Sydney Cove in 1795, Flinders and Bass got leave to go on an exploring cruise in the *Tom Thumb*, the crew consisting of themselves and a small ship-boy. The extraordinary perils and adventures of this voyage, and of subsequent voyages, when hundreds of miles of coast were explored, are recorded in an original journal, much worn and sea-stained, long in the possession of Captain Flinders' aged daughter. It is a story so full of romantic adventure as to be worthy of publication, though in our days even Boys' Own Magazines seem to prefer fictitious tales to the stranger and more thrilling narratives of real life.

The last we hear of Surgeon Bass was his making a voyage in a colonial-built sloop of twenty-five tons, when he ascertained that Van Diemen's Land or Tasmania was separated from the mainland by the broad strait now bearing his name. No other honour or reward he seems to have obtained. In 1802 he left Sydney for England as mate of a trading vessel. Flinders, in his journal, speaks of his gallant and much-loved comrade as then no more. He is supposed to have been lost at sea on his voyage home, the ship never being heard of.

In 1801 Flinders was promoted to the rank of commander, having previously, in 1799, become lieutenant while still pursuing his explorations in Australia. On his return to England, partly through the pressure put on the Government by Sir Joseph Banks, an expedition was organised for a more complete survey of the great southern colony. Flinders was at once chosen as the fittest person to command the *Investigator*, prepared for this service. So popular was the voyage, and also the commander, that on calling for volunteers from the Vice-Admiral's ship at Sheerness, two hundred and fifty men came forward, when only eleven were required. During the preparation for this expedition, Flinders was married to Miss Ann Chappelle, to whom he had been long engaged, a lady who was, like himself, of an old Huguenot family. Intending to take his young wife with him, they posted up to London, and everything seemed fair and smooth for a happy voyage. But suddenly "a bolt came from the blue" to dash the happy prospect. A letter from the Admiralty announced that the captain of the *Investigator* could not be allowed to take his wife with him. She had to be sent back to her friends for the three years for which the ship was commissioned. The sorrow of parting would have been more bitter could it

have been foreseen that the absence was to be for ten, not three years. "It was at this time," says one whose communication is before us, "that I became acquainted with Captain Flinders. At that period a 'discovery ship' was a novelty in a British port, and many naval and scientific men went to Sheerness to visit the *Investigator*, to see her equipments, and to take leave of her commander. I accompanied two gentlemen thither, and well remember the pleasure of the day spent on board. I met at the dinner-table several interesting people, whose names I forget; but there was Robert Brown, since well known as botanical librarian at the British Museum (*Botanicorum facile princeps*), and there was Frederick Bauer, the natural-history painter to the expedition, and a young Englishman, William Westall,¹ landscape artist; also last, not least (although in size, age, and importance at that time he might be so), there was one in whom the whole world was to become interested, John Franklin, who was going out as a midshipman, under the care of his relative, Captain Flinders."

The *Investigator* was a barque of 334 tons. She had a French pass to secure immunity in case of war, as being commissioned on a scientific errand. In this ship Flinders circumnavigated the whole coast of Australia, under circumstances which often required the exertion of vigilance, skill, and daring; while his care of the health of his crew was a theme of general praise. Among other results of his voyage, the fact of his exploring many new coasts and rivers, and fixing the most suitable sites for future settlements, may be specially mentioned. The details of the voyage we must pass over, referring any who are interested

¹ W. Westall's drawings and charts have lately been deposited in the library of the Colonial Office, as recorded in the *Leisure Hour* of 1893, page 285.

to his great work, which can be consulted in public libraries in England and in Australia.

In June 1803 the *Investigator* was condemned at Port Jackson as no longer seaworthy. The captain embarked with his officers and crew on two small vessels bound for India. Both vessels were wrecked upon a coral reef about 700 miles from land. The captain made every arrangement for the maintenance of order and the supply of food to the crews, who were safely landed on the coral island, and he himself left the reef in a small open boat, with Captain Park and twelve men, for Port Jackson, to procure assistance. By his energy and skill the whole of the crews were safely rescued.

Again he left Port Jackson in a small schooner, the *Cumberland*, of only twenty-nine tons, being anxious to convey his specimens and his charts and papers to England. Having crossed the Indian Ocean, ignorant of the breaking out of war with France, the ship put in at St. Louis in Mauritius. The general in command there, a brutal man and hating England, M. de Caen, seized the vessel and made the crew prisoners of war. Flinders was so cruelly treated that his health was seriously affected. The disregard of the neutrality accorded to science by the seizure of his papers added to the annoyance; and this was increased on finding that a French explorer, M. Baudin, himself bearing a letter of immunity from the British Government, and having been hospitably treated at Sydney, got possession of the records of his discoveries, and published them in France as a record of his own voyage! Fortunately some of his charts and papers were restored to him when released from captivity at the end of six years. In the *Quarterly Review* for October 1814, the story of this scandalous treachery is fully described, while a letter of the celebrated geographer, Malté

Brun, admitted the claims of the English explorer, and severely denounced the conduct of his unworthy compatriots. Although Flinders was kept in close prison for less than two years, his subsequent detention in the island, a prisoner on parole, was probably connected with the fraudulent claims of M. Baudin as a discoverer, to give time for his publication.

After lingering six years in captivity, Flinders was liberated, and reached England at the end of the year 1810, to the joy of his friends, many of whom had supposed he was dead. To his wife the kind Sir Joseph Banks had occasionally communicated hopeful tidings, but she had almost begun to despair of their ever meeting. Then it was that he found that his discoveries had been published in France as Baudin's, every point and port re-named, and the whole of the south coast laid down as new land, and called 'Terre Napoléon. On recovering part of his charts and plans, he was ordered by the Admiralty to write the narrative of his voyage. The close application which this demanded completed what trials, misfortunes, and imprisonment had begun in breaking down his health. As long as the work was in hand he maintained sufficient energy to proceed, but he drooped after revising his last sheet, and at length, on July 19, 1814, he expired, on the very day that his work was published, leaving a widow and an only daughter.

It was hoped that a considerable sum might be realised by the sale of the work, but it was expensively got up, and the price (twelve guineas folio, and eight guineas quarto) put it quite beyond the reach of general purchasers. The Admiralty having claimed the copyright of the charts, very little profit was derived from that source. It was thought that the book might sell in the Mauritius, where he was well known, and copies, to the value of

£200, were forwarded to that island. But on the very night that the cases were landed at Port Louis, the house where they were deposited was accidentally burned to the ground, and almost the whole of the copies were destroyed.

Everything seemed to be against the widow. Sir Joseph Banks did all he could to obtain for her an increase of the post-captain's pension, which was all she had to subsist on, but his influence with the Admiralty was not what it had once been. A petition to the King was equally unsuccessful. At a later period, King William IV., after the case had been represented to him, and having examined the book, said "he saw no reason why the widow of Flinders should not receive the same pension as the widow of Cook." He handed the petition and statement to Lord Melbourne, who ventured to differ from His Majesty, and nothing was done. A memoir of his official services was drawn up by Vice-Admiral W. H. Smythe, F.R.S., in which his important observations in barometric, magnetic, and other scientific researches, as well as details of geographical discovery, were enumerated. But this did not succeed in obtaining any help to Captain Flinders or his family. The widow passed nearly forty years in humble retirement, and died in 1852.

Not long after her death, the intelligence came that the Governments of Sydney and of Melbourne, in the handsomest manner, and wholly unsolicited, had bestowed pensions of £100 per annum each on Mrs. Flinders and her daughter, with reversion to the latter, the wife of William Petrie, Esq. The widow did not live to know of this gratifying proof of the appreciation of her husband's long and laborious services. It may interest our readers to know that Captain Flinders' daughter (who died very recently) was the mother of one who bears worthily the

name and the character of his distinguished ancestor. Flinders Petrie, as an explorer of Egyptian records and antiquities, has already made himself a name which will be illustrious in history, and his position is already honourably recognised by being made a D.C.L. of Oxford at the Commemoration in 1892.

It is a pleasure to add that Sir John Franklin, when in after years he was Governor of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, as then called, erected a monument to the memory of Captain Flinders on Stamford Hill, overlooking Port Lincoln. From this place the gulf and its shores had been first surveyed in February 1802 by the discoverer of the country now called South Australia. It was in January 1841 that this monumental tribute was set apart under the sanction of Lieutenant-Colonel Gawler, then Governor of the colony, and in the first year of the government of Captain George Grey. The last words of the inscription tell how this monument was dedicated "to the perpetual memory of the illustrious navigator, his honoured commander, by John Franklin, Captain R.N., K.C.M.G.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

IN the north of China proper is the vast region of Mongolia, almost as vast as China itself, the area being upwards of 1,300,000 square miles as against 1,550,000. But the population is only about two millions, while that of China is over four hundred millions. The Mongol people are for the most part pastoral in their occupations and nomadic in their habits, although there are parts of the country occupied by a more settled population, and several large towns are scenes of busy trade, resorted to by Russian and Chinese merchants and travellers. In these towns tea is the staple article in trade from the Chinese side, which is exchanged for skins, furs, woollen and linen goods. "The caravan-tea," finer in quality than any shipped to Europe, is carried by the Russians to Nijni-Novgorod and other great marts. Maimatchin on the Mongolian side, and Kiakhta on the Siberian side, are the chief trading towns; while the capital of Mongolia is Urga, near the great Baikal Lake. The government of the country is subject to a council of foreign affairs at Peking, but the people retain much of their wild independence, under the power of the Buddhist Lamas, who are the spiritual rulers of the people. At Urga the chief Lama of the Mongols resides, living in a monastery covering a large area, where about ten thousand priests reside.

One of the chief physical features of the country is the great desert region called Gobi by the Mongols, Shamo by

the Chinese, in length not far short of 2000 miles, with a breadth varying from 300 to 700 miles. Though called a desert, it includes regions of fine pasture lands, which the wandering population frequent with their flocks and herds of camels, sheep, and ponies. It forms an immense table-land with a mean elevation of more than 3000 feet above the sea. The tea-caravans pass across routes sometimes rising above 4000 feet. There are several tribes or divisions of the Mongols, each under its own Khan or chief, but all the native princes are tributary to the Chinese, who have resident overseers to collect taxes.

Nominally the religion of the Mongolians is Buddhism, but it is so modified, and so independent of the Grand Lamas of Thibet, that the Mongolian religion might be called Lamaism. They believe in the immortality of the soul of man, and of future punishment for sins done in the body. They believe in the efficacy of prayer and the rewards of merit, but their notions are very strange both as to sins and as to prayer and merits. A good Mongol makes costly offerings to temples and to lamas or priests; he goes on long and painful pilgrimages; he shows kindness to all living beings, but this kindness is shown to the lowest insect or reptile as well as to the hungry and thirsty of his own species. The Buddhist religion has introduced some traits of humanity and gentleness compared with the cruel savagery of some heathen nations, but it is not less a system of idolatry and practical atheism.

A Christian mission among a tribe of the Mongols, the Buriats, living under the authority of Russia, was commenced in 1817 by the Rev. E. Stallybrass and the Rev. W. Swan, sent by the London Missionary Society. The mission was established first at the town of Selen-



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ginsk, and afterwards also on the Ona; but in 1841 the Emperor Nicholas broke up the mission and the missionaries retired from the field. No trace now remains of their labour, except some inscribed tombstones with words scarcely legible. They made translations of portions of Scripture, which are still extant, but not a word of which can be read or understood by Mongols of the present day. The language has become as extinct as that of John Eliot's Indian Bible in North America, copies of which are preserved as curious relics, but which no Indian in our days can read.

Thus matters remained until, in comparatively recent years, a new mission to the Mongols was undertaken by James Gilmour from the Chinese side. At Peking Mr. Gilmour had the opportunity during the winter months of meeting many Mongols, who come to that city from nearly all the tribes scattered over the vast extent of territory acknowledging Chinese rule. Starting from Peking in August 1870, Mr. Gilmour first became acquainted with the country to which he devoted nearly twenty years of his life. Year after year he spent the summer months among the tribes to the west, north, and east of Kalgan, living in their tents, becoming familiar with their language, customs, habits, and religion. While he was full of missionary enthusiasm, he was also a man of shrewd and keen observation, and possessing a singular power of simple and natural description in his writing. When home for a short time in 1882 he published a book, "Among the Mongols," which made a wonderful impression in literary as well as religious circles. The *Spectator*, no mean authority, said that no book with the qualities of this book had appeared since Defoe wrote his "Robinson Crusoe." "No one who begins it will leave it till the narrative ends, or doubt

for a moment that he has been enchained by something separate and distinct in literature." And the reviewer added concerning the character revealed in it, "If ever on earth there lived a man who kept the law of Christ, and gave proofs of it, and he absolutely unconscious that he was giving them, it is this man whom the Mongols he lived among called 'Our Gilmour.'"

He went out again to resume his self-imposed heroic life, his wife sharing his adventures and his trials, resuming his wandering life, on foot or on camel-back, on the vast steppes and deserts. In later years he devoted his strength to missionary labours in the eastern districts of Mongolia, with the town of Ta-cheng-tzu as a centre. He was alone by this time, for he had lost his loving wife, and their children were sent home, and he had no brother missionaries whose society he preferred to his own solitude, resembling in this Livingstone and Gordon, though all of them delighted in social converse when they met with others like-minded. What he counted his appointed sphere of duty he resolutely persevered in, living among the people, and using their dress, diet, and ways. In some seasons of darkness and sorrow he had no other solace than remembering what his Master must have felt when forsaken on the cross.

In the spring of 1891 he went to preside at an annual missionary conference at Tientsin, and there he died, rather suddenly, of a fever. What was thought of him by those who knew him was expressed by one (the Rev. G. Owen) who conducted the memorial service in Peking, "He kept nothing back. All was laid upon the altar. I doubt if even St. Paul endured more for Christ than did James Gilmour."

His papers and journals were brought home, and these, with private letters and reports sent to the Lon-

don Missionary Society, have been used in a book of biography by an old college friend at Cheshunt, the Rev. R. Lovett. Those who read that book, largely consisting of Gilmour's own notes and letters, will well understand the deep spiritual feeling which prompted him to a life so self-denying and so adventurous. It is a spirit-stirring book of missionary biography; but for presenting a sketch of the country and the people among whom he spent his life, it is preferable to take some graphic pages from his own work, "Among the Mongols" (Religious Tract Society).

Mongols usually travel on camels with a tent. This is their usual mode when they are numerous enough to form a company, and when the journey is to some distant place. Northern and Central Mongols, going to Wis-tai or Peking, to worship at the famous shrines there, usually travel thus. A spare sheep-skin coat for bedding; a few calf-skin bags (looking like the original calves themselves) with provisions; a small blue cloth tent, black with smoke and a good deal patched; a pot, a grate, two water-buckets, and a few odd pieces of felt, are about all the things that are needed. When they go thus lightly encumbered, with no goods to barter, they can travel quickly, the exact length of the daily march depending a good deal on the condition of the camels, the season of the year, and the power of endurance of the travellers themselves. One hundred and twenty *li*, or forty English miles, would be a good day's march; sometimes more would be accomplished, often much less.

The Mongols like to be careful of their camels, even when they are fat and strong, and would rather lengthen the journey by a good many days than spoil their animals.

But a Mongol is always glad when he can get down from a camel and mount a horse. The motion of a horse, they say, is pleasanter, and then, too, a horse goes so much faster. They often perform journeys on horseback. The drawbacks to this kind of travelling are, that on a horse they can take only a few pounds of luggage if the journey is at all long, and the horse needs a good deal of care. It is not as in China, where you get into an inn, buy so much fodder, and let the animal munch away at it half the night. In Mongolia you come to a tent and get lodging readily enough, but the horse must be turned adrift to shift for himself. In summer he must not be let loose while the sun is hot; allowing him to eat then would make sores on his back, they say; in the evening and in the early morning he must be allowed time to feed. Then again the pasture in the neighbourhood of tents is usually poor, being eaten down by the cattle of the place.

A common and comfortable way of horseback travelling is for a horseman to join himself on to a camel-caravan. The caravan has its own tent, camps away from settled habitations in the midst of good grass, and the horse finds pasture without trouble.

The carts commonly used in Mongolia are simple and rude in construction, and, though a little clumsy, are light. Carts for passengers are roofed in with a frame covered with felt or cloth. Inside there is room enough for a man to sit or lie down and sleep. Horses travel at a moderately good speed, but are seldom used in carts for long journeys. Long journeys are usually performed by oxen, and of all means of locomotion in Mongolia they are the slowest, sometimes not accomplishing much more than ten miles a day.

The Mongols like above all things to ride, but many of them cannot find steeds, and a vast deal of foot-travelling is done. A large proportion of the travelling on foot is that of poor men who go on religious pilgrimages. Foot-travellers, for the most part, trust to the hospitality of the inhabitants of the districts through which they pass for lodgings, but occasionally they carry a tent with them. On one occasion in the south of Mongolia, I found two men encamped in a tent which weighed only a very few pounds. The frame of the tent consisted of a ridge-pole supported in the centre by a stake about the height and strength of a walking-stick. They had a little pot, a little water-bucket, a ladle, a piece of felt, and a skin. One of the two inhabitants had received medicine from me the day before; so when I presented myself at the tent door to



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ask for my patient, one of the two hurried out and invited me to enter. There was no room for three, so he remained outside till I left. There was no room to sit up, and certainly no room to stretch oneself out in it; but these two lamas lived in it, and seemed well pleased with their accommodation. They belonged to Urga, and had been to Wu-t'ai; at least they said so. They had been some months on the road, and were then about five or six hundred miles from home.

Lamas and laymen sometimes go hundreds of miles on foot to famous shrines, and occasionally break down on the way. In such cases they usually apply to the temple for assistance, and not unfrequently get it. On one occasion, some men from the Sunite country started for Wu-t'ai on foot, and arrived there footsore and weary. They applied to the temple, and as some men from their quarter of the country were on the temple roll for handsome donations given some years before, the worn-out travellers were well treated and sent home on horses. Of course the travellers thus assisted were expected to make some return, and doubtless this example of kindness won for the temple a good many adherents and a good many subscriptions.

Travelling in Mongolia has many pleasures, but ordinary travelling is so slow that the tedium threatens to swamp them all. Horseback travelling does away with the tedium as far as possible, and presents the greatest number of new scenes and circumstances in rapid succession. Night and day you hurry on; sunrise and sunset have their glories much like those seen at sea; the stars and the moon have a charm on the lovely plain. Ever and anon you come upon tents, indicated at night by the barking of the dogs—in the daytime seen gleaming from afar, vague and indistinct through the glowing mirage. As you sweep round the base of a hill, you come upon a herd of startled deer and give chase, to show their power of running; then a temple with its red walls and gilt ornamented roof looms up and glides past. Hill-sides here and there are patched with sheep; in the plains below mounted Mongols are dashing right and left through a large drove of horses, pursuing those they wish to catch, with a noosed pole that looks like a fishing-rod. On some lovely stretch of road you come upon an encampment of two or three hundred ox-carts, the oxen grazing and the drivers mending the wooden wheels, or meet a long train of tea-laden silent camels. When the time for a meal approaches and a tent heaves in sight,

you leave the road and make for it. However tired the horses may be, they will freshen up at this. They know what is coming, and hurry on to rest.

The greatest pleasure attending such a ride is the finish. After ten days or a fortnight of discomfort, fatigue, sleeplessness, and hard fare, to take a bath, change clothes, sit down to a foreign meal spread on a white tablecloth, and go to sleep in a comfortable bed, is a luxury that can be fully appreciated only by those who have performed the ride.

In connection with travelling, it may be in place to speak of the proper manner of entering a tent. Some travellers, from mere ignorance, make grave blunders, and though the Mongols are the first to forgive people ignorant of their ways, yet it is better to know some of the more important customs to be observed.

From whatever side the tent is approached, be sure to ride up towards it from the front. If you come upon it from behind, ride round it at some distance, so as to come up in front. If on foot, it is more important still to observe this rule. When within a short distance—say speaking distance—of the tent, stop and shout *nohoi* (dog), and if the dogs have not come out against you before this, they will be pretty sure to come, and come in force now. But the *nohoi* is not meant to challenge the dogs to combat, but to warn the people in the tent to come out to restrain them. The Mongol dogs are very savage, and without the protection of the tent people it would be rash and dangerous to attempt to advance. At the cry of *nohoi* or *nohoi hurae*, the people in the tent are bound by law to come out and protect the traveller. Until they receive this protection, horsemen remain in the saddle; foot travellers keep the dogs at bay as best they can with a couple of sticks. The idea of the two sticks is, I suppose, that when one of them is laid hold of by a savage animal of the pack, there is another stick still left free to lay about with. Two or three women and children probably come out, scold off the tamer animals and sit down on the fiercer ones, while the traveller hurries in. He should be careful, however, to leave his sticks or whip outside the door. This is a universal custom in Mongolia, as far as I have observed, and is seldom or never violated by Mongols. So far is it carried, that a child who brought the stalk of a tall reed into the tent where I was visiting, and played by striking the ground with it, received a severe reprimand and narrowly escaped chastisement.

The idea of leaving the sticks and whip outside, as explained by the Mongols themselves, is that any one who comes into a tent carrying a whip or stick insults the inhabitants by conducting himself as if he had come to whip or beat them like dogs. "What use have you for your whips and sticks inside the tent? Outside you keep off the dogs; here are you going to beat us in our own tents?" Having left his stick outside, then, the traveller, on getting through the low doorway, may say *mendu* to the people inside, and proceed to sit down on the left side of the fireplace, about half-way between the door and the back of the tent. If no demonstration is made, the traveller may sit there; but if asked to go higher, he can either accept the honour or decline it, as may seem best to himself. It is not usual to take off the hat on entering, but most roadside Mongols are used to the foreign custom of uncovering, and it does not shock them. If the hat be taken off, it should be laid *higher*—that is, farther up towards the back of the tent—than the visitor himself. Either this, or it may be laid on the top of a chest, but in no case should it be laid towards the door. The traveller should sit cross-legged; but if he cannot do this, he should be careful to stretch his legs towards the door. The feet pointed inwards towards the back of the tent would be considered great rudeness, even in a foreigner. The next thing is the interchange of snuff-bottles. A Mongol visitor offers his first to the host and the people of the tent, and receives theirs in return; but foreigners do not carry snuff generally, so the Mongol host offers his to the foreign visitor. The bottle should be received in the palm of the right hand, carried deferentially towards the nose, the stopper should be raised a little, then a sniff, the stopper may be readjusted, and the bottle handed slowly and deferentially back to its owner. Those who speak the language, while receiving and returning the bottle, make and answer inquiries about their host's and their own health. People who don't speak Mongol can make a few nods and give a pleased smile or two, which will be taken as an equivalent for the customary phrases of politeness.

Meantime the women have been warming tea, and soon a little table is set before the visitor; then he is handed a cup of tea, which he should receive with both his hands. He may set it down on the table for a little, or he may drink it off, if it is not too hot. Tea in Mongolia is not the mere formality it often seems to be in China. The visitor is expected to drink it and hand back his cup, with both

hands as before, to have it refilled several times. When he has had enough he should say so or indicate it, that the cup may not be refilled. While he has been drinking tea, a plate of white food is usually set on the table or handed to him, to be received with both hands. As a rule, this is not expected to be eaten, but must be tasted. Taking a mere crumb is sufficient; then the plate should be deferentially delivered back with both hands.

On leaving the tent there are no very special formalities to be observed. The Mongols do not usually have any custom equivalent to our hand-shaking and "good-bye." A bow and a smile outside the tent door before mounting will be sufficient.

As to entering tents on the plain, there need be no bashfulness. Any traveller is at perfect liberty to alight at any village he may wish and demand admittance; and any Mongol who refuses admittance, or gives a cold welcome even, is at once stigmatised as *not a man, but a dog*. Any host who did not offer tea, without money and without price, would soon earn the same reputation, the reason being, I suppose, that Mongolia has no inns, and all travellers are dependent on private houses for shelter and refreshment.

One of the first temples we visited was a curious little upper chamber over the gate of a village. On the altars before the images were numerous little lamps trimmed and burning. The butter for the lights is supplied from the gifts of devout pilgrims. To give butter for the lamps is a common way of making an offering to the gods.

But the temple of all the temples at Wu T'ai is P'u Sa T'ing. It stands central among the others, and in it lives the Zassak lama, who rules all the other lamas. The P'u Sa T'ing is built along the ridge of a hill, and is reached by a very steep path, at the top of which rises a flight of over a hundred steps. We climbed up and entered. We found a street lined on both sides with houses built in the Tibetan style, and evidently crowded with lamas and pilgrims. The houses and the people did not look clean, and the street looked worse than either, being partly blocked up with piles of wood and argol, to be used as fuel. We were taken to the room of the attendant of the great lama, and a snug room it was, being clean, comfortable, and kept warm by a charcoal fire in a well-polished brass brazier. Near the ceiling, just above the charcoal fire, hung a paper cylinder, like an inverted wheel of life, which kept constantly turning. This also

was a praying-wheel, and was kept in motion by the hot air ascending from the fire. In this way, whether the lama slept or ate, was at home or abroad, entertained his friends or attended to his superior, the wheel kept continually turning, and merit was always coming to his abode. Such was his idea.

As a rule, Mongols do not need to have the doctrine that men are sinners pressed upon them. That they admit. They also admit the necessity for cancelling guilt. It is the peculiar method of cancelling it advanced by Christianity that they hesitate to receive, and one of the greatest objections they have to this method is, that, in their opinion, a sufficient value is not attached to good works in wiping away sin. A man does not like to be told that all his good works and virtuous actions are no more than his simple duty, and that no amount of such works and actions can wipe away sin. Buddhism puts into his hand a rosary, and tells him that each prayer repeated has a certain value in cleansing away sin, and sends him on long pilgrimages to famous temples, assuring him that all such journeys are added as large items to the account of merit by which he hopes after death to do away with the accumulated sins of his life. Christianity tells him that counting beads and making pilgrimages can do nothing towards taking away his sin, and he is greatly shocked to find that if he admits Christianity as true, he must be content to learn that he has wasted a great accumulation of attention and persevering energy on what is useless; but when he is told that he can do absolutely nothing to wipe away his sin, he is more shocked still, and many a man who might be content to let the labour he has spent on his beads and pilgrimages go for nothing, if some other better way of making merit were shown him, is not only staggered but entirely offended, when he has pressed upon him the doctrine of human helplessness.

It frequently appears to a Mongol that salvation, according to Christianity, is altogether too easy. He is surprised to find that a Christian, a teacher of Christianity even, may kill vermin, eat flesh, nay, even marry a wife, without infringing any of the doctrines of his religion; his surprise is much increased when he learns that Christianity is free from the almost endless prohibitions, restrictions, vows, and rites with which Buddhism abounds; and when the freedom of Christianity dawns upon him he sometimes expresses himself in terms which are an unconscious echo of the words of Christ, "My yoke is easy and My burden is light."

A little more knowledge, however, is sufficient to change his opinion. When he learns that salvation, according to the Christian idea, is not merely the cancelling of a long score of old sins, and of the current sins of the present, but purification from sin itself and the renewal of the heart, he thinks the aim an impossibility, and regards the purification as a process which he is not willing to be put through. To enter upon a contest with evil, and strive to eradicate it from the heart, this is a task from which he shrinks. He is discouraged by the thought, on the one hand, that as far as he succeeds, he can claim no merit; and on the other hand, by supposing that he is to maintain the unequal strife in his own strength, an error into which it is quite natural for him to fall, seeing that in working out his own salvation, according to the Buddhistic method, he is not accustomed to rely on any power higher than his own.

From personal observation, I am inclined to think that sixty per cent. of the male population of the country is quite a moderate estimate of the number of Lamas. The ambition of these men is to live by their religion. Most of them try, many succeed, and thus the energy of the country is clogged and crushed by the incubus of just as many men as can manage to find standing room on the superstition and piety of the people. As for the lamas who cannot get a footing to support themselves on the religious needs of the people, they have to betake themselves to trade, work, herding cattle, or performing the most menial offices.

The great sinners in Mongolia are the lamas, the great centres of wickedness are the temples. It is the system which makes the lamas, and places them in hot-beds of vice. Few lamas have any hand in their assuming the sacred garb. When children of six or ten years of age, their parents or guardians decide that they shall be lamas. The little fellows are pleased enough to put on a red coat, have their heads shaven, carry about the leaf of a Tibetan book between two boards, and be saluted as lama. It is all very fine at first. As mere children they do not know how much the full extent of their vows means. After some years they do know, but then it is too late to turn back. They cannot get free from their vows—they cannot keep them; so they break them repeatedly and systematically; their conscience is seared, and now that they are started they do not stop with merely violating vows that they cannot keep, but, having cast aside restraint and acquired a

momentum in sin, they go on to the most unthought-of wickedness. Thus it comes that the great lama religious centres are the great centres of sin.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has long had portions of the Scriptures, a translation effected many years since, when the country was open to missionary efforts. When the Russian Government closed this door of usefulness, as Mongolia was still accessible on the side of China, efforts were made in that direction. The Rev. Dr. Edkins was at that time in China, and to him the Bible Society sent a large consignment of books from Shanghai. In the Bible Society report for 1863 an account will be found of the circulation of the Bibles by colporteurs and others, not in Peking only, but in many towns and villages. Here is what Dr. Edkins says about the Mongolians at that period:—"During my visit to Peking, I commenced a distribution of portions of the Mongolian Scriptures in the monasteries established in that city. The lamas in these monasteries are native-born Mongols, who bound themselves to vows of celibacy and obedience, and afterwards came to the metropolis, and were enrolled in these extensive establishments. Few of them are addicted to reading, and they do not show the eagerness for books which we noticed among the Chinese. The few books used by them in liturgical services are the Tibetan translation of their Buddhist books. They are as familiar with the Tibetan writings as with their own, and chant them in a sort of Gregorian recitative. During winter large numbers of Mongols encamp near the British Legation and the London Missionary Hospital in the city of Peking. They do not speak Chinese, like the resident lamas; but the Scriptures which they receive will be carried into Mongolia itself."

Mr. Gilmour gives some additional and more recent information about the Mongols in Peking.

The great majority of Mongols, whose appearance lends picturesqueness to the Chinese crowds that swarm about the busy centres of Peking in winter, belong to the trading class; some few come with ox-carts, some on horses, but most come with camels, trains of which, numbering sometimes as many as sixty, may be seen making their way along the crowded streets, the camels taking fright at the, to them, unusual sights of the city, and blocking up the roadway by crowding their unwieldy bodies and loads together when panic-struck. The Peking carters, seeing them come, good-humouredly revile them, and give place till the caravan passes; for though the Mongol is despised as ignorant, dirty, stupid, and thievish, he is everywhere welcomed as a customer with whom a Chinaman can trade profitably. In Peking there are two principal lodging-places of the Mongols, the Halha Kuan, situated about a mile beyond the north wall of the city, hence called also the Wai Kuan, or outside lodging, and the Li Kuan, or inside lodging, close behind the British Legation.

If any one wants to see Mongol life without going to Mongolia, the Li Kuan is the place to see it. In the open space that forms the market are seldom wanting a few tents, standing at the door of which a spectator may see the inmates boiling their tea, cooking their food, washing their faces, and sitting about in true Mongol style. Round the tents are placed creels of frozen game and poultry, and outside these again are ranged the camels or oxen and carts, which formed their means of conveyance. A small crowd of Chinese idlers and petty traders usually surrounds the tent door, and one member and another of the tent's company keeps going and coming to and from "*the street*," as the busy part of the market is called.

The Li Kuan, with its miscellaneous crowd of Mongols, hailing from almost all parts of their wide country, is a good place to sell Christian books, which, carried home by the travellers on their return, can thus penetrate to remote and outlying places. Any one engaging in this kind of bookselling will often find his customers destitute of cash, and have to take in payment numerous and strange articles of barter.

For two months in the winter the Wai Kuan and the Li Kuan are lively with buyers and sellers. For a month before and a month

after the two busy seasons there are few buyers and sellers, but for eight months of the year both places look deserted and dead.

There is an attempt among many people in our day to make much of Buddhism, and even to exalt it as compared with Christianity. The perusal of Mr. Gilmour's book, with its truthful records of Mongol life and character, will thoroughly cure this illusion. Whatever colour may in theory be given to the doctrines of Buddhism by Sir Edward Arnold and other poets and romancers, the influence of the system on the habits and character of the common people, and even of the lamas, is clearly told by James Gilmour.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,

AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE DURING THE AMERICAN
CIVIL WAR.

To provide for the spiritual welfare of the army of the North, a Society was formed at Philadelphia under the designation of the Christian Commission. The object of this Society was to provide for the visitation of the camps by suitable agents, and to distribute Scriptures and portions of the Bible, with religious books and tracts, among the soldiers. It was an excellent design, and grew into a vast scheme of philanthropic and Christian usefulness. Great interest was taken in the operations of the Christian Commission by the good people in the Northern States. Appeal being made to the British and Foreign Bible Society, at once the Committee voted 5000 Testaments, and 10,000 portions, with the offer of any additional assistance that might be required.

Altogether the Scripture Commission distributed 1,466,748 Bibles, Testaments, or parts of Scripture; 8,603,434 books or pamphlets; above 18 millions of newspapers and magazines, chiefly religious; and above 30 millions of pages of tracts and leaflets.

A more difficult task it was found to supply Bibles and religious literature to the camps and the stations of the armies of the South, for it was the desire of Christians to do good to all. Before the outbreak of the war

there had been various Bible Societies in the Southern States, but they were connected with the American Bible Society in New York, and from that source exclusively had drawn their supplies of the Scriptures. The depots throughout the Confederate States were speedily exhausted, and there was no way apparent of meeting a want which the troubles and miseries of the war had brought. From thence also came an appeal for help to the British and Foreign Bible Society. The American Bible Society had previously agreed to let the South have a supply on credit, but declined to participate in the responsibility of transmitting the copies to their destination.

At this juncture a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Virginia, came to London. He attended a meeting of the Committee of the Bible Society, and before them made a statement of facts as to the impossibility of meeting the wants of the Southern armies without such a large supply as could be obtained in this country. Dr. Hoge had himself been chaplain in the camp near Richmond, through which from 100,000 to 150,000 soldiers had passed, and he bore testimony to the thankfulness with which any gift of good books would be hailed, as well as the urgent need for them. The noble President of the Society, the Earl of Shaftesbury, was in the chair on that occasion, and, with his hearty concurrence, the Committee resolved to place at the disposal of the Bible Society of Virginia, one of the oldest organisations in America, a grant of Scriptures, consisting of 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments, and 250,000 portions of Scripture. This generous resolution was passed without imposing any condition, but only with an understanding that the utmost impartiality should be observed in distribution.

Dr. Hoge, in responding, expressed his warm acknowledgments for the liberality of the Society, and stated that his application had reference specially to the soldiers in the army, who claimed their first consideration because of the dangers to which they were exposed. He thought it probable that the whole supply would be needed in the camps and hospitals, but should any remain for distribution, they should be supplied to all, without any distinction of race, who might be willing to receive the Scriptures. He also said that he would undertake with his friends to be responsible for the grant of Bibles reaching its destination.

At subsequent times other supplies were sought from London, Bibles and portions to the value of about £5000 having been transmitted to the Bible Society at Augusta, Georgia. At how heavy a cost the introduction of the Scriptures was effected may be gathered from the fact that the freight alone cost 435 per cent. upon the invoice price. Dr. Myers, one of the chaplains, wrote from Augusta that "the scarcity of the Word of God had been so great that it taxes all our energies to supply the soldiers; and one of the evils of this war is that the people must wait till better days before the destitute can be supplied." He also states that "a most remarkable work of grace, or what is called a revival, had been in progress wherever the army was stationed for any time, and the demand for the Scriptures, for religious books, and for the preaching of the Gospel has been marvellous. Sometimes 2000 or 3000 volumes were sent to supply a single order at one point."

Similar tidings came from Charleston, where a portion of the grant from London had been sent, and the soldiers seemed fully to appreciate the privilege which this supply had afforded them. But the most gratifying

letter of thankful joy came from Dr. Hoge at Richmond. He wrote to the Committee at the Bible House that "the arrival of the Bibles was most timely. They were hailed with delight by officers and men, and gave great comfort in camps and hospitals." This letter appeared in the Bible Society's Report for 1864.

Although there was difficulty in getting American Bibles to the South, they were most liberally given to the numerous prisoners of war from the Confederate armies, who thus indirectly were benefited.

The emancipation of the slaves was one of the great and good results of the civil war. The eagerness of the poor negroes to receive and learn to read the Scriptures was wonderful, for in many places they had hitherto been deprived of the privilege of being in any way taught.

In the "Life of George H. Stuart of Philadelphia," recently published (Nisbet & Co.), a detailed account is given of the work of the "Christian Commission," of which he was the chairman, and throughout the war the leading spirit. Mr. Stuart had never taken any part in political life, or sought distinction in that field, but he was widely known to all who took interest in religious and philanthropic movements. By the friends of Sunday-schools, and of "Young Men's Christian Associations"—institutions which have always occupied a position of greater influence than in the old country—the name of George Stuart was universally known and highly honoured. In a long life of busy and successful mercantile enterprise, he had been brought in contact with most of the public men of the States, from the Anti-Slavery group of half a century ago to the leaders of the Northern States, Lincoln, Grant, and other men conspicuous in what Mr. Lecky has called "the heroic

age of America." All Mr. Stuart's personal sympathies were with the North and with the cause of emancipation, and it was natural that the Christian Commission should have its attention at first drawn to the soldiers of the Federal armies in the field, in camps, and in hospitals; but the work soon extended to all Americans, the prisoners from the Southern armies receiving equal benefit with the others.

The first members of this Commission include the names of men long known and honoured in the Christian Church, among them being Dr. Farwell of Chicago, Dr. Tyng of New York, Mr. Miller of Cincinnati. Mr. Stuart was persuaded to be the president, a post which he accepted with reluctance, but it was fortunate that his resistance was overcome by his colleagues. He continued to guide the affairs of the Commission until the close of the war. There were altogether forty-seven members from first to last, including some of the best men in the country, Bishop James, Mr. Dodge, Dr. Boardman, Dr. Hodge of Princeton, Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, who had in his early life been chaplain at West Point, at the time when most of the great generals of both armies were pupils together.

It was a providential thing that this great organisation for Christian work had been founded before the outbreak of the civil war. From the very first the object of the Commission was approved and warmly commended by the leading men of the States. President Lincoln wrote a letter (which is given in facsimile in Mr. Stuart's book) in which he said, "Your Christian and benevolent undertaking for the benefit of the soldiers is too obviously proper and praiseworthy to admit any difference of opinion. I sincerely hope that your plan may be as

successful in execution as it is just and generous in conception."

In the same spirit the plan was supported by General Cameron, the Secretary of War, by General M'Clellan, then commander-in-chief, and others of Lincoln's Cabinet and the officials at Washington.

With such sanction the Executive Committee issued an address to the public on the 13th of January 1862, setting forth the great needs of the army, and the nature of the work undertaken. At that time there were about half a million of men in the army, who had left their homes to endure every hardship and to risk their lives for the defence of the Union, and the appeal for aid to seek their temporal and spiritual welfare was not in vain. In May 1862 the agents of the Commission had begun to work in the camps, and with the troops on march. There were three classes of delegates or agents of the Commission,—for the camps, for the hospitals, and for battle-fields. Their duties were to provide supplies where needed, and to care specially for the sick and wounded, aiding the army chaplains; and holding services, with the permission of the officers in command, which was never refused; and distributing Bibles, Testaments, and good books. All the agents were zealous Christian men, who volunteered for the work without pay, and served for so many weeks or months, with the instructions of the Home Committee at Philadelphia. One class of agents got the name of "minute-men," holding themselves in readiness, at five minutes' notice, by telegram or other order, to proceed to any battle-field or hospital, however distant it might be.

For detailed accounts of the services of the Commission the reader is referred to the remarkable book of Mr. Stuart, which is full of strange incidents of that

terrible war. One event only need be mentioned here. At the conflict known as the battle of Gettysburg, compared with which most historical fights of the old world, even those of Napoleon's time, were small affairs, the resources of the Christian Commission were taxed to the utmost. Twenty thousand soldiers of both armies had been left on the wide field of battle wounded, the number of dead being in proportion. Twenty thousand wounded could not be attended to by the ordinary aids, either for body or soul. The treasury of the Commission, large as were its funds, was then largely overdrawn. With the utmost possible speed, three hundred and fifty-six agents of the Commission were despatched to the scene, with nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stores. Before going himself to the site of the battle, Mr. Stuart drew up a circular at the head office stating the facts, and asking the privilege of drawing for different amounts. These circulars were filled in with the amounts expected from different towns, according to his estimate of their ability and willingness to subscribe. Boston was asked for ten thousand dollars; a response was telegraphed the same day, "Draw for sixty thousand!" At the Merchants' Exchange there, the circular was read publicly; and immediately after the prices of stocks were removed from the black board, the despatch from Philadelphia was posted up, with a note at the bottom that two merchants named would receive contributions at two desks in a large room in the Exchange. Two lines were instantly formed, and the money, or pledges, were handed in faster than they could be taken or recorded. Similar deeds of generosity were witnessed in all the great towns of the North and throughout the States adhering to the Government.

Among the incidents on record was that of a poor

sempstress, a native of Ohio, working in England near Derby. She addressed a letter to the President enclosing a £5 note to buy Bibles for the poor wounded soldiers of the North. Mr. Lincoln, on receiving this £5 note, was deeply touched, and said to Mr. Hay, his private secretary, "You had better send this note with a letter to the President of the Christian Commission." Mr. Stuart kept the bank-note, purchasing its value with gold; but the note he sold over and over again, realising for its sales about a hundred thousand dollars! The first person to whom it was sold was Mr. Jay Cooke, who offered five thousand dollars for it, but Mr. Stuart said he could not have the note, but only its value in gold, for the note was worth a good deal more to him for the cause.

But we must not multiply quotations from Mr. Stuart's book, and conclude by giving part of a letter written by the late honoured and revered Bishop M'Irvine to his friend Canon Carus of Winchester. The letter was written from New York, 26th May 1864. "I have just returned from Fredericksburg, only eight miles behind the fighting, where I went on an errand of love to the wounded men lying there, and where I had an opportunity of showing kindness to the other side, and improved it. But my sympathies and my nerves were sorely tried by the scenes of war-suffering which I saw there and was in contact with. How many times a day did I preach little sermons in the midst of wounded men, and pray with them individually and collectively; and how much the ministrations of the Gospel has been blessed in the army—how many conversions, how many pious officers! What noble men the chaplains are! the unfit and perfunctory men being weeded out. And what an agency is the Christian Commission among them!"

Mr. Stuart refers to the support he had from almost every officer in the army and the navy of the American Government, and the following noble letter from General Grant expresses what all felt. It is dated Washington, January 12, 1866, from the headquarters of the armies of the United States:—

G. H. STUART,
Chairman, U.S.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 11th inst., announcing that the U.S. Christian Commission is on the eve of closing its work, is received. I hope the same labour will never be imposed on any body of citizens again in this country as the Christian Commission have gone through in the last five years. It affords me pleasure to bear evidence to the services rendered, and the manner in which they have been rendered. By the agency of the Commission much suffering has been saved in almost every battle-field and in every hospital during the late rebellion. No doubt thousands of persons now living attribute their recovery in great part to volunteer agencies sent to the field and hospital by the free contributions of our loyal citizens. The U.S. Sanitary Commission and the U.S. Christian Commission have been the principal agencies in collecting and distributing these contributions. To them the army feel the same gratitude the loyal public feel for the services rendered by the army.—Very respectfully your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

Similar testimonies were given by many of the officers of both services, as Sherman, Meade, Howard, Farragut, after the conclusion of the war, as they had zealously supported the efforts of the Christian Commission throughout the years of anxiety and of sorrow. But we must turn to the efforts of Christian men who laboured to do what good they could for the armies of the South.

To the mission of the Rev. Dr. Hoge of Richmond, Virginia, to England, and the gifts he obtained from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society, allusion has already been made. Knowing

that Dr. Hoge and his friends had striven to dispense to the best of their ability the gifts sent by the old country, I wrote to ask some details of the methods of distribution. Dr. Hoge sends the following letter, dated Richmond, Virginia, May 16, 1892 :—

MY DEAR SIR,—Several accounts of my “running the blockade” were published in the Virginia papers during the war; none of them written by myself.

On my return home, I sent copies of the Bibles that had reached Virginia through the blockade-running vessels to several of our most distinguished Confederate Generals, such as General Robert E. Lee, General Joseph E. Johnston, and others. Each of them in his reply bore such testimony to the value of the Holy Scriptures, that now, since the last of them has died, I am going to publish the letters in some widely circulated periodical, like the *Century* or *Harper's Magazine*, with a preface giving an account of my adventures, going out from Charleston, S. Carolina, and coming in at Wilmington, N.C., the last of the Confederate ports to be made inaccessible to the Federal blockading fleet.—Yours very truly,

MOSES D. HOGE.

This letter is a welcome communication, as we had not heard for some years about Dr. Hoge, and we are glad to learn his intention of putting on record his most interesting experiences during the war. It is plain that any unwillingness to avail themselves of the offered help of the Christian Commission for the South arose from the attitude of the political authorities, and not from any lack of good feeling on the part of Christian soldiers like Lee, or Stonewall Jackson; nor from the inactivity of men like Dr. Hoge and the Christian ministers who had formerly supported Bible Societies of their own.

“Running the blockade” implied no little personal risk and danger, but it was the only way of getting the Bibles and religious books to the armies of the South.

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